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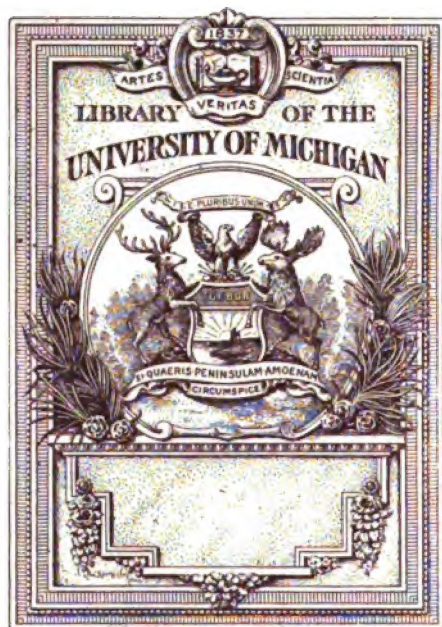
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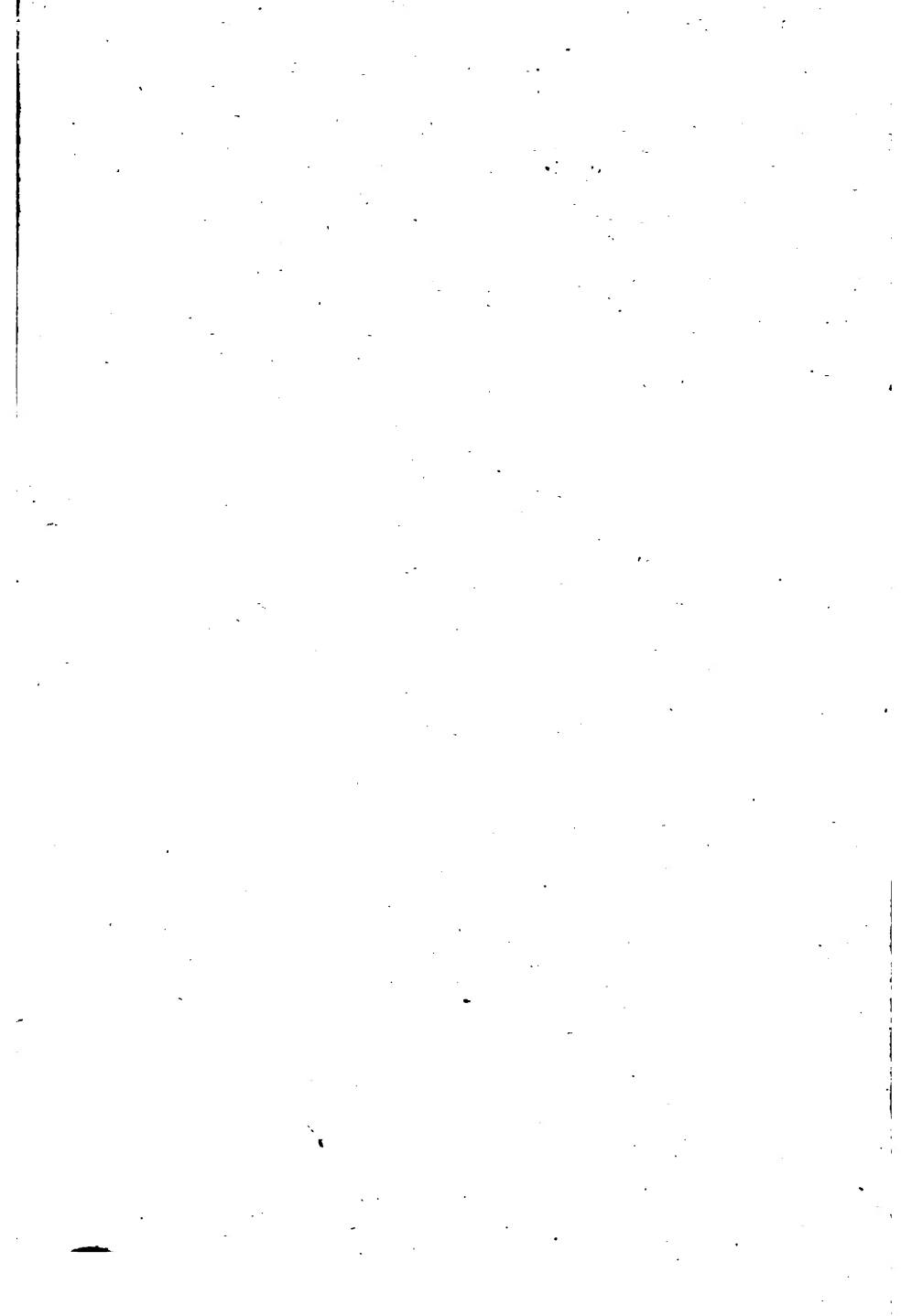
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Volume XLV



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Charles Darwin.

See "Charles Darwin," by John R. Coulter, page 64.

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No. 1.



ATENTION has been called in this department to the political platform of the British trades unions. It seems that that advanced program is not radical enough for one faction of the Labor group in the House of Commons, the faction led by men like Keir Hardie and other aggressive Socialists. Some friction has arisen between this wing of the Labor party and the Liberal ministry, and in certain by-elections the former, instead of voting for Liberal or ministerial candidates, nominated and voted for independent or "third" candidates. Plainly, in such three-cornered contests the Opposition has greater chance of success than when it has to meet a Liberal-Labor combination. This circumstance has caused the cabinet much concern. Moreover the Liberals feel that Labor is not duly appreciative of the legislation in its interest proposed by the government—the bill relating to trade disputes, strikes, peaceable picketing, etc., the bill extending the accident compensation act to employes not now benefited by it, and the bill for free food to the children of the poor in the public schools. The government has a majority of 130 over all hostile groups and combinations ; but it is disappointed at the attitude of the Labor party and is taking thought about possible political developments.

According to Undersecretary Winston Churchill, "a rising man," the government may in the near future introduce a bill providing for a second ballot and requiring an absolute majority for the election of members to the House of Commons. This is the French system, and it works well. The first ballot tests the strength of the various parties and groups that place candidates in the field ; where none obtains

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a majority of the votes, another election is held and the minor groups transfer their strength to that which is nearest to them in ideas and thereby prevent the election of political opponents. Under such a system three-cornered contests lose their worst features. There is a strong prejudice in England against this "continental" device, but it is believed that fuller discussion will dissipate it.



What Next?

Member of the House of Lords: "I must say that I view with apprehension this movement of popular landmarks towards the scrap-heap."
—From "Punch,"

Meantime the Liberals, parliament having reassembled after the summer recess, are concentrating their efforts on the legislation that was left pending at the end of the last session, and collisions with the House of Lords are regarded as inevitable. That chamber is opposed to the Education bill and the Trade Union bill and wishes radically to amend them. Should the government find the amendment inadmissible, "an appeal to the people" may be decided upon, and this cannot fail to revive the great constitutional question of "mending or ending the House of Lords."



Cabinet Changes in France

There is a new ministry in France. Senator Georges Clemenceau, an extreme Republican, the leader of the journalistic champions of justice and right during the Dreyfus affair, has succeeded Sarrien as prime minister, and the whole cabinet has been reorganized in consequence of that change. Sarrien is supposed to have retired on account of poor health, but there are reports to the effect that personal and political differences in his cabinet (of which Clemenceau was the most masterful member) necessitated the reorganization.

One of the most remarkable and audacious of Clemenceau's acts was the bestowal of the portfolio of Minister of War upon General Picquart, the most heroic of the Dreyfus defenders. Picquart was a lieutenant-colonel when the "affair" first assumed an acute phase. He exposed the crimes of the military conspirators, and suffered degradation and persecution. For years he was excluded from the army. The final rehabilitation of Dreyfus carried with it his own vindication. He was restored and made general over a brigade; a few weeks later he was again promoted, and now he is the head of the entire army and in authority over his former persecutors and enemies. The nationalist reactionaries and the anti-Dreyfusards are furious, but Picquart is a high-minded, unselfish, earnest soldier and patriot, and there is no danger

of his attempting any retaliation or settling of personal accounts. His fitness and ability are generally recognized, as he is not only a man of excellent training, but a student of military science and hard worker.

Clemenceau's other associates in the new cabinet are Radicals, advanced Republicans and Socialists. Briand, minister of public worship and instruction, and Viviani, minister of labor, are the Socialists. They are not, however, partisans or extremists. They are independent and opportunist in their attitude. Clemenceau himself is an old radical, a militant Republican, an admirer of what is best in Anglo-Saxon civilization. He is individualistic in his philosophy, but a staunch believer in social reform. He is opposed to doctrinaire socialism, and his debate with Jaures, the Socialist leader in the chamber of deputies, on that question was masterly. He is, however, just as firm an opponent of shallow, doctrinaire liberalism, and recognizes grave defects in the existing social order.

His majority in the chamber, like that of Sarrien, must be made up of the Radical and "leftist" parties. The Socialists will be friendlier to him than they were to Sarrien, which circumstance, it should be added, may weaken him with the moderate Republicans, who do not like to see Socialism influential or represented in the cabinet.

The greatest task before the new government will be the enforcement of the church disestablishment act and the adjustment of the difficulties with Rome, the Pope having denounced the law as oppressive and outrageous and having enjoined all loyal Catholics to resist it passively. Income taxation, avoidance of deficits, old-age pensions for workmen, and so on are the other questions immediately to be dealt with.

In foreign relations Clemenceau will stand for peace, a good understanding with England and friendship toward Italy and Spain. Germany is distrustful of him, but without good reason. He has criticised her rulers, but he will neither seek nor seize upon causes of discord and friction.

Notable Victories for the Law

The outcome of the trial of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio at Findlay, Hancock County, and the result of the trial of the New York Central Railroad before a federal judge and jury in New York have been hailed as healthy signs of progress, as the first fruits of the great anti-monopoly campaign of the past two or three years.

In the latter case the issue was simple: The proof that the New York Central had paid rebates to the American Sugar Company and certain Detroit jobbers, in deliberate violation of the so-called Elkins law (the provision of the interstate commerce law which prohibits any and all discriminations, rebates, secret privileges or favoritism on the part of railroads and other common carriers). There was no possible defense, and none but technical points were raised by the defendant. The jury convicted it, and the court imposed heavy fines, taking occasion to administer a severe rebuke to all public or quasi-public corporations that betray their trust, abuse their powers and evade or wilfully break the laws of the land while constantly invoking the protection of the law and opposing all government control and "interference" with their "business."

Discrimination by carriers is one of the most outrageous forms of corporate lawlessness and impudence, and the war upon it by the present administration is approved by all just and decent persons. The new railroad act reimposes the penalty of imprisonment on receivers and givers of rebates; and it is hoped that the fear of "stripes" may put an end to the rebate evil.

The Ohio "oil trial," as it is popularly called, was held under the Valentine anti-trust law of 1898, a sweeping and effective statute, under which it is not as difficult as it is generally in the United States to prove conspiracy in restraint of trade. The verdict of the Findlay jury means that the Ohio Standard Oil Company is, with several nominally independent oil concerns, a constituent of the national oil trust, and that the buying of crude oil, its transportation, and the selling and

transportation of refined oil are, in Ohio, controlled by a combination "in restraint of trade." Of course, the jury's verdict accords with general understanding and knowledge. As every state has an anti-trust law, and as the national anti-trust act is now being vigorously enforced, suits against the Standard Oil may be instituted in every federal district and every state. Suits against the officers and directors may also be brought. In Ohio an information has been filed against Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and he will be tried on the charge of conspiracy to restrain trade if the verdict of the Findlay jury in the case against the corporation shall be affirmed on appeal.

But the Standard Oil cases are replete with legal and technical questions and the final result of the pending and contemplated proceedings may be postponed for a year or even longer. The moral effect of the Ohio conviction can hardly fail, however, to prove beneficial in the great struggle for the supremacy of the law.



The Elections and Their Lessons

To the thoughtful observer, the results of the November elections, state and national (or congressional) are of deeper significance than partisan or superficial explanations recognize. They convey a lesson and a warning. They indicate a widespread demand for political and industrial reform. They go to prove the danger of selfish or unintelligent defense of the evils that are present in corporate and business life and that produce a demoralizing effect on political and public affairs.

Congress will remain under Republican control; while the majority has been considerably reduced it is still substantial. And no one doubts that the Republican party owes its success to the work and policies of President Roosevelt. His "record"—principally indeed, his warfare on law-defying, aggressive corporations and trusts—was the only issue of the congressional contest. The Democrats did not criticise the

President, but promised to support him more heartily than men of his own party. The voters gave him a majority of Republicans, but the latter are pledged to continue the work of corporate rehabilitation by means of effective measures of publicity and regulation. The fight on monopoly, rebates, extortion, must be carried on with more vigor than before.

The remarkable election in New York emphasizes the same lesson. Mr. Hearst was defeated not because of his views and principles, but largely in spite of them. Many objected to his methods and questioned his sincerity as a professed "radical;" but he would have been elected in spite of this opposition if the Tammany adherents had voted for him. They did not—at least some 50,000 or more of them did not, as is obvious in the light of the vote for the other Democratic nominees on his ticket. Tens of thousands of voters supported Mr. Hearst because he represented to them a protest against abuse, corporate lawlessness and oppression.

On the other hand, Mr. Hughes, the successful candidate for governor attracted tens of thousands of Democrats and independents who believed that he would, as governor, be as much of a reformer and enemy of corruption and injustice as Mr. Hearst promised to be, though his methods might be less spectacular. The victory of Mr. Hughes is in no sense a defeat for the cause of constructive reform and popular rule as opposed to boss and corporation rule.

In Pennsylvania the reform or "fusion" ticket was badly defeated, but it is to be borne in mind that the "regular" Republican candidates were respectable and clean men. To many they appeared as reformers "from within." In Massachusetts Governor Curtis Guild, likewise, represented deliberate and reasonable reform, for he had shown himself progressive with regard to the tariff, control of corporations, child labor and the like.

Even apparent exceptions in the elections prove, on careful examination, to sustain the general contention that the people voted for political and industrial reform "all along the line."

Highways and Byways

What Next in National Policy?

It is generally understood that the next session of Congress will be too short to admit of any important legislation involving departure in policy or the establishment of new political principles. Some "unfinished business" will be attended to and a few of the pending bills—dealing with the Philippine tariff, immigration, labor—may be passed. But it is equally clear that the administration has no intention of "resting on its laurels," and that the railway rate act, the meat inspection and pure-food acts are to be followed by measures even more significant of the new conception of governmental duty and public right and interest.

In the address which President Roosevelt delivered at Harrisburg, Pa., on the occasion of the dedication of the new capitol, definite expression was given to the new conceptions alluded to. The speech has been severely criticised in certain newspapers as "revolutionary" in its implications, as out-Bryanizing Mr. Bryan and out-Hearsting Mr. Hearst. Its ideas, it has been said, are not Republican, but "socialistic." But Mr. Roosevelt and his sympathizers (and the name of these is "legion") assert that on the contrary, the legislation indicated in the speech is necessary as an antidote to Socialism, for unless remedies for existing social ills are judiciously and soberly applied, popular resentment and dissatisfaction will encourage attacks on institutions that are really fundamental.

The essence of the President's teaching is contained in these brief extracts from the address:

But it is our clear duty to see, in the interest of the people, that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of today, and also wisely to determine the conditions upon which these fortunes are to be transmitted and the percentage that they shall pay to the government whose protecting arm alone enables them to exist. Only the nation can do this work. To relegate it to the states is a farce, and is simply another way of saying it shall not be done at all.

Under the wise and farseeing interpretation of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, I maintain that the



Georges Clemenceau,
New Premier of France.



The Late Mrs.
Jefferson Davis,
Widow of the
President of the
Confederacy.



Commander Robert E. Peary,
Who has made a
new record for
'Farthest North.'



Victor H. Metcalf,
To become Secretary of the Navy.



George U. L. Meyer,
To become Postmaster General.



Oscar S. Straus,
To become Secretary of Commerce and Labor.



The Speaker-Elect of the British House of Commons, Mr. J. W. Lowther, being escorted to his chair.

national government should have complete power to deal with all this wealth which in any way goes into the commerce between the states—and practically all of it that is employed in the great corporations does thus go in.

Here a bold and striking program is outlined—not, indeed for the first time, but more definitely than on any previous occasion. President Roosevelt had, indeed, declared in his “muck-rake speech,” that “ultimately” the people of the United States would find it necessary to limit in some way individual accumulations; but in the Harrisburg address the idea is not incidental or parenthetical merely, but prominent. And the qualification “ultimately” no longer appears. It is stated to be our clear duty to work for and secure:

Control over the *business use* of the swollen fortunes of today.

Control over the transmission of fortunes.

Proper taxation of them in some form.

Control over all interstate commerce and over all corporations that are engaged in such commerce.

It is currently reported in Washington that the President will recommend in his next message to Congress an income tax law and perhaps also an inheritance tax law. The latter is unquestionably constitutional, for we had federal inheritance taxation as late as during the war with Spain. An income tax has, however, been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and while opinion has radically changed since that decision, rendered about ten years ago, many doubt whether the court is ready to reverse itself.

That Mr. Roosevelt has considered this difficulty, along with others arising from early judicial views and interpretations of the constitution, is manifest from certain sentences in the speech, sentences which opponents of his policies have construed as “an attack upon the Supreme Court.” It is, of course, nothing of the kind. Judicial philosophy, like everything else, is subject to change and evolution. Courts have reversed themselves on many questions, and are bound to do so in the future. In the United States, as all are aware, a new spirit is abroad, and as it has affected legislation and

political thought, it will surely affect (indeed, it *has* affected) judicial interpretation. President Roosevelt said that certain early discussions "put us at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos," and that a narrow interpretation of the constitution (in relation to the powers of the federal government) would make us "impotent to deal with any abuses which may be committed by the men who have accumulated the enormous fortunes of today." He had in mind, no doubt, the income tax decision, the decision which held insurance not to be "commerce," and the decisions holding charters to corporations to be "contracts" between the sovereign power and the state. Able jurists have been reviewing the "Dartmouth College case" decision, the first of the series of the last-named decisions, and there is a strong feeling that its doctrine was unsound and dangerous. In no other government does the doctrine prevail that charters are contracts, and that legislatures cannot (unless expressly authorized by provisions of the charters themselves) limit, modify or revoke them. Mr. Hannis Taylor, statesman and jurist, traces our industrial and political troubles—"the impending conflict," as he calls it, between the people and the trusts and monopolies—to the Dartmouth College decision.

At any rate, the President expresses a growing conviction when he demands greater power for the state and for the federal government and protests against antiquated doctrines that make the constitution "merely the shield of incompetence and the excuse for governmental paralysis."

Notes from Abroad

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

The Legislative Assembly has carried, by 19 votes to 13, the resolution moved by Mr. Monger affirming that the union of the State with the rest of the Commonwealth was detrimental to the interests of Western Australia, and that the time had arrived for submitting to the people the question of withdrawing from the union.

The Premier, in the course of a speech said that this result was due to the Commonwealth Senate's rejecting the proposed survey for a transcontinental railway.

PERSIAN PARLIAMENT.

The regulations for the election of the Persian Parliament have been promulgated. All Persians of the male sex able to read and write and between the ages of 30 and 70 who are not in the service of the State, and who have never been convicted, are entitled to vote. Persia is divided into twelve electoral districts, each returning from six to nineteen deputies.

NEW ZEALAND

The only monument to Captain Cook in the colony was unveiled on Monday in the presence of a large gathering of both races at Poverty Bay, the spot where the discoverer first landed.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Belgian Government has convened an international conference with a view to introducing certain modifications of the liquor traffic in Central Africa. The date of the conference is fixed for October 16, and most of the governments interested have promised their adhesion.

The official report of the opening of the railway from Stanleyville to Porthierville, in the Upper Congo, has just been published. The report shows that the new line has a length of 127 kilometers and is built nearly parallel with the section of the Upper Congo running southward from Stanleyville which does not afford a navigable waterway.

THE DOMINION'S PROSPERITY

Lord Strathcona is officially informed by telegram from the Canadian Minister of the Interior that the wheat crop in Western Canada is now estimated at 85,000,000 bushels; the number of acres under cultivation was 4,500,000, and it is expected that 80 per cent of the wheat crop will be high grade in quality.

With regard to the mineral production of the Dominion in 1905, the High Commissioner is informed that its value amounts to \$68,574,707 (£13,714,941), which is an increase of \$8,500,000 (£1,700,000) over the previous year. Gold was produced to the value of \$14,486,833 (£2,897,366,) out of which \$8,327,200 (£1,665,440) was furnished by the Yukon Territory. Mineral properties in that district have materially advanced in price during the present season, owing to the success of the dredging operations which have been in progress. The total production of pig iron in Canada during the first six months of the present year was 282,010 tons, as compared with 257,494 tons produced in the first half of 1905.

The number of immigrants landed at Quebec since the opening of navigation is 96,000, while it is expected that 8,000 more will arrive before the season ends. Of the arrivals already registered, over 85 per cent were of British origin.

The Customs revenue of Canada will probably equal \$50,000,000 (£10,000,000) before the end of the year, the rate of increase being unparalleled in the past history of the country.

The Board of Trade of Prince Albert has started a movement among the Boards of Trade of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to urge the Dominion and the provincial Governments to take immediate action towards preparing the Hudson Bay route for navigation. It is claimed that specially built steamers could ply be-

tween Fort Churchill and English ports from midsummer to December.

FROM PUNCH

The Harvard-Cambridge race exceeded the wildest anticipation of at least one of our contemporaries. "The race," said *The Liverpool Echo*, "will start at 4:30 P. M. from Putney Bridge. The boats should reach the winning post not later than 5:50."

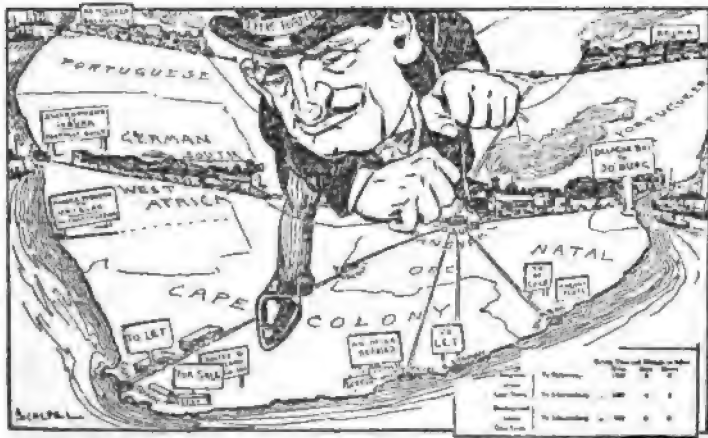
Meanwhile we hear that the victory of the English crew caused considerable pain to several members of the Labour Party, and an apology may yet be sent to Washington.

Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking at Llanely, predicted an attack by the Government on the House of Lords, but intimated that it would not be totally abolished for some time to come. An illuminated address of thanks, to be signed by all the members of the Upper House, is, we believe, in preparation.

The annual return of articles purchased abroad by the Government shows that the Prisons Department bought American bacon to the extent of £2,703. A statement of this sort will do more to keep people out of prison than any number of Acts of Parliament.

It was characteristic of the late General Trepoff's alleged contempt for popular aspirations that he should have died a natural death.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Longworth has now obtained a permanent place in the affections of the American nation. The other day she was mobbed by thousands of her fellow-countrywomen, who rent her clothes in their enthusiasm.



Foreign Railway Competition in South Africa: A Prophecy.
—From "The Owl, Capetown."



Cumberland and Westmoreland *

I. The Border

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

THE dominant interest of these northwestern counties is, of course, the Lake District, with its far-famed poetic associations; yet for the student of English history and the lover of Border minstrelsy the upper strip of Cumberland has a strong attraction of its own.

An afternoon run on the Midland brought us from Liverpool to Carlisle. Such are the eccentricities of the English railway system that the "through carriage" into which guard and porter dumped us at Liverpool, a third-class carriage already crowded with one sleeping and one eating family, turned out not to be a through carriage at all; and a new guard, at Hellifield, tore us and our belongings forth and thrust us into an empty first-class, lingering in the doorway until we had produced the inevitable shilling. But the freedom of an empty carriage would have been well worth the honest price of first-class tickets, for as the train sped on from the Ribble into the Eden Valley, with the blue heights of the Pennine range and the long reaches of the Yorkshire moors on our right, and on our left the cloud-caressed summits of Lakeland, we needed all the space there was for our exultant *ohs* and *ahs*, not to mention our continual rushing

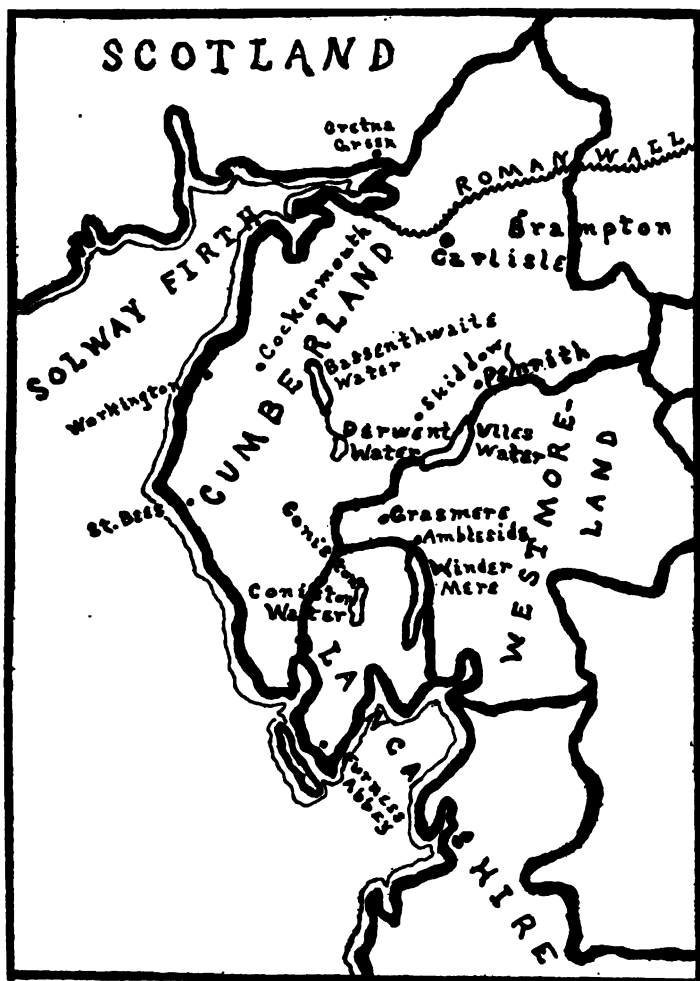
*This is the first of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England.

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from window to window for the swiftly vanishing views of grey castle and ruined abbey, peel tower and stone sheep-fold, grange and hamlet, and the exquisite, ever-changing panorama of the mist.

Carlisle, "the Border City," a clean, self-respecting, serious town, without beggars, with no superfluous street courtesies, but with effectual aid in need, is the heart of one of the most storied regions of England. The River Drift man and the Cave man seem to have fought the mammoth and the elk and gone their shadowy way untraced in this locality, but the museum in Tullie House contains hammers and axes, found in Cumberland soil, of the Stone Age, and spear-heads and arrow-heads, urns for human ashes, incense cups, food vessels and drinking vessels of the Bronze Age—mute memorials of life that once was lived so eagerly beneath these same soft, brooding skies.

As for the Romans, they seem here like a race of yesterday. A penny tram took us, in the clear, quiet light of what at home would be the middle of the evening, out to Stanwix, originally, it is believed, an important station in the series of fortresses that guarded the northern boundary of Roman Britain. These frontier lines consisted of a great stone wall, eight feet thick and eighteen feet high, ditched and set with forts and towers, running straight from the Solway to the Tyne, a distance of some seventy-three miles, and a little to the south of this, what is known as the *vallum*, a fosse with mounds of soil and rock on either side. The local antiquaries, urged on by a committee of Oxford men, have recently discovered a third wall, built of sods, between the two, and excavation and discussion have received a fresh impetus. Was the *vallum* built by Agricola,—earthworks thrown up by that adventurous general of the first Christian century to secure his conquest? Was the turf wall the erection of the great emperor Hadrian, who visited Britain in the year 120, and was the huge stone rampart constructed, early in the third century, by the emperor Severus? Or does the stone wall date from Hadrian? Or did he build all three?



Sketch Map of Cumberland and Westmoreland

While the scholars literally dig for truth, we may sit on the site of this mighty, well-nigh perished bulwark at Stan-wix, with what is perhaps the wrinkle left on the landscape by the wall's deep moat dropping, under a screen of hawthorns and wind-silvered poplars, sheer at our feet, and thence we

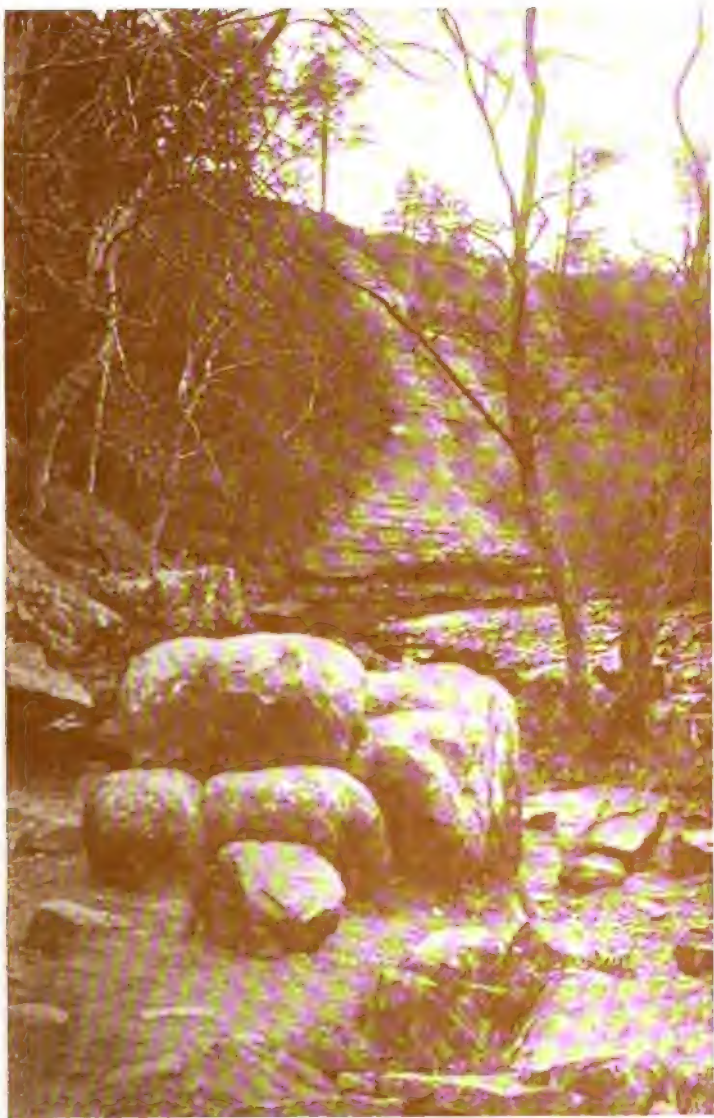
may look out across the Eden, with its dipping gulls and sailing swans, its hurrying swifts and little dancing eddy, to the heights of Carlisle. For the city is built on a natural eminence almost encircled by the Eden and its tributaries, the Petteril and the Caldew. It is a fine view even now, with the level light centered on the red sandstone walls of the grim castle, though factory chimneys push into the upper air, overtopping both the castle and its grave neighbor, the cathedral; but for mass and dignity, for significance, these two are unapproachable; these are Carlisle.

We must not see them yet. We must see a lonely bluff set over with the round clay huts of the Britons, and then, as the Roman legions sweep these like so many mole-hills from their path, we must see in gradual growth a Roman town,—not luxurious, with the tessellated marble pavements and elaborate baths that have left their splendid fragments farther south, but a busy trading point serving the needs of that frontier line of garrisons which numbered no less than fifteen thousand men. Some few inscribed and sculptured stones, remnants of altars, tombs and the like, may be seen in the museum, with lamps, dishes, and other specimens of such coarse and simple pottery as was in daily use by common Roman folk, when the days and the nights were theirs.

The name Carlisle—and it is said to be the only city of England which bears a purely British name—was originally *Caer Lywelydd*, British enough in very sooth. This the Romans altered to *Lugubalia*, and when, in 409, the garrisons of the Wall were recalled for the protection of Rome herself, the Britons of the neighborhood made it their center and it passed into Arthurian tradition as *Cardueil*. Even the ballads vaguely sing of a time when

"King Arthur lived in Merry Carlisle
And seemly was to see."

But although the Britons sometimes united, under one hero or a succession of heroes, to save the land, now abandoned by the Romans, from the Saxons, they were often



The Popping Stones on the Irthing



The East Window, Carlisle Cathedral

at war among themselves, and the headship of their northern confederacy was wrested from Carlisle and transferred to Dumbarton on the Clyde. The kingdom of the Cumbrian Britons, thenceforth known as Strathclyde, fell before the assault of the English kingdom of Northumbria, in which the Christian faith had taken deep root. For though the Britons, in the fourth century of Roman rule had accepted Christianity, the Norsemen had come in with their own gods, and a new conversion of the north, effected by missionaries from Iona, took place about the sixth century. Sculptured crosses of this period still remain in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the Carlisle museum preserves, in Runic letters, a Christian epitaph of "Cimokom, Ath's queen."

"Holy into ruin she went,"

is the eloquent record, and from her grave-mound she utters the new hope:

"My body the all-loving Christ young again
shall renew after death, but indeed sorrowing
tear-flow never shall afflict me more."

For a moment the mists that have gathered about the shelving rock to which we are looking not merely across the Eden, but across the river of time, divide and reveal the figure of Cuthbert, the great monk of Northumbria, to whom King Egfrith had committed the charge of his newly-founded monastery at Caerluel. The Venerable Bede tells how, while the king had gone up into Scotland on a daring expedition against the Picts, in 685, Cuthbert visited the city, whose officials, for his better entertainment, took him to view a Roman fountain of choice workmanship. But he stood beside its carven rim with absent look, leaning on his staff, and murmured: "Perchance even now the conflict is decided." And so it was, to the downfall of Egfrith's power and the confusion of the north. After the ravaging Scots and Picts came the piratical Danes and, about 875, what was left of Carlisle went up in flame. A rusted sword or two in the museum tells the fierce story of the Danish sack. At the end

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of the tenth century Cumberland was ceded to Scotland, but was recovered by William Rufus, son of William the Conqueror. Carlisle, the only city added to England since the Norman conquest, was then a heap of ruins, but in 1092, says the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," the king "went northward with a great army and set up the wall of Carluel, and reared the castle."

No longer

"The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,"

but there is still the castle, which even the most precipitate tourist does not fail to visit. We went in one of those wild blusters of wind and rain which are rightly characteristic of this city of tempestuous history, and had to cling to the battlements to keep our footing on the rampart walk. We peeped out through the long slits of the loop-holes, but saw no more formidable enemies than storm-clouds rising from the north. The situation was unfavorable to historic reminiscence, nor did the blatant guide below, who hammered our ears with items of dubious information, help us to a realization of the castle's robust career. Yet for those who have eyes to read, the stones of these stern towers are a chronicle of ancient reigns and furious wars, dare-devil adventures and piteous tragedy.

The Norman fortress seems to have been reared upon the site of a Roman stronghold, whose walls and conduits are still traceable. After William Rufus came other royal builders, notably Edward I and Richard III. It was in the reign of the first Edward that Carlisle won royal favor by a spirited defense against her Scottish neighbors, the men of Annandale, who, forty thousand strong, marched red-handed across the Border. A Scottish spy within the city set it on fire, but while the men of Carlisle fought the flames, the women scrambled to the walls and, rolling down stones on the assailants and showering them with boiling water, kept them off until an ingenious burgher, venturing out on the platform above the gate, fished up, with a stout hook, the leader of the besiegers and held him high in the air while lances and arrows

pierced him through and through. This irregular mode of warfare was too much for the men of Annandale, who marched home in disgust.

During Edward's wars against Wallace, he made Carlisle his headquarters. Twice he held Parliaments there, and it was from Carlisle he set forth, a dying king, on his last expedition against the Scots. In four days he had ridden but six miles, and then breath left the exhausted body. His death was kept secret until his son could reach Carlisle, which witnessed, in that eventful July of 1307, a solemn gathering of the barons of England to mourn above the bier of their great war-lord and pay their homage to the ill-starred Edward II. A quarter century later, Lord Dacre, then Captain of Carlisle Castle, opened its gates to a royal fugitive from Scotland, Baliol, and Edward III, taking up the cause of the rejected sovereign, made war, from Carlisle as his headquarters, on the Scots. Edward IV committed the north of England to the charge of his brother Gloucester, who bore the titles of Lord Warden of the Marches and Captain of Carlisle Castle. Monster though tradition has made him, Richard III seems to have had a sense of beauty, for Richard's Tower still shows mouldings and other ornamental touches unusual in the northern architecture of the period.

But the royal memory which most of all casts a glamour over Carlisle Castle is that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Fleeing from her own subjects, she came to England, in 1568, a self-invited guest. She landed from a fishing boat at Workington, on the Cumberland coast,—a decisive moment which Wordsworth has crystallized in a sonnet:

"Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand
With step preclusive to a long array

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Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!"

Mary was escorted with all courtesy to Cockermouth Castle and thence to Carlisle, where hospitality soon became imprisonment. Her first request of Elizabeth was for clothing, and it was in one of the deep-walled rooms of Queen Mary's Tower, of which only the gateway now remains, that she impatiently looked on while her ladies opened Elizabeth's packet to find—"two torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes." The parsimony of Queen Bess has a curious echo in the words of Sir Francis Knollys, who, set to keep this disquieting guest under close surveillance, was much concerned when she took to sending to Edinburgh for "coffers of apparell," especially as she did not pay the messengers, so that Elizabeth, after all, was "like to bear the charges" of Mary's vanity. The captive queen was allowed a semblance of freedom in Carlisle. She walked the terrace of the outer ward of the castle, went to service in the cathedral, and sometimes, with her ladies, strolled in the meadows beside the Eden, or watched her gentlemen play a game of football, or even hunted the hare, although her warders were in a fever of anxiety whenever she was on horseback lest she should take it into her wilful, beautiful head to gallop back to Scotland.

But these frowning towers have more terrible records of captivity. Under the old Norman keep are hideous, black vaults, with the narrowest of slits for the admission of air and with the walls still showing the rivet-holes of the chains by which the hapless prisoners were so heavily fettered.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron
They hae laid a'right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreerie."

Rude devices, supposed to be the pastime of captives, are carved upon the walls of a mural chamber,—a chamber which has special significance for the reader of "Waverley" as here,

it is said, Major Macdonald, the original of Fergus Mac-Ivor, was confined. For Carlisle Castle was never more cruel than to the Jacobites of 1745. On November 18, Bonny Prince Charlie, preceded by one hundred Highland pipers, had made triumphal entrance into the surrendered city, through which he passed again, on the 21st of December, in retreat. Carlisle was speedily retaken by the English troops, and its garrison, including Jemmy Dawson of Jacobite song, sent in ignominy to London. Even so the cells of the castle were crammed with prisoners, mainly Scots, who were borne to death in batches. Pinioned in the castle courtyard, seated on black hurdles drawn by white horses, with the executioner, axe in hand, crouching behind, they were drawn, to make a Carlisle holiday, under the gloomy arch of the castle gate, through the thronged and staring street, and along the London road to Harraby Hill, where they suffered one after another, the barbarous penalty for high treason. The ghastly heads were set up on pikes over the castle gates (yetts), as Scotch balladry well remembers.

"White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he folded me in his broached plaidie;
His hand, which clasped the truth o' luve,
O it was aye in battle ready.
His lang, lang hair in yellow hanks
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy,
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.
My father's blood's in that flower tap,
My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom;
This white rose was steeped in my luve's blude,
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

"When I cam' first by merrie Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
The thistled banners far were streaming!
When I cam' next by merrie Carlisle,
O sad, sad seemed the town, and eerie!
The auld, auld men came out and wept—
O, maiden, come ye to seek ye'r dearie!"

But not all the ballads of Carlisle Castle are tragic. Blithe enough is the one that tells how the Lochmaben harper outwitted the warden, who, when the minstrel,

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mounted on a gray mare, rode up to the castle gate, invited him in to play his craft.

"Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till a' the lordlings footed the floor;
But an the music was sae sweet,
The groom had nae mind o' the stable door.

"And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till a' the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took off his shoon,
And softly down the stair did creep."

So he stole into the stable and slipped a halter over the nose of a fine brown stallion belonging to the warden and tied it to the gray mare's tail. Then he turned them loose, and she who had a foal at home would not once let the brown horse bait.

"But kept him a-galloping home to her foal."

When the loss of the two horses was discovered in the morning, the harper made such ado that the warden paid him three times over for the gray mare.

"And verra gude business," commented our Scotch landlady.

The most famous of the Carlisle Castle ballads relates the rescue of Kinmont Willie, a high-handed cattle-thief of the Border. For between the recognized English and Scottish boundaries lay a strip of so-called Debatable Land, whose settlers, known as the Batables, owed allegiance to neither country, but

"Sought the beeves, that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both."

This border was a natural shelter for outlaws, refugees and "broken men" in general,—reckless fellows who loved the wildness and peril of the life, men of the type depicted in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"A stark moss-trooping Scot was he,
As e'er couched Border lance by knee:
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross;

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
 Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;
 In Eske, or Liddel, fords were none,
 But he would ride them, one by one;
 Alike to him was time, or tide,
 December snow or July's pride:
 Alike to him was tide, or time
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
 Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
 Five times outlawed had he been,
 By England's king and Scotland's queen."

Although these picturesque plunderers cost the neighborhood dear, they never failed of sympathy in the hour of doom. The Graemes, for instance, were a large clan who lived by rapine. In 1600, when Elizabeth's government compelled them to give a bond of surety for one another's good behavior, they numbered more than four hundred fighting men. There was Muckle Willie, and Mickie Willie, and Nimble Willie, and many a Willie more. But the execution of Hughie the Graeme was none the less grievous.

"Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
 He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
 And he has grippet Hughie the Graeme,
 For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

* * * * *

"Then they have grippet Hughie the Graeme,
 And brought him up through Carlisle toun;
 The lasses and the lads stood on the walls,
 Crying, 'Hughie the Graeme, thou'se ne'er gae down'."

They tried him by a jury of men,

"The best that were in Carlisle toun,"

and although his guilt was open, "gude Lord Hume" offered the judge "twenty white owsen" to let him off, and "gude lady Hume," "a peck of white pennies," but it was of no avail, and Hughie went gallantly to his death.

For these Batables had their own code of right and wrong, and were, in their peculiar way, men of honor. There was Hobbie Noble, an English outlaw, who was betrayed by a comrade for English gold and who, hanged at Carlisle, expressed on the gallows his execration of such conduct.

"I wad hae betray'd nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie."

The seizure of Kinmont Willie was hotly resented, even though his clan, the Armstrongs, who had built themselves strong towers on the Debatable Land, "robbed, spoiled, burnd and murdered," as the Warden of the West Marches complained, all along upper Cumberland. The Armstrongs could, at one time, muster out over three thousand horsemen, and Dacres and Howards strove in vain to bring them under control. Yet there was "Border law," too, one of its provisions being that on the appointed days of truce, when the "Lord Wardens of England and Scotland, and Scotland and England" met, each attended by a numerous retinue, at a midway cairn, to hear complaints from either side and administer a rude sort of justice in accordance with "the laws of the Marches," no man present, not even the most notorious freebooter, could be arrested. But William Armstrong of Kinmont was too great a temptation; he had harried Cumberland too long; and a troop of some two hundred English stole after him, as he rode off carelessly along the Liddel bank, when the assemblage broke up, overpowered him, and brought him in bonds to Carlisle.

"O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

* * * * * * *

"They led hm through the Liddel rack
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands."

But this was more than the Scottish warden, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, could bear.

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of the Border tide,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper on the Scottish side?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?

"O! were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is nane,
I would slight Carlisle castle high
Though is were builded of marble stane.

"I would set that castle in a low*
And sloken it with English blood;
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle Castle stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be."

So Buccleuch rode out, one dark night, with a small party of Borderers, and succeeded, aided by one of the gusty storms of the region, in making his way to Carlisle undetected.

"And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'."

The sudden uproar raised by the little band bewildered the garrison, and to Kinmont Willie, heavily ironed in the inner dungeon and expecting death in the morning, came the voices of friends.

"Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We garr'd† the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

"And when we cam' to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie:
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd‡ frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me'."

But his spirits rose to the occasion, and when Red Rowan,

*Blaze.

†Made.

‡Frightened.

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"The starkest man in Teviotdale,"

hoisted Kinmont Willie, whose fetters there was no time to knock off, on his back and carried him up to the breach they had made in the wall, from which they went down by a ladder they had brought with them, the man so narrowly delivered from the noose had his jest ready:

"Then shoulder-high with shout and cry
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang.

"'O mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood,†
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"'And mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I've pricked a horse out owre the furse,
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs'."

It is high time that we, too, escaped from Carlisle Castle into the open-air delights of the surrounding country. Five miles to the east lies the pleasant village of Wetheral on the Eden. Corby Castle, seat of a branch of the great Howard family, crowns the wooded hill across the river,‡ but we lingered in Wetheral Church for the sake of one who may have been an ancestor of "the fause Sakelde." This stately sleeper is described as Sir Richard Salkeld, "Captain and Keeper of Carlisle," who, at about the time of Henry VII, "in this land was mickle of might." His effigy is sadly battered; both arms are gone, a part of a leg, and the whole body is marred and dinted, with latter-day initials profanely scrawled upon it. But he, lying on the outside, has taken the brunt of abuse and, like a chivalrous lord, protected Dame Jane, his lady, whose alabaster gown still falls in even folds.

We drove eastward ten miles farther, under sun and shower, now by broad meadows where sleek kine, secure at

†Mad.

‡The castle is not shown, but the charming walks through the wood are open on Wednesday afternoons.

last from cattelifters, were tranquilly grazing, now by solemn ranks of Scotch firs and far-reaching parks of smooth-barked, muscular beeches, now through stone-paved hamlets above whose shop-doors we would read the familiar ballad names, Scott, Graham (Graeme), Armstrong, Musgrave, Johnston, Kerr, and wonder how the wild blood of the Border had been tamed to the selling of picture postal cards.

Our goal was Naworth, one of the most romantic of English castles. Its two great towers, as we approached, called imagination back to the days

"When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry,

* * * * *

And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border'."

Naworth* is the heart of a luxuriant valley. The position owes its defensive strength to the gorges cut by the Irthing and two tributaries. These three streams, when supplemented by the old moat, made Naworth an island fortress. The seat of the Earls of Carlisle, it was built by Ranulph Dacre in the fourteenth century. Even the present Lady Carlisle, a pronounced Liberal and a vigorous worker in the causes of Temperance and Woman Suffrage, though claiming to be a more thorough-going Republican than any of us in the United States, points out with something akin to pride "the stone man" on the Dacre Tower who has upheld the family escutcheon there for a little matter of five hundred years. In the sixteenth century the Dacre lands passed by marriage to the Howards, and "Belted Will," as Sir Walter Scott dubbed Lord William Howard, proved, under Elizabeth and James, an efficient agent of law and order. Two suits of his plate armor still bear witness to the warrior, whom the people called "Bauld Willie," with the same homely directness that named his wife in recognition of the ample dower she brought him, "Bessie with the braid

*The castle is shown between the hours of 2 and 5 on week days.

apron," but his tastes were scholarly and his disposition devout. Lord William's Tower, with its rugged stone walls, its loopholes and battlements, its steep and narrow winding-stair guarded by a massive iron door, its secret passage to the dungeons, is feudal enough in suggestion, yet here may be seen his library with the oak panelled roof and the great case of tempting old folios, and here his oratory, with its fine wood-carvings, its Flemish altar-piece, and its deep-windowed recess outlooking on a fair expanse of green earth and silver sky.

This castle, with its magnificent baronial hall, its treasures of art and spirit of frank hospitality, was harder to escape from than Carlisle. There was no time to follow the Irthing eastward to the point where, as the Popping Stones tell, Walter Scott offered his warm heart and honest hand to the dark-eyed daughter of a French *émigré*. But we could not miss Lanercost, the beautiful ruined abbey* lying about a mile to the north of Naworth. An Augustine foundation of the twelfth century, it has its memories of Edward I, who visited it with Queen Eleanor in 1180 and came again in broken health, six years later, to spend quietly in King Edward's Tower the last winter of his life. The nave now makes a noble parish church in which windows by William Morris and Burne-Jones glow like jewels. The choir is roofless, but gracious in its ruin, its pavement greened by moss, feathery grasses waving from its lofty arcades, and its walls weathered to all pensive, tender tints. The ancient tombs, most of them bearing the scallop-shells of the Dacres, are rich in sculpture. Into the transept walls are built some square grey stones of the Roman Wall, and a Roman altar forms a part of the clerestory roof. The crypt, too, contains several Roman altars, dedicated to different gods whose figures, after the lapse of two thousand years, are startling in their spirited grace, their energy of life.

But Lanercost reminds us that we have all but ignored

*Open to the public and very pleasantly shown by an intelligent old man with a deep feeling for the place.

Carlisle Cathedral, and back we drive, by way of the village of Brampton with its curious old market-hall, to the Border City. After all, we have only followed the custom of the place in slighting the cathedral. Carlisle was ever too busy fighting to pay much heed to formal worship.

"For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an *Ave Mary*
When I ride on a Border foray."

The cathedral dates from the time of William Rufus and still retains two bays of its Norman nave, which suffered from fire in the early part of the thirteenth century. A still more disastrous fire, toward the close of that century, all but destroyed the new choir, which it took the preoccupied citizens one hundred years to rebuild, so that we see today Early English arches in combination with Decorated pillars and Late Decorated capitals. These capitals of fresh and piquant designs are an essential feature of the choir, whose prime glory, however, is the great east window with its perfect tracery, although only the upper glass is old. The cathedral has suffered not alone from a series of fires, but from military desecration. Part of its nave was pulled down by the irreverent Roundheads to repair the fortifications, and it was used, after Carlisle was retaken from Prince Charlie, as a prison for the garrison. Even today canny Cumberland shows a grain too much of frugality in pasturing sheep in the cathedral graveyard. Carlisle Cathedral has numbered among its archdeacons Paley of the "Evidences," and among its archdeans Percy of the "Reliques." Among its bridegrooms was Walter Scott, who wedded here his raven-haired lady of the Popping Stones.

One drive more before we seek the Lake Country,—ten miles to the north, this time across the adventurous Esk, where a fierce wind seemed to carry in it the shout of old slogans and the clash and clang of arms, and across the boundary stream, the Sark, to Gretna Green, where breathless couples used to be married by blacksmith or inn-keeper or the first man they met, the furious parents posting after

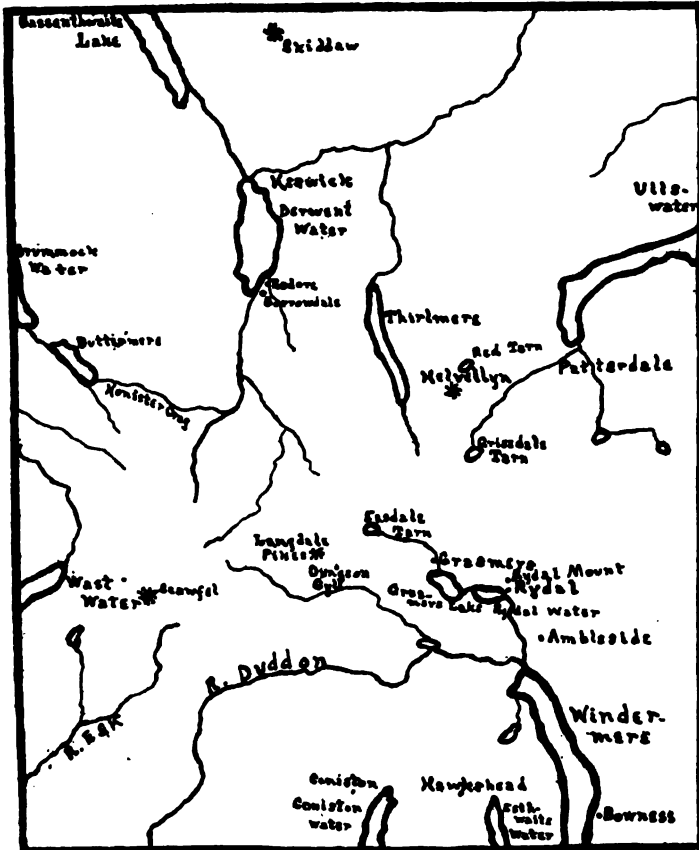
all in vain. Then around by Longtown we drove and back to Carlisle, across the Solway Moss,—reaches of blowing grass in the foreground, dark, broken bogs, where men and women were gathering in the peat, in the middle distance, and beyond, the blue folds of hills on hills. It was already evening, but such was the witchery of the scene, still with something eerie and lawless about it despite an occasional farm-house with stuffed barns and plump ricks and meadows of unmolested kine, that we would gladly, like the old Borderers whose armorial bearings so frequently included stars and crescents, have spent the night in that Debatable Land, with the moon for our accomplice in moss-trooping.

II. The Lake Country

THERE are as many "best ways" of making the tour of this enchanted land as there are Lake Country guide-books,* volumes which, at prices varying from ten shillings to "tuppence," are everywhere in evidence. One may journey by rail to Keswick or to Windermere; one may come up from Furness Abbey to Lakeside, passing gradually from the softer scenery to the wilder; or one may enter by way of Penrith and Pooley Bridge, ushered at once into the presence of some of the noblest mountains and perhaps the loveliest lake.

This last was our route, and very satisfactory we found it. Our stay at Penrith had been abbreviated by a municipal councillors' convention which left not a bed for the stranger. We had been forewarned of the religious convention which throngs Keswick the last full week in July and, indeed, an evangelist bound thither had presented us with tracts as we

*Baedeker's concise account makes a good outline. A fair copy of Black's Picturesque Guide may be picked up for "one and six" at a second-hand book store. Jenkinson's Practical Guide is excellent, though Baddeley's is of later date. A shilling booklet by Canon Rawnsley, *A Coach Drive at the Lakes*, illuminates the trip from Windermere to Keswick, and the Buttermere Round. The sixpenny local guides are often helpful.



Sketch Map of the Wordsworth Country, the center of the Lake Region

took our train at Carlisle. But we had not reckoned on finding Penrith in such plethoric condition and, after an uphill look at the broken red walls of Penrith Castle, which, with Carlisle, Naworth and Cockermouth, stood for the defense of western England against the Scots, we mounted a motor-bus, of all atrocities, and were banged and clanged along a few miles of fairly level road which transferred us, as we crossed the Eamont,

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from Cumberland to Westmoreland. The hamlet of Pooley Bridge lies at the lower end of Ullswater, up whose mountain-hemmed reaches of ever-heightening beauty we were borne by *The Raven*, a leisurely little steamer with a ruddy captain serenely assured that his lake is the queen of all. The evening was cold and gusty,—rougher weather than any we had encountered in our midsummer voyage across the Atlantic, but, wrapped in our rugs and shedding hairpins down the wind, we could have sailed on forever, so glorious was that sunset vision of great hills almost bending over the riverlike lake that runs on joyously, as from friend to friend, between the guardian ranks.

We lingered for a few days at the head of Ullswater, in Patterdale, and would gladly have lingered longer, if only to watch the play of light and shadow over St. Sunday Crag, Place Fell, Stybarrow Crag, Fairfield, and all that shoulder-ing brotherhood of giants, but we must needs take advantage of the first clear day for the coach-drive to Ambleside, over the Kirkstone Pass,

"Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn."

A week at Ambleside, under Wansfell's "visionary majesties of light," went all too swiftly in the eager exploration of Grasmere and Coniston, Hawkshead, Bowness, Windermere, and those "lofty brethren," the Langdale Pikes, with their famous rock-walled cascade, Dungeon Ghyll. The coach-drive from Ambleside to Keswick carried us, at Dunmailraise, across again from Westmoreland to Cumberland. Helvellyn and Thirlmere dominated the way, but Skiddaw and Derwent Water claimed our allegiance on arrival. What is counted the finest coach-drive in the kingdom, however, the twenty-four-mile circuit from Keswick known as the Buttermere Round, remained to bring us under a final subjection to the silver solitude of Buttermere and Crummock Water and the rugged menace of Honister Crag. The train that hurried us from Keswick to Cockermouth passed along the western shore of pleasant Bassenthwaite Water, but, from Working-



Naworth Castle

ton to Furness Abbey, meres and tarns, for all their romantic charm, were forgotten, while, the salt wind on our faces, we looked out, over sand and shingle, on the dim grey vast of ocean.

The Lake Country, it is often said, has no history. The tourist need not go from point to point enquiring

"If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired."

That irregular circle of the Cumberland Hills, varying from some forty to fifty miles in diameter, a compact mass whose mountain lines shut in narrow valleys, each with its own lake, and radiate out from Helvellyn in something like a starfish formation, bears, for all its wildness, the humanized look of land on which many generations of men have lived and died; but the records of that life are scant.

There are several stone-circles, taken to be the remains of British temples, the "mystic Round of Druid frame," notably Long Meg and her Daughters, near Penrith, and the Druid's Circle, just out of Keswick. About the Keswick



Lanercost Abbey



The Baronial Hall of Naworth Castle



Rydal Mount: Wordsworth's Last Residence
From Photograph by Walmesley Bros., Ambleside.



Rydal Water

From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Carlisle Castle



Fox How, Ambleside, the Arnold Home



Wordsworth's Home at Cockermouth. View of the House from
the Garden.
From Photograph by Katharine Coman.



The Ruskin Shaft in Coniston Churchyard
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Dungeon Ghyll
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Langdale Pikes
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Langdale Village and Langdale Pikes
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Shepherd's Hut in Honister Pass



A Sheep Farm; Grisedale
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



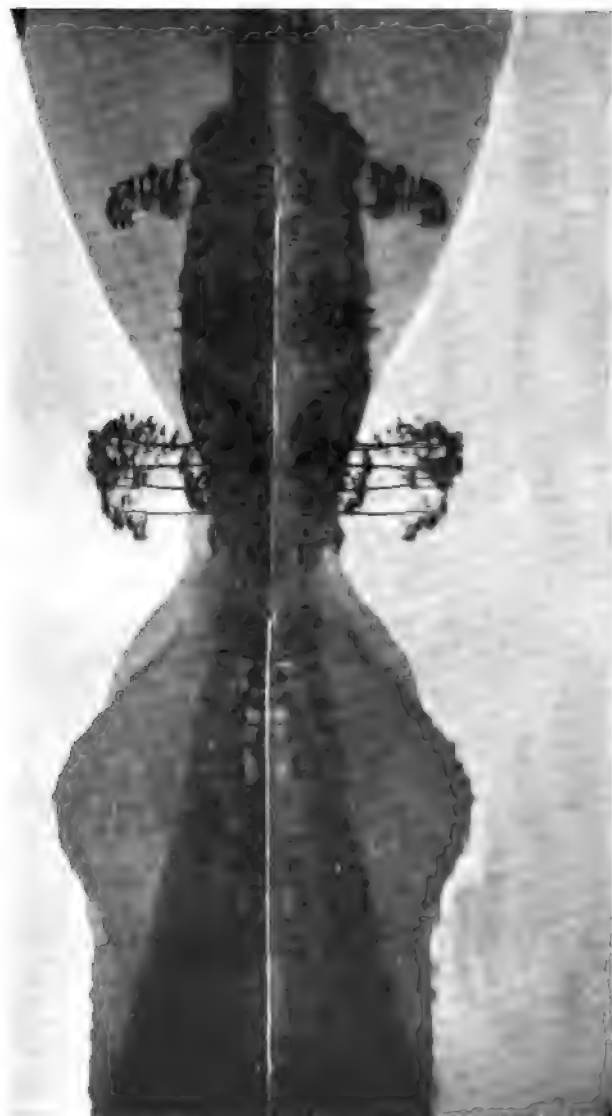
Brompton Market Hall



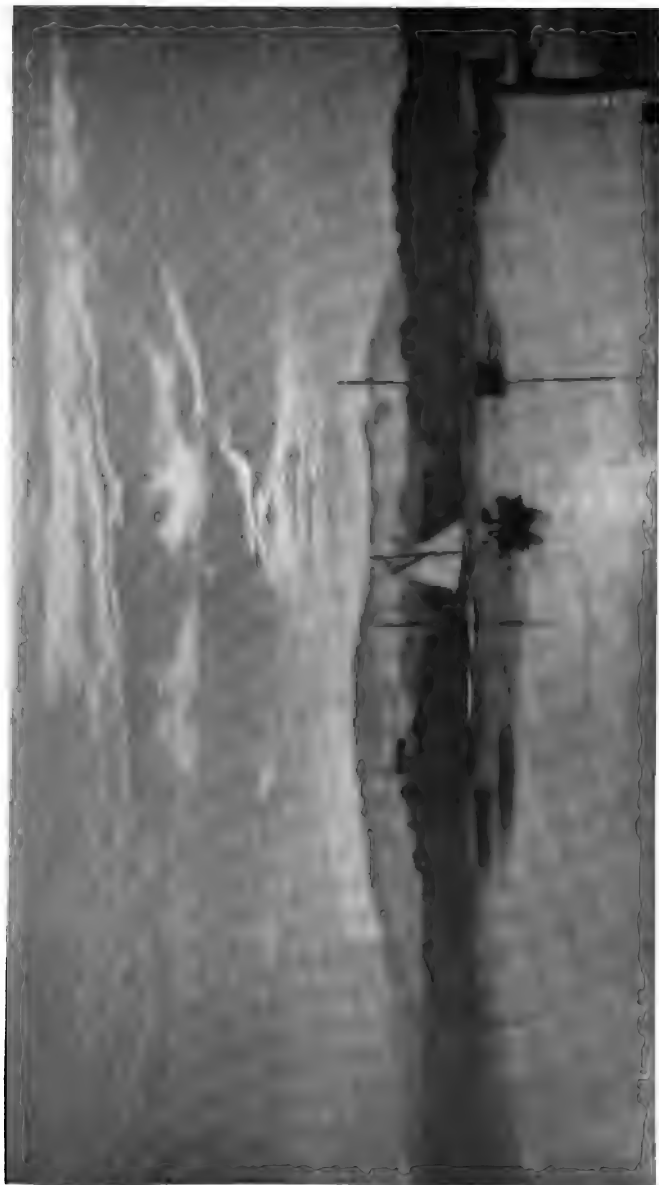
Faber's Church and Lodgings



Bits of Old Ambleside.
From Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Island in Grasmere Lake.
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Evening on Windermere
From Photograph by Wanesley Bros., Ambleside.



Coniston Water.
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros., Ambleside.



Easdale Tarn near Grasmere.
From Photograph by W'amesley Bros., Ambleside.



The Head of Ullswater.
From Photograph by Wamesley Bros. Ambleside.

circle such uncanny influences still linger that no two persons can number the stones alike nor will your own second count confirm your first. Storm and flood rage against that mysterious shrine, but the wizard blocks cannot be swept away. The Romans, who had stations near Kendal, Penrith and Ambleside, have left some striking remembrances, notably "that lone Camp on Hardknott's height," and their proud road, still well defined for at least fifteen miles, along the top of High Street ridge. A storied heap of stones awaits the climber at the top of

"The long ascent of Dunmailraise."

Here, in 945, the last king of the Cumbrian Britons, Dunmail, was defeated by Edmund of England in the pass between Grasmere and Keswick. Seat Sandal and Steel Fell looked down from either side his fall. Edmund raised a cairn above what his Saxon wits supposed was a slain king, but Dunmail is only biding his time. His golden crown was hurled into Grisedale Tarn, high up in the range, where the shoulders of Helvellyn, Seat Sandal and Fairfield touch, and on the last night of every year these dark warders see a troop of Dunmail's men rise from the tarn, where it is their duty to guard the crown, bearing one more stone to throw down upon the cairn. When the pile is high enough to content the king, who counts each year, in his deep grave, the crash of another falling stone, he will rise and rule again over Cumberland.

Here history and folk-lore blend. Of pure folk-lore the stranger hears but little. Eden Hall, near Penrith, has a goblet filched from the fairies:

"If e'er this glass should break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

The enchanted rock in the Vale of St. John is celebrated in Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." St. Bees has a triumphant tradition of St. Bega, who, determined to be a nun, ran away from the Irish king, her father, for no better reason than because he meant to marry her to a Norwegian prince, and

set sail in a fishing-boat for the Cumberland coast. Her little craft was driven in by the storm to Whitehaven where she so won upon the sympathies of the Countess of Egremont that this lady besought her lord to give the fugitive land for a convent. It was midsummer, and the gracious husband made answer that he would give as much as the snow should lie upon next morning, but when he awoke and looked out from the castle casement, his demesne for three miles around was white with snow.

Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," "The Horn of Egremont Castle," and "The Somnambulist" relate three legends of the region, of varying degrees of authenticity, and Lord's Island in Derwent Water brings to mind the right noble name of James Radcliffe, third and last Earl of Derwentwater, who declared for his friend and kinsman, the Pretender of 1715. On October sixth the young earl bade his all-hopeful wife farewell and rode away to join the rebels, though his favorite dog howled in the courtyard and his dapple-gray started back from the gate. On October fourteenth the cause was lost, and the Earl of Derwentwater was among the seventeen hundred who surrendered at Preston. In the Tower and again on the scaffold his life was offered him, if he would acknowledge George I as rightful king and would conform to the Protestant religion, but he said it "would be too dear a purchase." On the evening after his beheading, the Northern Lights flamed red over Keswick, so that they are still known in the countryside as Lord Derwentwater's Lights.

The dalesfolk could doubtless tell us more. There may still be dwellers by Windermere who have heard on stormy nights the ghastly shrieks of the Crier of Claife, calling across the lake for a ferry boat, although it was long ago that a valiant monk from Lady Holm "laid" that troubled spirit, binding it, with book and bell, to refrain from troubling "while ivy is green;" and in the depths of Borrowdale, on a wild dawn, old people may cower deeper in their feather beds to shut out the baying of the phantom hounds that hunt

the "barfoot stag" through Watendlath tarn and over the fells down into Borrowdale. There is said to be a local brownie, Hob-Thross by name, sometimes seen, a "body aw ower rough," lying by the fire at midnight. For all his shaggy look, he has so sensitive a spirit that, indefatigable though he is in stealthy household services, the least suggestion of recompense sends him weeping away. He will not even accept his daily dole of milk save on the condition that it be set out for him in a chipped bowl.

But, in the main, the Lake Country keeps its secrets. The names are the telltales, and these speak of Briton and Saxon and the adventurous Viking. *Dale*, *fell*, *force*, (water-fall, *ghyll* (mountain ravine), *holm* (island), *how* (mound), *scar* (cliff-face) are Icelandic words. Mountain names that seem undignified, as Conistone Old Man or Dolly Wagon Pike, are probably mispronunciations of what in the original Celtic or Scandinavian was of grave import. There appears to be a present tendency to substitute for the unintelligible old names plain English terms usually suggested by some peculiarity in the mountain shape, but it is a pity to give up the Celtic Blencathara, Peak of Demons, for Saddleback.

The jubilant throngs who flock to Lakeland every summer concern themselves little with its early history. The English pour into that blessed circuit of hills as into a great playground, coaching, walking, cycling, climbing, boating, keenly alive to the beauty of the scenery and eagerly drinking in the exhilaration of the air. They love to tread the loftiest crests, many of which are crowned with cairns raised by these holiday climbers, each adding his own stone. But it is the shepherd who is in the confidence of the mountains, he who has

"Been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights."

Wordsworth first learned to love humanity in the person of the shepherd

"Descried in distant sky.
A solitary object and sublime."

Sheep, too, are often seen against the skyline, and even the cow,—that homelike beast who favors you in her innocent rudeness, from the gap of a hawthorn hedge, with that same prolonged, rustic, curious stare that has taxed your modesty in Vermont or Ohio,—will forsake the shade of "the honied sycamore" in the valley for summits

"Sharp and bare,
Where oft the venturesome heifer drinks the noontide breeze."

There have been fatal accidents upon the more precipitous peaks. Scott and Wordsworth have sung the fate of that "young lover of Nature," Charles Gough who, one hundred years ago, fell from the Striding Edge of Helvellyn and was watched over in death for no less than three months by his little yellow-haired terrier, there on the lonely banks of Red Tarn, where her persistent barking at last brought shepherds to the body. In the Patterdale churchyard, whose famous great yew is now no more, we noticed a stone commemorating a more recent victim of Helvellyn, a Manchester botanist, who had come summer by summer to climb the mountain, and who, a few years since, on his last essay, a man of seventy-three, had died from exhaustion. The brow of Helvellyn, now soft and silvery as a melting dream, now a dark mass banded by broad rainbows, overlooks his grave.

I remember that Nathan's story of the rich man who "had no pity," but took for a guest's dinner the "one little ewe lamb" of his poor neighbor, was read in the Patterdale church that evensong, and it was strange to see how intently those sturdy mountain-lads, their alert-eyed sheep dogs waiting about the door, listened to the parable. Not only does the Scripture imagery—"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"—but the phrasing of the prayerbook—"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep"—come with enhanced significance in a pastoral region.

Lakeland in the tourist season is not at its best in point of flowers. The daffodils that in Gowbarrow Park, just acquired and opened as a national preserve—rejoiced the poet as they danced beside the dancing waves of Ullswater, fade before July, and the patches of ling and heather upon the mountain-sides lack the abundance that purples the Scottish hills, but the delicate harebell nods blithely to the wayfarers from up among the rocks, and the foxglove grows so tall, especially in the higher passes, as to overtop those massive boundaries into which the "wallers" pack away all the loose stone they can.

Birds, too, are not, in midsummer, numerous or varied. Where are Wordsworth's cuckoo and skylark and green linnet? The eagles have been dislodged from their eyries on Eagle Crag. A heavily-flapping raven, congregation of rooks, a few swallows and redbreasts, with perhaps a shy wagtail, may be the only winged wanderers you will salute in an hour's stroll, unless this, as is most likely, has brought you where

"Plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light."

There you will be all but sure to see your Atlantic friends, the seagulls, circling slowly within the mountain barriers like prisoners of the air and adding their floating shadows to the reflections in the lake below. For, as Wordsworth notes,—what did Wordsworth fail to note?—the water of these mountain meres is crystal clear and renders back with singular exactitude the "many-colored images impress" upon it.

But the life of the Cumbrian hills is the life of grazing flocks, of leaping waterfalls and hidden streams with their "voice of unpretending harmony,"—the life of sun and shadow. Sometimes the sky is of a faint, sweet blue with white clouds wandering in it,—the old Greek myth of Apollo's flocks in violet meadows; sometimes the keenest radiance silvers the upper crest of *cumuli* that copy in form the massy summits below; sometimes the mellow sunset gold

is poured into the valleys as into thirsty cups ; but most often curling mists wreath the mountain-tops and move in plumed procession along their naked sides.

The scenic effects and the joy of climbing are not lost by American tourists, yet these as a rule, come to the Lake Country in a temper quite unlike that of the English holiday-seekers. We come as pilgrims to a Holy Land of Song. We depend perhaps too little upon our own immediate sense of grandeur and beauty and look perhaps too much to Wordsworth to interpret for us "Nature's old felicities." The Lake Country that has loomed so large in poetry may even disappoint us at the outset. The memory of the Rockies, of our chain of Great Lakes, of Niagara, may disconcert our first impressions of this clump of hills with only four, Scafell Pike, Scafell, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, exceeding three thousand feet in height,—of lakes that range from Windermere, ten miles long and a mile broad, to the reedy little pond of Rydal Water, more conventionally termed "a fairy mere," of waterfalls that are often chiefly remarkable, even Southey's Lodore, for their lack of water. Scales Tarn, of which Scott wrote :

"Never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky,"

is seventeen feet deep.

It is all in proportion, all picturesque,—almost in too regular proportion, almost too conspicuously picturesque, as if it had been expressly gotten up for the "tripper." There is nothing of primeval wildness about it. Nature is here the lion tamed, an accredited human playmate. Indeed, one almost feels that here is Nature sitting for her portrait, a self-conscious Nature holding her court of tourists and poets. Yet this is but a fleeting and a shamefaced mood. It takes intimacy to discover the fact of reticence, and those are aliens indeed who think that a single coach-drive, even the boasted "circular tour," has acquainted them with the Lake Country,

—yes, though they trudge over the passes (for it is coach etiquette to put the passengers down whenever the road gets steep) Wordsworth in hand. In truth, the great amount of literary association may be to the conscientious “Laker” something of a burden. Skiddaw thrusts forth his notched contour with the insistent question: “What was it Wordsworth said about me?” Ennerdale church and the Pillar Rock tax one’s memory of “The Brothers,” and every stone sheepfold calls for a recitation from “Michael.” That “cradled nursling of the mountain,” the river Duddon, expects one to know by heart the thirty-four sonnets recording how the pedestrian poet

“Accompanied with faithful pace
Caernlean Duddon from its cloud-fed spring.”

The footpath you follow, the rock you rest upon, the yew you turn to admire, Wishing-Gate and Stepping-Stones admonish you to be ready with your quotation. Even the tiny cascade of Rydal Water,—so small as presumably to be put to bed at 6 o’clock, for it may not be visited after that hour,—has been sung by the Grasmere laureate. While your careful Englishman goes clambering over the golden-mossed rocks and far within the slippery recesses of Dungeon Ghyll, your serious American will sit him down amid the bracken and tranquilly watched by Lingmoor from across the vale, read “The Idle Shepherd-Boys,” and the exquisite description of the scene in Mrs. Humphrey Ward’s “Fenwick’s Career.” If he can recall Coleridge’s lines about the “sinful sextons’ ghosts,” so much the better, and if he is of a “thorough” habit of mind, he will have read through Wordsworth’s “Excursion” in preparation for this expedition to the Langdales and be annotating the volume on his knee.

There may be something a little naïve in this studious attitude in the presence of natural beauty, but the devotion is sincere. Many a tourist, English and American, comes to the Lake Country to render grateful homage to those starry spirits who have clustered there. Fox Howe, the home of

Dr. Arnold and dear to his poet son; The Knoll, home of Harriet Martineau; and the Dove's Nest, for a little while the abode of Mrs. Hemans, are duly pointed out at Ambleside, but not all who linger in that picture-book village and climb the hill to the church of St. Anne, standing serene with its square, gray, pigeon-peopled tower, know that Faber was a curate there in the youthful years before he "went over to Rome." He lived hard by in what is said to be the oldest house in Ambleside, once a manor-house of distinction,—that long, low, stone building with small, deep-set windows and the cheery touches of color given by the carefully tended flowers about the doors. "A good few" people thought he was not "just bright," our landlady told us, "because he would be walking with his head down, busy at his thoughts," yet Wordsworth said that Faber was the only man he knew who saw more things in Nature than he did in a country ramble. Bowness cherishes recollections of the gay, audacious doings of Professor Wilson (Christopher North) and Troutbeck plumes itself on having been the birthplace of Hogarth's father. Keswick, where Shelley once made brief sojourn, holds the poet-dust of Southey and of Frederic Myers, and in Crosthwaite Vicarage may be found a living poet of the Lakes, Canon Rawnsley,—a name to conjure with throughout the district whose best traditions he fosters and maintains.

Opposite Rydal Mount, at Nab Cottage, dwelt for the closing years of his clouded life the darling of the dalesfolk, "Li'le Hartley," firstborn son of Coleridge,—that boy "so exquisitely wild" to whom had descended something of his father's genius crossed by the father's frailty. Hartley's demon was not the craving for opium, but for alcohol. After a sore struggle, that crippled but did not destroy, he rests in Grasmere churchyard, his stone bearing the inscription: "By Thy Cross and Passion." It was from Nab Cottage that another soul of high endowment, menaced by the opium lust, De Quincey, took a bride, Margaret, a farmer's daughter, who made him the strong and patient wife his peril needed. They dwelt in Dove Cottage at Townend, Grasmere, the hallowed

garden-nest where Wordsworth and his wife and his sister Dorothy,—that ardent spirit the thought of whom is still “like a flash of light,”—had dwelt before. Wordsworth’s later homes at Allan Bank, the Grasmere Rectory, and even at Rydal Mount are less precious to memory than this, where he and Coleridge and Dorothy dreamed the great dream of youth together. Thither came guests who held high converse over frugal fare,—among them Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, “the frolic and the gentle,” and that silent poet, the beloved brother John. It was a plain and thrifty life that Dove Cottage knew, with its rustic little rooms and round of household tasks, but thrift took on magic powers in the Lake Country a century ago. Amazing tales are told of the “Wonderful Walker,” schoolmaster of Buttermere and curate of Seathwaite, the Pastor of the “Excursion,” but his feats of economy might be challenged by the oldtime curate of Patterdale, who, on an income of from sixty to ninety dollars a year, lived comfortably, educated his four children and left them a tidy little fortune. Such queer turns of fate were his that he published his own banns and married his father.

Most of those for whose sake the Lake Country is hallowed ground lived a contemplative, sequestered life akin to that of the mediaeval monks, the scholars and dreamers of a fighting world, but Coniston, on the edge of Lancashire, is the shrine of a warrior-saint, Ruskin, whose last earthly home, Brantwood, looks out over Coniston Water, and whose grave in the quiet churchyard, for which Westminster Abbey was refused, is beautifully marked by a symbolically carven cross quarried from the fine green stone of Coniston Fells. In the Ruskin Museum may be seen many heart-moving memorials of that hero life, all the way from the abstracts of sermons written out for his mother in a laborious childish hand to the purple pall, worked for him by the local Linen Industry he so eagerly founded, and embroidered with his own words: “Unto This Last.”

Not in any roll-call of the men of letters who have trodden

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the Cumbrian Hills should the poet Gray be forgotten. The first known tourist in the Lake Country, he was delighted with Grasmere and Keswick but Borrowdale, plunged deep amid what the earliest guide-book, that of West in 1774, was to describe as "the most horrid romantic mountains," turned him back in terror.

Yet Wordsworth, for all his illustrious compeers, is still the presiding genius of these opalescent hills and silver meres. It is to him, that plain-faced man who used to go "booing" his verses along these very roads, that multitudes of visitants have owed

"Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind."

It is good for the soul to follow that sane, pure life from its "fair seedtime" on the garden terrace at Cockermouth, where the murmuring Derwent gave

"Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
A foretaste a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves,"

through the boyhood at Hawkshead—that all-angled little huddle of houses near Esthwaite Water—a boyhood whose inner growth is so marvelously portrayed in "The Prelude," on through the long and fruitful manhood of a poet vowed,

"Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse,"

to the churchyard beside the Rotha, where Wordsworth and his kin of flesh and spirit keep their "incommunicable sleep."

"Blessing be with them, and eternal praise!"

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Charles Darwin*

By John M. Coulter

Professor of Botany in the University of Chicago.

THE name of Darwin once suggested very different things to different people. To some it stood for a teacher of most dangerous views, views that were entirely inconsistent with religion; and this opinion is found as a tradition even to this day. To others it stood for a teacher who revolutionized not only biological science, but all science, and whose work introduced a new epoch in human thought. The latter view has stood the test of time, and although all his conclusions may be discarded, the spirit of Darwin will remain as the spirit of the new age in scientific work. Never was there a mind more eager in its search for details, and at the same time more far-reaching in its grasp. Never was there a worker more forgetful of self and more eager for truth; so misunderstood and still so uncomplaining.

The personal qualities of the man were a delight to his friends, and no one came in contact with him who did not remain his friend. He was very retiring in disposition, but his kindness and hospitality knew no stint. More cruelly and unjustly attacked than any scientific man of modern times, he never lost his sweetness of mind and never was betrayed into a retort. He felt that he was misunderstood and that time

*This is the first of a series of studies of famous Englishmen, which will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* during the months from December to May. The complete list in addition to the article upon Darwin, comprises: John Burns, the English labor leader, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dean Stanley, the noted Churchman, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell.

would explain; and he was too busy to concern himself with immediate opinion. He was seeking for truth, and was satisfied that if he could establish it his own reputation made little difference. In fact, the fame that came to him in the midst of his work was a genuine surprise, something that never was a part of his ambition and that he regarded as probably a temporary flurry that would soon blow over.

This great simplicity of character and transparent honesty was one of Darwin's charms. With a mind always open to the truth from whatever source it came, he was the first and keenest critic of his own conclusions, more anxious than any one to have them overthrown if they could be proved to be contrary to the facts. It is little wonder that his scientific colleagues came to love and trust him, and before his death he received in full measure the expression of their esteem.

Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809; and was named Charles Robert Darwin, although the middle name does not appear on the title pages of his books. His grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, was one of the most notable and original men of his age; and his father, who was a physician, was a man of marked character and ability. We know little of Darwin until he entered Edinburgh University, having had his preparatory course at the Shrewsbury Grammar School. He seems to have made no very brilliant record at Edinburgh, and certainly did not discover himself. It was when he went to Cambridge University, and came under the influence of Professor Henslow, professor of botany, that he was stimulated and developed. Darwin's description of Professor Henslow shows him to have been a worthy teacher of a worthy pupil, a man singularly apt to teach, capable of understanding and directing the tastes of his pupils.

It was at Cambridge that Darwin determined his life work, and his interest in natural history was so marked that Professor Henslow offered him the opportunity of a voyage around the world in the *Beagle*, a ship whose name has become very famous in science. In 1831 the expedition started,

with a young naturalist on board, twenty-two years of age, destined to revolutionize scientific thought.

The voyage lasted nearly five years, and this extended survey of plants and animals and human beings opened to Darwin's mind the problems of his life and suggested their solution. He returned to England convinced that the plants and animals of today are the modified descendants of earlier forms, and that he had a clue to an explanation of the changes. It was characteristic of Darwin that these ideas were elaborated for more than twenty years before he published them. As Dr. Asa Gray has said in his charming book entitled "Darwiniana:—"

Offering fruit so well ripened on the bough; commending the conclusions he had so thoroughly matured by the presentation of very various lines of facts, and of reasonings close to the facts, it is not so surprising that his own convictions should at the close of the next twenty years be generally shared by scientific men.

After this long voyage, from the effects of which Darwin became an invalid for the remainder of his life, he married and settled down to a very quiet life in the little hamlet of Down, in Kent, "in a plain but comfortable house, in a few acres of pleasure ground, a pleasantly old-fashioned air about it, with a sense of peace and silence."

It is interesting to note the evolution of his own tastes as recorded in his "Life" in the following passage:

Up to the age of about thirty all kinds of poetry—the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley—afforded me lively pleasure. Shakespeare was my delight, principally his historical plays, when I was a school-boy. Painting also, and above all music, gave me agreeable sensations. Now, and for some years past, I cannot endure reading a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare and have found him so boring that he disgusted me. I have also lost my taste for painting and music. Music generally made me think strongly upon the subject of my work instead of giving me the pleasure of relief. I have still some taste for beautiful scenery, but the sight of it does not any longer give me the exquisite pleasure which I once found in it. On the other hand, novels which are works of imagination,

even those that have nothing remarkable about them, have for some years afforded me prodigious relaxation and pleasure, and I often bless the race of novelists. A large number of novels have been read aloud to me, and I love them all, even if they are only middling, especially if they end well. A law ought to be passed forbidding them to end badly.

Soon after Darwin's return from his voyage around the world, there appeared his book entitled "Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the countries Visited during the Voyage of the *Beagle*." The title is voluminous, as was the custom at that time, but this is one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. The narrative has even been put in simple language as a book for children. In his early years Darwin was full of enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, and his descriptions were in a style far removed from the ordinary conception of the style of an unemotional, technical scientific man. A good example is the following taken from his description of Bahia :

When quietly walking along the shady pathways and admiring each successive view, I wished to find language to express my ideas. Epithet after epithet was found too weak to convey to those who have not visited the intertropical regions the sensation of delight which the mind experiences. I have said that the plants in a hothouse fail to communicate a just idea of the vegetation, yet I must recur to it. The land is one great, wild, untidy, luxuriant hothouse, made by Nature for herself, but taken possession of by man, who has studded it with gay houses and formal gardens. How great would be the desire in every admirer of nature to behold, if such were possible, the scenery of another planet! Yet to every person in Europe it may be truly said that at the distance of only a few degrees from his native soil the glories of another world are opened to him. In my last walk I stopped again and again to gaze on these beauties, and endeavored to fix in my mind forever an impression which at the time I knew sooner or later must fail. The form of the orange tree, the cocoanut, the palm, the mango, the tree fern, the banana, will remain clear and separate; but the thousand beauties which unite these into one perfect scene must fade away; yet they will leave, like a tale heard in childhood, a picture full of indistinct but most beautiful figures.

The first formal announcement of Darwin's doctrine of

"Natural Selection" was attended by a remarkable circumstance. He had sketched his doctrine as early as 1839, and between that time and its announcement had shown it to a few scientific friends who were made familiar with it. In 1857, he received from Alfred Wallace, then traveling in the Malay Archipelago, a letter enclosing a strikingly similar paper on the same subject, and requesting Darwin to have it read before the Linnean Society. Darwin's action was very characteristic, for he proposed to have this rival paper published at once, in advance of his own. That he had a similar paper of his own so long in preparation was known only to a few; but these few insisted that his paper should appear along with that of Wallace. So upon the same day, June 1, 1858, there were read in the Linnean Society of London two papers from the opposite quarters of the globe, both advocating the same theory. Wallace was as generous as Darwin, for when he learned of the circumstance he urged Darwin to go forward, while he retired into the background.

It was in 1859 that the theory appeared fully presented in book form, under the title "Origin of Species." As some one has said, "it was like a firebrand thrown into a mass of inflammable material. It ran through editions of thousands in a few months. Advocates and opponents sprang up on all sides. Invectives and praises were showered upon the author from all quarters." Since Darwin's greatest fame rests upon this book, it is necessary to know what it teaches that could so startle the world.

The "Origin of Species" is nothing more than a formal statement of the theory which Darwin called "Natural Selection," but which is commonly called "Darwinism." Darwin did not originate the theory of evolution, as many persist in thinking; he simply explained how it was made possible by his theory of natural selection. The doctrine of evolution is as old as the record of human thought, and many philosophers and scientists, before Darwin and after him, have sought to formulate an explanation of it. They were all convinced that evolution is a fact, and they all tried to explain it.

It happened that Darwin's explanation attracted more popular attention than any that had preceded it, and this was a source of amused wonder to him. A brief statement of the theory of natural selection is as follows:

All believers in evolution urged that species of plants and animals are not permanent, dating from some specific act of creation and continuing unchanged indefinitely or until extinction. They believed that species beget species, as individuals beget individuals. Darwin's explanation of this may be given in the order in which it developed in his mind.

First he was impressed by the fact of the enormous overproduction of living forms. If a plant produces fifty seeds, and these fifty seeds produce fifty plants, each of which produces fifty seeds, and so on, in a few years the earth would be crowded full of this one kind of plant. In other words, the ratio of increase is immensely greater than any possible expression of it; and if it did express itself in connection with the many thousands of different kinds of plants and animals in existence, the result would be appalling. Darwin concluded that a fierce struggle for existence is going on among all organisms, a struggle for support, for standing room. Destruction must be the rule, and life the exception; for a very small fraction of the forms produced can live. In considering the "struggle for existence," Darwin very naturally inquired into the meaning of this enormous waste of life. What forms survive? Evidently those that are the best suited to their surroundings. If the seeds from one plant be germinated under the same conditions, the young plantlets will not be all alike, and a certain number of them will perish. Why? Some are better suited to their surroundings than others and survive. If they are better in any respect than their fellows, they must differ from them, and the range of this difference or variation within the limits of a single species is often very great.

Then came in the law of inheritance, which secures the propagation of these more favorable characters, and the beginning of a favored race. The variation begun increases

from generation to generation, until presently it departs so far from the original parent stock as to be considered a new species.

This is Darwin's theory of natural selection stated in barest outline. That is, Nature selects certain forms best suited to the conditions in which they are living; the selecting agent is the "struggle for existence;" and the result is what Herbert Spencer called "the survival of the fittest," which of course involves the "destruction of the unfit." Dr. Asa Gray has summarized this doctrine clearly and beautifully by using the following figure:

Natural Selection is not the wind which propels the vessel but the rudder which, by friction now on this side and now on that, shapes the course. The rudder acts while the vessel is in motion, effects nothing when it is at rest. Variation answers to the wind: "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." Its course is controlled by natural selection, the action of which, at any given moment, is seemingly small and insensible, but the ultimate results are great.

The "Origin of Species" closes with some sentences that should be quoted, for they outline clearly the doctrine of the whole book.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction; inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; variability; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and extinction of less improved forms. Thus from the war of Nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity,

from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Darwin recognized that very strong experimental support was given to his views by the operations of breeders of plants and animals. For generations, these breeders had been modifying plants and animals by artificial selection, and in many cases had produced forms so unlike the original stock that they might fairly be regarded as distinct species; certainly they would have been described as such had they been found in nature.

It is surprising to learn that the continuous series of observations and of volumes recording them, which followed the "Origin of Species" for nearly twenty-five years, came from an invalid, who could never work a full day, and for many days not at all. Darwin died April 19, 1882; but he had lived long enough to see well under way the revolution in scientific methods for which he was responsible, and to know of the affectionate regard in which he was held by all who really knew him and his work.

Following the "Origin of Species," there came naturally a series of volumes growing out of it, such as "The Descent of Man," "The Expression of Emotion in Man and the Lower Animals," "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants," etc. During his later years, Darwin turned his attention to the investigation of plants, and his volumes on carnivorous plants, climbing plants, cross-fertilization of orchids by insects, effects of cross and self-fertilization among plants, etc., form a fascinating series.

It must not be supposed that the explanation of evolution remains just where Darwin left it. He gave an impetus to the whole subject, and other explanations have been developed since, based upon far more accurate observations and experiments. It seems that evolution has too many sides to be satisfied with a single explanation, and that we need to put together the work of Darwin and of all who have followed him before we can hope to approach a solution of this great problem.

As Alfred Wallace has written :

However much our knowledge of nature may advance in the future, it will certainly be by following in the pathway Darwin has made clear for us ; and for long years to come his name will stand for the typical example of what the student of nature ought to be. And if we glance back over the whole domain of science, we shall find none to stand beside him as equals ; for in him we find a patient observation and collection of facts, as in Tycho Brahe ; the power of using these facts in the determination of laws, as in Kepler ; combined with the inspirational genius of a Newton, through which he was enabled to grasp fundamental principles, and so apply them as to bring order out of chaos and illuminate the world of life as Newton illuminated the material universe.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Journal of Researches. The Voyage of H. M. S. *Beagle* \$2.00. Origin of Species, \$.60. Descent of Man, \$.60. Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, \$1.50.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

I. THE BORDER: 1. What traces of Roman civilization are found at Stanwix? 2. What type of Roman settlement was made at Carlisle? 3. How did Carlisle distinguish itself under the first Edward? 4. What associations has the Castle with the later Edwards? 5. Describe the sojourn there of Mary Queen of Scots. 6. What is the tale of the Lochmaben harper? 7. What was the character of the border outlaws? 8. What were some of the most famous clans? 9. What are the characteristics of Naworth Castle?

II. THE LAKE COUNTRY: 1. What is the general character of Ullswater? 2. What are the greatest peaks of the Lake district? 3. What is one of the finest coach drives in England? 4. Why is it said that the Lake Country has no history? 5. What British folklore clusters about the region? 6. What names are suggestive of ancient races in the Lake District? 7. What tragedies are associated with Helvellyn? 8. How fully is the region associated with Wordsworth? 9. What famous English men and women lived at Ambleside? 10. What rich associations had Dove Cottage at Grasmere?

DARWIN: 1. What two views of Darwin have been held by different people? 2. How did he view other people's opinions of him and his work? 3. What inheritance and early training had he? 4. What opportunity came to him from Professor Henslow? 5. How long was the voyage in the *Beagle* and what results did he gain from it? 6. How does he describe the evolution of his taste for reading? 7. What incident occurred relating to his paper on "natural selection"? 8. What was the immediate effect of his book "Origin of Species"? 9. How old is the doctrine of evolution? 10. State briefly Darwin's theory of natural selection. 11. What strong experimental support was given to his view? 12. What difficulties hampered Darwin throughout his life? 13. What books followed the "Origin of Species"?

End of January Required Reading, pages 17-74.

A Holiday Greeting to Chautauquans

From Chancellor John H. Vincent

1906-07

Christmas comes but once a year. And it never comes alone. It is one in a beautiful procession of days. From Christmas Eve to New Year's Dawn nine holy days pass by. And we may sing our welcome in Milton's words:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres!

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so;

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time,

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to the angelic symphony."

Days gain their chief value not from historic memories but from present ministries. It is the fresh light of the Sun today that makes "today." It is the recognition in our own hearts of the Christmas Fact that makes real and attractive to us the story of Bethlehem and of Calvary and of Olivet.

Personal faith in the verities which the day commemorates is the only thing that can make its suggestions vital and valuable: God's boundless love, the Savior's abiding sympathy, the Holy Spirit's illuminating and transforming energy. All these are embraced in our thought concerning Christmas.

Let us therefore as true Chautauquans—people alive and alert, and with power of vision—give ourselves to the noble life suggested by Christmas Day: A world-vision from the angels' point of view; a self-surrender to all benevolent service—"peace, good will to men," and the rapture of a reverent recognition of

the Infinite and Eternal that brings to our lips the Song of Heaven: "Glory to God in the Highest!"

Let us, one and all, begin our Christmas giving, by becoming each one of us a "Christmas gift" to Christ.

THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE XX CENTURY.

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		S	M	T	W	T	F	S
Jan.		1	2	3	4	5		Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	July	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	27	28	29	30	31			Aug.	28	29	30	31			
Feb.									4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	Sept.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Mar.									8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		29	30	31				
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	Oct.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Apr.									8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	1	2	3	4	5	6			15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		29	30	31				
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	Nov.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	28	29	30						8	9	10	11	12	13	14
May									15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		29	30	31				
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	Dec.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	26	27	28	29	30	31			8	9	10	11	12	13	14
June									15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		29	30	31				
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	30														

THE EIGHTH YEAR OF THE XX CENTURY.

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Jan.		1	2	3	4			Jan.	1	2	3	4			
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	July	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31		Aug.	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Feb.									2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	Sept.	30	31					
Mar.									1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	Oct.	29	30	31				
Apr.									1	2	3	4			
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30			Nov.	26	27	28	29	30	31	
May									1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	Dec.	29	30	31				
June									1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		29	30	31				
	29	30	31												

The Chautauqua Bells

"Think when the bells do chime
'Tis angel music."

—George Herbert.

Morning Bells: Pray for "a true life" and for
Courage.

Noonday Bells:—Pray for "a higher life" and for
Love.

Vesper Bells: —Pray for "a complete life" and for
Strength.

Night Bells: —Pray for "a restful life" and for
Contentment.

The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

IV. Stage Properties and Costumes

By Carl H. Grabo

“**W**HAT child is there that cometh to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?” Thus writes Sir Philip Sidney in his essay “A Defense of Poesie.” Sir Philip’s opinions upon the drama are of little interest to us save that incidentally they shed some light upon a subject so obscure that every ray is welcome. In view of other evidence we can assert that his question implies that, on some occasion in the theaters of his day, he had seen a stage door bearing the legend “Thebes.” Why, we may ask, rephrasing the question, was “Thebes” painted on the door? And a further question presents itself, Where was the door?

The much discussed drawing of the Swan theater after the description of De Witte shows two doors. These are at the rear of the stage and open into the tiring room. Our brief discussion of the balcony showed, however, that at times the rear of the stage was cut off by a draw curtain suspended from the edge of the balcony. On such occasions the doors into the tiring room would be hidden by the curtain, and actors appearing on the front stage would, provided there were no other means of entrance, be obliged to emerge from the folds of the curtain. This would have been an awkward arrangement for it was frequently necessary for different groups to appear from opposite directions. For this reason and for a second, the explanation of which demands an understanding of the “Thebes” before mentioned, there is probability that there were usually more than the two exits shown in the sketch of the Swan theater. Whether there were three exits or four it is impossible to determine, nor can we say where they were placed. But however many and wherever situated, one thing

is certain ; these doors played an important part in the staging of plays.

In the mystery play the convention of dramatic or stage distance was, we have seen, as commonly accepted as that of dramatic time. The "sentry boxes" representing widely removed places were, on the stage, set side by side, and the progress of the drama was literally a progress from point to point on the stage. The mystery play was not yet extinct at the time of Shakespeare and we may feel sure that its conventions persisted even in other dramatic forms. Of these conventions that of dramatic or stage distance is the most important and the most difficult for a modern reader to grasp.

To quote Sidney again—who obviously did not approve of those dramatic customs of his day which permitted one small stage to represent at one time widely remote points—he says of "Gorboduc:"

For where the stage should always represent but one place ; and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason but one day, there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in "Gorboduc," how much more in all the rest where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.

It was not left entirely to the lines of the play, however, to explain to the audience the scene of action. If Asia was on one side and Africa on the other the simple expedient could be adopted of putting legends above the doors at either side of the stage. The significance of the word "Thebes" written in great letters upon an old door thus becomes clear. Actors entering or leaving through the exit thus designated showed unmistakably their location. To clinch the matter and aid the illiterate a reference to Thebes could be inserted in the lines of the play.

Other evidence proves that this sign-post method of indicating place was not unusual. Mr. George F. Reynolds, whose thesis "Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging" is

the most thorough of recent discussions of the subject, cites a number of pertinent instances from old plays:

In the "Cuckqueens' and the Cuckolds' Errants" (written 1601, Paul's), the general direction reads: "*Harwich. In middle of the stage Colchester with Image of Tarlton, Signe and Ghirlond, Under him also. The Raungers Lodge Maldon, A Ladder of Roapes trussed up neare Harwich. Highest and aloft the Title. The Cuckqueanes and Cuckolds Errants. A long Forme.*" The play makes this confusing direction plain. Over one door was the word "Harwich;" over another, "Maldon;" over the middle entrance, "Colchester," with the sign of the inn which the rear stage seems to have represented, for in Act V two maids in this inn sit on the "long fourme" and tell each other dreams. The directions are all in the past tense, as if the author were describing an actual performance. Act I, scene 1, begins, "They entered from Maldon," and the scene all occurs in that place. Scene 2 says, "They (two rogues) met from Maldon and Harwich," and one says to the other, "Thou beest welcome to Colchester." Scene 3 is in the same place; scene 4, in Harwich, beginning, "They entered from Harwich all" (p. 17), and containing an allusion to "that Ladder, hong." The play continues with this sort of direction until the end, the place of action being consistent with the place designated by the sign above the doors through which the characters enter.

An even more interesting instance is taken from Ben Jonson's play the "Poetaster" where the character of Envy enters and obviously looks to the sign above the door to determine the scene of the play, for she says:

"The scene is, ha!
"Rome? Rome? Crack eye strings and your balls
"Drop into earth."

A final quotation from Sidney taken from the passage previously cited indicates an even more confusing mistreatment of the location represented by the stage:

Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with

82 Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

The stage seems, therefore, to have represented any place which the imagination of the author desired and the exigencies of plot demanded. As far as possible, locality was indicated by signs, stage properties, costumes, and by direct reference in the lines of the play, but at the best heavy demands were put upon the imaginations of spectators.

In our study of the Elizabethan playhouse and dramatic conditions it is well always to bear in mind this fundamental distinction between the stage of Shakespeare's time and the stage of today: Whereas our modern stage represents as concretely as possible a definite scene demanded by the action of the play, the Elizabethan stage was first of all a stage, that is, it did not pretend to convincing illusion; it was a platform from which actors narrated a moving tale aided at times by realistic stage properties in making the story vivid. But these accessories though called upon to assist were never permitted to interfere with the freedom of action which the play demanded. It is probable that many scenes had no definite location whatsoever; they were simply "places" and spectators called upon their imaginations to decide just where the action occurred.

It is a mistake, however, to assume that the Shakespearean stage was the bare platform which it is sometimes said to have been. Some of its incongruities we have seen and others will arise in the course of our discussion. But though incongruities are apparent we must remember that stage managers strove for all the realistic affects that the limitations of the stage and a restricted outlay made possible. We have only to read Henslowe's Diary to perceive that considerable attempts were made at realistic staging. The properties he lists are many and varied. Their elaborateness and perfection are of course an uncertain matter, but we may infer some pains in their construction. The following partial list indicates the variety and completeness of the equipment of the Rose theater of which Henslowe was the proprietor:

One rock, one cage, one tomb, one hell mouth.
 One tomb of Guido, one tomb of Dido, one bedstead.
 Eight lances, one pair of stairs for Phaeton.
 Two steeples and one chime of bells and one beacon.
 One globe and one golden scepter.
 Two marchpanes, and the City of Rome.
 One golden fleece, two rackets, and one bay tree.
 One wooden hatchet, one leather hatchet.
 One wooden canopy, old Mahomet's head.
 One lion skin, one bear's skin and Phaeton's limbs and Phaeton's chariot and Argosse' head.
 Neptune fork and garland.
 One croiser staff, Kent's wooden leg.
 Jerosses head and rainbow, one little altar.
 Eight visors, Tamberlayne bridel, one wooden mattock.
 Cupid's bow and quiver, the Cloth of the Sun and Moon.
 One boar's head and Cerebus three heads.
 One caduceus, two moss banks and one snake.
 Two fanes of feathers, Belendon stable, one tree of golden apples, Tanelus tree, nine iron targets.
 One copper target, seventeen foiles.
 Four wooden targets, one greave armor.
 One sign for Mother Readcap, one buckler.
 Mercury's wings, Tasso pictures, one helmet with a dragon,
 one shield with three lions, one elm bowl.
 One chain of dragons, one gilt spear.
 Two coffins, one bull's head.
 Three timbrels, one dragon in fostes.
 One lion, two lion heads, one great horse with his legs, one sackbutt.
 One wheel and frame in the siege of London.
 One pair of wrought gloves.
 One Pope's miter.
 Three Imperial crowns, one plain crown.
 One frame for the heading in Black Jone.
 One ghost's crown and one crown with a sun.
 One black dog.
 One caldron for the Jew.

Bedsteads, tombs, trees of apples, moss banks and the "pair of stairs for Phaeton" indicate some care in the staging of plays—enough surely to dispose of the statement that the Elizabethan stage was no more than a bare platform.

In our discussion of stage properties we must not forget, however, that we have no ground for believing that scenery was ever used. Tapestries or arrases were perhaps hung upon the wall at the rear of the stage for decorative purposes, but the first reference to "painted perspectives" occurs in 1656. They were at that time an innovation and were men-



Old Cut of early French Stage

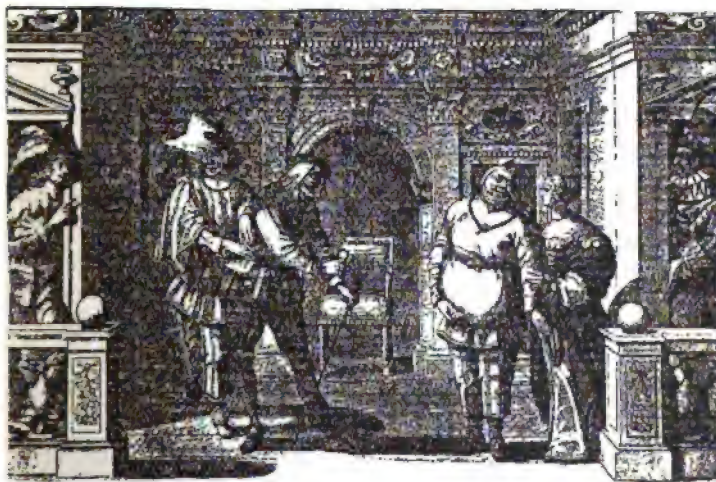
Note the side entrances and what appears to be a curtain at the rear of the stage.

tioned in the advertisement to the entertainment (an opera in disguise) as a special attraction.

The disposition of the properties upon the stage is a question which involves us again in the problem of dramatic or stage distance and incongruities incident thereto. How was it possible to remove such a property as a tree when placed upon a front stage that lacked a drop curtain? In our modern productions a change in scene is heralded by the drop curtain and a few minutes' pause during which the former stage setting is replaced by the properties necessary to the new location. In the Elizabethan playhouse one of two methods was possible: The new properties might be brought on openly when needed or might be placed in position at the beginning of the play. The former method involved, necessarily, some incongruous interruption; the latter involved the presence of unnecessary properties during the scenes in which they were not used. In this latter case the audience, we must assume, ignored the properties until such time as the

action of the play demanded their use. We have no reason for believing such an effort of the imagination at all impossible to the Elizabethan audience.

It is probable that the most elaborate use of stage properties was made upon the rear stage, which by reason of its draw curtain and also by reason of its nearness to the property room (if we may assume such a place) was better fitted for elaborate stage setting than was the front stage. We may suppose that the play proceeded without interruption upon the front stage until such time as a scene with some elaborate properties was demanded. These had been put in place upon the rear stage behind the curtain. At the proper moment the curtain was drawn disclosing the new scene of action. The rear stage was particularly suited to represent interiors and was used chiefly, no doubt, for banquet and bed-chamber scenes which demanded tables, chairs, and bedsteads, appurtenances which would have been much in the way on the front stage. Upon the conclusion of a rear stage scene we may imagine the curtain as drawn and the properties replaced



The Early French Stage: The Hotel de Bourgogne
Certain similarities to the English stage of Shakespeare's time are to be noted.

by such as were necessary for the next rear stage scene. The action of the play proceeded uninterruptedly, meanwhile, upon the front stage.

The size of the rear stage and the use made of it are questions which are still open to dispute. We have scanty evidence on which to construct theories and consequently scholars are not agreed on several points. One elaborate theory which deserves comment is the "alternation" theory. This explains the staging of a play as in alternate front and rear stage scenes. It is difficult to make such a theory fit many plays and the sensible explanation of rear stage scenes would seem to be that they occurred only occasionally. It was obviously desirable to have the greater part of the action as near the front of the stage as possible so that all the spectators might hear the actors readily. Rear stage scenes aimed at scenic effects and their chief value was in the sudden disclosure of a situation such as the revelation of Hermione posing as the statue in the "Winter's Tale." The surprise once created we may imagine the actors gradually moving to the front stage in order to make themselves better heard, but still maintaining the same location in the imaginations of the spectators. The flexibility of the Elizabethan stage cannot too often be insisted upon.

The function of the balcony has been previously mentioned but its use in connection with the rear stage scenes was not satisfactorily and conclusively explained. Nor can it be as yet, though various hypotheses can be advanced. A previous stage direction may be here requoted and the explanation attempted. "*He draws a curtain and discovers Bethseba and her maid—David sits above.*" The discovery of Bethseba implies we have said the use of the rear stage and the "above" we must suppose to mean the balcony. How could an actor sitting in the balcony see other actors beneath the balcony? We must believe either that the audience accepted the incongruity without question or that the characters upon the rear stage, moved, when disclosed, to the front stage where they were readily seen by both the spectators and actors in the

balcony. The latter explanation seems the more plausible in view of the desirability of front stage scenes.

Before we dismiss the problem of stage properties we should mention briefly several points of stage mechanism which are of interest. The doors into the tiring house were often made to play their part as castle gates and perhaps as entrances to tombs or caves. Trap doors of which there were possibly two—one in the front and one in the rear stage—also were called into use in such plays as "Macbeth" where a disappearing caldron is needed. The superstructure to the tiring house was probably used at times to lower machines by means of which the gods and goddesses of classical plays might descend to mingle with mortals. A number of stage directions indicate the existence of some mechanism above the stage. "The cloth of the Sun and Moon" mentioned in the list of stage properties we may believe to have been a painted representation of the firmament such as was used in the mystery plays. This cloth was probably suspended above the rear portion or hung from the rear walls of the stage. The use of such draperies was traditional. Black cloths, too, were used in draping the theater when a tragedy was to be presented.

In a modern representation of a play many elaborate and artistic effects are gained by the skilful use of electric and calcium lights. In Shakespeare's time any attempt at lighting would have been ruinous save at the court masques in which expense was a minor consideration. At the public playhouses, therefore, performances were given in the afternoon and never at night. If a night scene was to be indicated, lighted torches were brought on the stage and were sufficient representation. The audience we may suppose drew upon its imagination to supplement the magnificent poetry of the fifth act of the "Merchant of Venice" where Lorenzo and Jessica in the moonlight attempt each to "outnight" the other.

The staging of a play was, we have seen, a business full of incongruities. We should expect the costuming to be equally as peculiar and economical. This does not, however,

appear to have been the case. Costumes were costly: Henslowe's accounts indicate that for an elaborate costume made of silk, velvet and gold lace more was often expended than for the original play for which the costume was designed. When due allowance is made for the purchasing value of money in Elizabethan times (variously estimated at from six to seven times that of today) the cost for a single elaborate costume appears to have been as high as six or seven hundred dollars—a considerable amount even in these days of lavish expenditure.

A few items from Henslowe's inventory will show the care taken in the costuming:

- One mauve gown of calico for the Queen.
- One carnival hat.
- Five pairs of hose for the clown, five jerkins for them.
- One pair of yellow cotton sleeves, one ghost's suit and one ghost's bodice.
- One hat for Robin Hood, one hobby horse.
- One murrey jerkin and one white leather jerkin.
- Two leather antique coats with bases for Phaeton.
- Four friars' gowns and four hoods for them and one fool's cap, coat, and bauble.
- One Senator's gown, one hood, and five Senators' capes.
- One suit for Neptune.
- Six green coats for Robin Hood and four knaves' suits.
- Two white shepherd's coats and two Danes suits and one pair of Dane hose.
- One black satin doublet laid thick with black and gold lace.
- One great peach color doublet with silver lace.
- One red scarlet cloak with silver buttons.
- One white and orange tawney scarf, spangled.
- Dido's robe.
- One yellow satin gown embroidered with silk and gold lace for women.
- One orange tawney velvet gown with silver lace for women.

In the days of Garrick, at a time when Shakespeare was considered a great dramatist but somewhat unpolished—a gifted barbarian—Shakespearean roles were played by actors attired in the costume of the day—knee breeches, shoes with buckles, wigs, rapiers, and three cornered hats. Hamlet must indeed have presented a melancholy sight under such conditions. The entries in Henslowe indicate much greater care in consistent and appropriate costuming in Elizabethan times than in succeeding eras. There was probably no archæo-

logical exactness as in the best modern plays, but some care was undoubtedly taken. Danish suits are mentioned and other entries show costumes deemed appropriate to Turks and Italians. Different peoples were dressed in different costumes and it is of small importance whether or not these distinctions were exact. They at any rate served their purpose with the spectators.

We may conclude then that the Shakespearian stage presented many incongruities, traditional and unavoidable. The stage was not intended to create a perfect illusion; the audience could never forget that it was a stage. Stage properties and costumes were, however, as elaborate and accurate as circumstances would permit.

Christmas Carols and Christmas Superstitions

By Harriet K. Ransford

ALL who have read Washington Irving's fascinating volume "The Sketch Book," will remember the interesting account there given of the Christmas festivities at Bracebridge Hall. Christmas customs and Christmas festivities are, many of them, of immemorial antiquity. Christmas was, of course, originally a pagan festival, which the early Christian church made use of for religious purposes. Many of the quaint customs which have come down to us are, therefore, of no religious significance, but they are doubly interesting because of their pagan origin.

Of the religious observances connected with Christmas none is more interesting than the singing of carols through the streets early on Christmas morning. The singers went from house to house, rendered their music, and accepted the refreshments or money offered by the householders. Carols of this sort related to the nativity and were cheerfully religious in their nature. There was, however, another type of carol; this was sung usually to a dance tune and described the

bringing in of the boar's head, or celebrated some other aspect of the Christmas feast. The carol printed upon the cover of this, the December CHAUTAUQUAN, belongs to this latter class of compositions. It is first found in the book of "Christmasse Carolles" printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, in a form which differs somewhat from the version we have used. The modified version is one which, for many years has been sung at Queen's College, Oxford, in which place the "words are sung," says Hone, "to the common chant of the prose version of the psalms in Cathedrals."

A part of a middle English Christmas carol of a sacred nature is here produced in the quaint old spelling of its time. It is a very pretty poem:

Thys ender nygth
I saw a sygth
a ster as brygth as day
And ever among
A maydyn song:
by by baby lullay
Thys vyrgyn clere
wythowtyn pere
unto hur son gane sing:

My son my lorde
my father dere
syth all ys at thy wyll,
I pray the son
graunte me a bone
yff hyt be ryght & skylle:
that chylde or man
may ever come
be mery on thys day,
to blys them bryng
& I shall syng
by by baby lullay.

My moother shene
of hevyn quene
yor askyng shall I spede,
so that the myrth
dysplease me nott
yn wordys nor in dede,
syng what ye wyll
so that ye fullfyll
my ten commaundements ay,
ay yaw for to please
let them nott sesse
to syng baby lullay.

In that interesting and valuable work entitled "Popular Music of the Olden Times" by W. Chappell is an extended and scholarly selection of ancient English songs, carols and ballads. Accompanying the words of these are modernized versions of the original music. Many of these old airs are very quaint and beautiful. Some still serve as the basis for modern songs. Perhaps the most famous and certainly one of the oldest songs which has come down to us is the "Ballad of Green Sleeves," to which reference is made in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." This beautiful melody, supposedly of Irish origin, has served for various songs of widely different character in different periods of English history. Originally a love song, it today serves in a modernized version as a Christmas carol, and is sung in churches on Christmas morning. Because of its beauty and its interesting history, it is here reproduced with the modern words. (See following page.) Those who wish to trace its history and read it in its various versions may do so in the work of Mr. Chappell to which reference has been made.

Christmas legends and superstitions have been collected by John Ashton in a large handsomely bound volume entitled "A righte Merrie Christmas!!!" This volume is a mine of quaint and out-of-the-way information. The customs relating to Christmas throughout the various parts of England have here been collected with a careful hand. From the vast collection of curious information which he has made we can make but a few selections. One is in connection with the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which is supposed to blossom on Christmas day (old style) contrary to the habits of other thorn trees. Mr. Ashton gives the following account:

THE GLASTONBURY THORN

Even the vegetable world contributed to the wonders of Christmas, for was there not the famous Glastonbury Thorn which blossoms on old Christmas day? Legends say that this was the walking staff of Joseph of Arimathæa, who, after Christ's death, came over to England and settled in Glastonbury where, having planted his staff in the ground, it put forth leaves, and miraculously flowered on the festival of the Nativity; and it is a matter of popular belief, not always

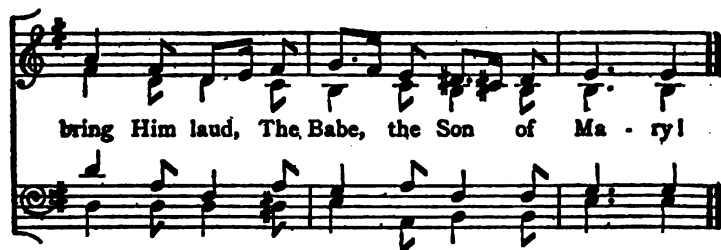
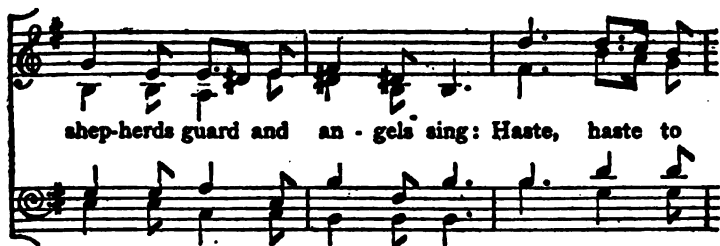
What Child is this?

mf
1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On

mf
Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with

an - thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep - ing?

CHORUS.
ff
This, this is Christ the King; Whom



2.

Why lies He in such mean estate,
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
 The silent Word is pleading:
 Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
 The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
 Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3.

So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
 Come peasant, King to own Him;
 The King of kings, salvation brings;
 Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
 Raise, raise, the song on high,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

followed out by practice, that it does so to this day. The fact is that this thorn, the *Crataegus praecox*, will, in a mild and suitable season, blossom before Christmas. It is not a particularly rare plant Aubrey thus speaks of it in his "Natural History of Wiltshire."

"Mr. Anthony Hinton one of the Officers of the Earle of Pembroke, did inoculate, not long before the late civill warres (ten years or more), a bud of Glastonbury Thorne, on a thorne, at his farm house, at Wilton, which blossoms at Christmas, as the other did. My mother has had branches of them for a flower-pott, several Christmas-masses, which I have seen. Elias Ashmole, Esq., in his notes upon *Theatrum Chymicum*, saies that in the churchyard of Glastonbury grew a walnut tree that did putt out young leaves at Christmas, as doth the King's Oake in the New Forest. In Parham Park, in Suffolk (Mr. Boutele's), is a pretty ancient thorne, that blossoms like that at Glastonbury; the people flock hither to see it on Christmas Day. But in the rode that leades from Worchester to Droitwiche, is a black thorne hedge at Clayes, half a mile long or more, that blossoms about Christmas day, for a week of more together. Dr. Ezerel Tong sayd that about Rumly-March, in Kent, are thorns naturally like that near Glastonbury. The Soldiers did cutt downe that near Glastonbury; the stump remains."

Several trees which are descended by cutting from the Holy Thorn still exists in and about Glastonbury. One of them, of somewhat scanty and straggling growth, occupies the site of the original thorn, on the summit of Weary-all-Hill. Another, a much finer tree, compact and healthy, stands on private premises, near the entrance of a house that faces the abbott's kitchen. These descendants of the Holy Thorn inherit the famous peculiarity of the tree

The *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1753, has the following in its "Historical Chronicle" for January. "Quainton in Buckinghamshire, Dec. 24. About 2000 people came here this night, with lanthorns and candles, to view a black thorn which grows in the neighborhood, and which was remembered (this year only) to be slip from the famous Glastonbury thorn, that it always budded on the 24th, was full blown the next day, and went all off at night; but the people, finding no appearance of a bud, 'twas agreed by all that Decemb. 25, N. S. could not be the right Christmas Day, and, accordingly refused going to Church, and treating their friends on that day, as usual: at length the affair became so serious that the ministers of the neighboring villages, in order to appease the people, thought it prudent to give notice that the old Christmas Day should be kept holy as before."

Another very ancient and interesting superstition relates the supposed devotion exhibited by oxen on Christmas Eve:



Ancient Representation of the Nativity

THE OX AND THE ASS

According to Mr. Brand, "a superstitious notion prevails in the western part of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas-eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, as in the attitude of devotion; and that (which is still more singular) since the alteration of the style, they continue to do this only on the eve of old Christmas-day. An honest countryman living on the edge of St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, October 28, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above, and, watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, make 'a cruel groan like christian creatures.' I could not but with great difficulty keep my countenance; he saw, and seemed angry that I gave so little credit to his tale, and, walking off in a pettish humour, seemed to 'marvel at my unbelief.' There is an old print of the Nativity, in which the oxen in the stable, near the Virgin and the child, are represented upon their knees, as in a suppliant posture. This graphic representation has probably given rise to the above superstitious notion on this head." Mr. Brand refers to "an old print" as if he had only observed one with this representation; whereas, they abound, and to the present day the ox and the ass are in the wood-cuts of the Nativity on our common Christmas carols. Sannazarius, a Latin poet of the fifteenth century, in his poem "De Partu Virginis," which he was several years in composing, and twenty years in revising, and which chiefly contributed to the celebrity of his name among the Italians, represents that the Virgin wrapped up the new-born infant, and put him into her bosom; that the cattle cherished him with their breath, an ox fell on his knees, and an ass did the same. He declares them both happy, promises that they shall be honored at all the altars in Rome, and apostrophizes the Virgin on occasion of the respect the ox and the ass have shown her. To a quarto edition of this Latin Poem, with an Italian translation by Gori, printed at Florence in 1740, there is a print inscribed "Sacrum monumentum in antiquo vitro Romae in Museo Victorio," from whence the preceding engraving is presented, as a curious illustration of the obviously ancient mode of delineating the subject."*

*From "The Every-Day Book," by William Hone.

Representative English Paintings

The Slave Ship

By W. Bertrand Stevens.

[Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in London in 1775, the son of a barber and hairdresser of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. At the age of fourteen he became a student of the Royal Academy, ten years later an Associate, and in 1802 a full Academician. He died in 1851 and is buried in St Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

Not the least of the many treasures of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is Turner's "Slave Ship." Easily the most striking canvas in the room set apart for British paintings, it is enjoyed by thousands who hardly know of its companion piece, "Mouth of the Seine—Quilleboeuf."

The names of Turner and of Ruskin are inseparable. Ruskin championed the cause of the young landscapist at a time when all England was openly scoffing at his daring innovations. Ruskin's somewhat partisan discussion of the "Slave Ship" has been called by Armstrong "one of the purplest of his purple patches." He says:

I think the noblest sea that Turner ever painted and, if so the noblest ever painted by man, is that of the "Slave Ship." It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after a prolonged storm, but the storm is partly lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light. I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. The color is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid line in any part, or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition, its drawing as accurate as fearless; its tones as true as they are wonderful, and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.

On the other hand Mr. George Innes, Jr., the American painter thinks it "the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted. The color is harsh, disagreeable and discordant." Such divergence of opinion is most discouraging. The fatal habit of relying on books for the enjoyment of pictures will inevitably prove the victim's undoing when he is confronted by such violently opposed criticisms as these. Such dependence on the thoughts of others is not due to a lack of esthetic appreciation but rather to the failure to seek with persistent effort the message that art has for each and every one of us. The highest form of art is not that which easily pleases our fancy but that which requires study and consideration for its full enjoyment. Let us then be guided, neither by the overkeen enthusiasm of the partisan, nor by the reactionary criticism of less emotional critics. Let us first seek our inspiration from the picture itself.

The "Slave Ship" was entered in the exhibition of 1840 as "Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying, Typhoon Coming on." Armstrong says of the picture: "In bigness of conception and concentrated vigor of design it will bear comparison with anything Turner ever did." It is obvious that the artist's interest was focused on the painting of the sea and sky and they are, perhaps the most admirable that art has ever given us. But he failed absolutely to depict the horror the subject suggests—not from inability, but from a deliberate disregard of reason. The details in the foreground—the floating bodies in chains and the grotesque sea-monsters seem absurd. But this portion of the picture need not disturb us; let us accept it for what it is—a perfectly frank excuse for the painting of a glorious sky and sea. The "Slave Ship" is one of the finest examples of Turner's magnificent coloring! The colors are not natural—Turner's never are—but their brilliancy and fine harmony convince us that Mr. Ruskin's enthusiasm has not led him far afield when he places Turner in his group of "seven great colorists of the world"—Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, Correggio, and Sir Joshua Reynolds completing the group.



The Slave Ship. By J. M. W. Turner. In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

2000

"In Peril of Change"

C. F. G. Masterman's Essays on Social Problems

By Henry Ingraham

THE fiasco of British arms in the Boer War did much toward checking a jingo imperialism of which Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his imitators were the chief exponents. Other writers whose earlier protests had been unheeded and whose more pacific utterances had been unregarded, came, in the ensuing calm, to a hearing. English ideals of empire and English ideals of imperial poetry have been subjected by this new school to some scathing criticism. So radical is the change in popular taste that it is now possible for Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the brilliant essayist, to chant a requiem over Mr. Kipling in terms which excite merely our amusement at the critic's cleverness. Mr. Chesterton begins a recent article upon "The End of Imperial Poetry" unkindly, thus:

The English Imperialist poetry of the later nineteenth century which came to an end recently when Mr. Rudyard Kipling printed the remarkable poetical line,

"But here is shame completer still,"

was a poetry of great historical and of considerable literary importance.

The best account of the reaction which permits such an estimate of Mr. Kipling to excite our half-indifferent amusement is to be found in a recent volume of essays by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman entitled "In Peril of Change." Mr. Masterman, who is one of the younger members of the present Liberal Parliament, is obviously an ardent anti-imperialist and an equally ardent "nationalist," if such a term may be employed of a patriotic Englishman passionately solicitous for the happiness and well-being of the little England of the British Isles. Mr. Masterman is, as well, a sympathetic student of social problems, a man of fine literary taste, and the master of an eloquent style.

"In Peril of Change"

From this interesting combination of talents has resulted a volume which both from a literary and sociological point of view is one of the most noteworthy of recent years. The diverse nature of its contents may be inferred from a partial list of titles: "After the Reaction," "June in England," "The Burden of London," "The New Revolution," "The Blasphemy of Optimism," "Chicago and Francis," "The Challenge of Time," "Of Death and Pity," "The Religion of the City," "In Peril of Change," and a series of sympathetic studies of such men as Henley, Gissing, and Frederic Myers.

Though diverse in subject, these essays have a fundamental unity which justifies their collection in one volume under the generic title, "In Peril of Change," for they deal not only with the dead and the passing order of things, but as well prophetically and rather hopelessly with the uncertain order of tomorrow. The imperialism which brought on the Boer War, which speculated in the Rand mines, and which found its best expression in the blood bespattered writings of Mr. Kipling, arouses in Mr. Masterman only the fiercest contempt. For the British Empire even at its best he has but this to say in the eloquent essay entitled "In Dejection near Tooting," a vivid albeit disheartening picture of that London suburb composed of alms-houses, prisons, hospitals and the rest of the melancholy apparatus of our modern civilization:

From the turnip fields of Tooting I apprehended the British Empire and something of its meaning; why we always conquered and never assimilated our conquests; why we were so just and so unloved. Amidst alien races we have brought rest and security, order out of chaos, equality of justice, a patient service of rectitude which is one of the wonders of the world. Yet there is not one among these alien peoples who would lift a finger to ensure the perpetuation of our rule, or shed a tear over its destruction. For the spirit of that Empire—clean, efficient, austere, intolerably just—is the spirit which has banished to these forgotten barrack-prisons and behind high walls the helpless young and the helpless old, the maimed, the restless, and the dead.

But the older England is ceasing to be. The present age is one of transition. The land system, the church, and the religion of the people—the three fundamental elements of the existing order—are disintegrating, and society no longer guided by the ideals of thirty years ago, is drifting, undirected, to some new system of economics and religion. It is to meet this new and doubtful regime that Mr. Masterman would summon the best efforts of a patriotic nationalism, a nationalism which serves England best by endeavoring to solve the many disheartening social and economic problems presented by the industrial system of the twentieth century.

It is no attractive picture that Mr. Masterman paints of present-day England. The old rural England has almost disappeared; the country gentleman has sold his estates to the promoter of stock companies and the rich American; the English peasant has been lured to the city and become the artisan and the factory hand. The crops are harvested by city dwellers, who for a few weeks in the summer and autumn leave their city slums for the brief industry of the fields. "June in England" contains a picture of this new method of agriculture:

And the harvest is reaped by nomadic hordes, lured out for a season from the slums of the cities, blinking in dull wonder at the strange world of sunshine and silences to which they have been conveyed. So first at fruit-picking and later at hop harvest, the litter of their encampments is manifest in the day, and the lights of their revelry shine far into the night. The casual laborers of the lowest depths of the cities are spewed out over our green land riotous and rejoicing. The old inhabitants, secure in the pride of ancient heritage, gaze dismally at the pandemonium.

And again:

Far to the northward, as the shadow creeps over the valley, one can almost discern the great lights streaming up behind the hills. In a momentary picture appears the vision of the labyrinth of lamplit streets, the crowded thoroughfares, the crowded warrens and tenements, the restless life of those who have gone.

So in this June, with the magic of its passing hours,

Time, which changes all good and evil things, fashions from the ruins of the old a new England.

The new life which has displaced the old rural life of England is a gray, dreary life, with low horizons and material ideals. The monotony if it becomes something of a nightmare:

The stuff is homogeneous, woven of drab buildings and a life set in grey. Lay down an interminable labyrinth of mean two-storied cottages. Pepper the concoction plentifully with churches, school-buildings, and block-dwellings of an assorted variety of ugliness. Cram into this as much laboring humanity as it will hold, and then cram in some more. Label with any name, as Stepney or Kentish Town. You have in essence the particular ghetto that you desire.

Beyond this ring the blotch we term London sprawls into still more unknown and desolate regions whose life is clogged and heavy owing to their distance from the central heart. On the one side, in a lop-sided and monstrous outgrowth, the city spreads out into vast shadowy suburbs of the laboring classes, stretching over the marshland below the level of the sea. Here are districts so far removed from the place of work as to have become mere gigantic dormitories. Man rises up a great while before day to go forth to his work and to labor until the evening. The whole margin of life of the laborer disappears in the transit. The scuffle into the city, the prolonged and arduous journey, the scuffle out again, the hastily wolfed-up meal, curtailed sleep, represent the home life of the people. To these forgotten, nameless regions apart from the inhabitants themselves and the occasional forlorn dust-collector, "no man comes, nor hath come, since the making of the world."

Again:

North, east, south, and west the aggregation is silently pushing outwards like some gigantic plasmodium: spreading slimy arms over the surrounding fields, heavily dragging after them the ruin of its desolation. And Tooting and East Ham and Plumstead and Silvertown, are born into a world which shows no joy at their advent. Humanity staggers at the vision of the next generation; uninigorated by the influx of the country life, ravaged by the diseases of overcrowding in dwelling and area, dulness, vacuity of labor, and lust for artificial excitement: dead to the faiths which once provided a tangible background to existence.

The reader agrees with Mr. Masterman in his verdict: "There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. Please God, after its destruction there shall be nothing like it again."

There is little spiritual life to compensate for the dreary physical surroundings. The poor of London are not interested in religious things, a fact conclusively proved by the investigations of Mr. Booth and Mr. Masterman. The slum dwellers, it is true, manifest a certain interest in the charities with which rival Christian organizations endeavor to bribe attendance at church, but their reasons for so doing are far from spiritual. The church, says Mr. Masterman, must preach and practice both economic justice and human fellowship before it can regain its hold on the masses of the poor. Yet the author's conclusion is not altogether hopeless:

We may be very confident that the time of frost and present cold will break before the warmth of another spring. The Church by neglect of its election and high calling may prolong the misery and increase the confusion for a time. But no human wilfulness or weakness can for ever delay the restitution of all things and the triumph of the end. A new dawn will one day illuminate the vastness and desolation of the city. Each solitary life of its millions, perishing, as it seems, unheard and alone, is destined at last to find the purpose of its being in union with the Infinite, alike its origin and its goal.

"In Peril of Change: Essays written in time of tranquility." \$1.50 net. Published 1905 by B. W. Huebsch, New York.



A Glimpse of Ruskin at Brantwood*

But if you are expected you will hardly have time to look round, for Brantwood is nothing if not hospitable. The honored guest,—and all the guests are honored there,—after welcome, is ushered up a narrow stair, which betrays the original cottage, into the 'turret room.' It had been the professor's until after his illness, and he papered it with naturalistic pansies, to his own taste, and built out at one corner a projecting turret to command the view on all sides, with windows strongly latticed to resist the storms; for Ruskin can say with Montaigne, 'My house is built upon an Eminence, as its Name imports, and no part of it is so much exposed to the Wind and Weather as that.' There is old fashioned solid comfort in the way of furniture; and pictures,—a Dürer engraving, some Prouts and Turners, a couple of old Venetian heads, and Meissonier's 'Napoléon' over the fireplace,—a picture which Mr. Ruskin bought for one thousand guineas, showed for a time at Oxford, and hung up here in a shabby little frame to be out of the way. It gives you a curious sense of being in quite a new kind of place.

If you are a man, you are told not to dress; if you are a lady, you may put on your prettiest gown. They dine in the new room, for the old dining-room was so small that one could not get round the table. The new room is spacious and lofty compared with the rest of the house; it has a long window with thick red sandstone mullions—there at last is a touch of Gothicism—to look down the lake, and a bay window opens on the narrow lawn sloping steeply down to the road in front, and the view of the Old Man. The walls, painted 'duck egg,' are hung with old pictures: The Doge Gritti, a bit saved from the great Titian that was burnt in the fire at the ducal palace in 1557; a couple of Tintorets; Turner and Reynolds, each painted by himself in youth; Raphael by a pupil, so it is said; portraits of old Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin, and little John and his "boo hills." There he sits, no longer little, opposite; and you can trace the same curve and droop of the eyebrows (a Highland trait?) prefigured in the young face and preserved in the old, and a certain family likeness to his handsome young father. * * * * *

A Brantwood dinner is always ample; there is no asceticism about the place; nor is there any affectation of 'intensity' or of common-room cleverness. The neat things you meant to say are forgotten,—you must be hardened indeed to say them to Mr. Ruskin's face; but if you were shy, you soon feel that there was no need for

*From *The Life and Work of John Ruskin*, in 2 vols. by W. G. Collingwood, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

shyness; you have fallen among friends; and before desert comes in, with fine old sherry—the pride of your host, as he explains—you feel that nobody understands you so well, and that all his books are nothing to himself.

It is not a mere show, this kindness and consideration. Two young visitors once staying at Brantwood with Mr. Ruskin alone, mistook the time and appeared an hour late for dinner. Not a hint or sign was given that might lead them to suspect their error; their hungry host was not only patient, but as charming as possible. Only next they learned from the servants that the dinner and the master had waited an hour for them. * * *

Soon after nine Mr. Ruskin comes in with an armful of things that are going to the Sheffield museum and while his cousin makes his tea and salted toast, he explains his last acquirements in minerals, eager that you should see the interest of them; or displays the last studies of Mr. Rooke or Mr. Fairfax Murray, copies from Carpaccio or bits of Gothic architecture. * * *

Then, sitting in the chair in which he preached his baby-sermon, he reads aloud a few chapters of Scott or Miss Edgeworth, or, with judicious omissions, one of the older novelists; or translates, with admirable facility, a scene of Scribe or George Sand. When his next work comes out you will recognize this evening's reading in his allusions and quotations perhaps even in the subjects of his writing, for at this time he is busy on the articles of 'Fiction, Fair and Foul.'

After the reading, music; a bit of his own composition, 'Old Egina's Rocks,' or 'Cockle-hat and Staff,' his cousin's Scotch ballads, or Christy Minstrel songs; and if you can sing a new ditty, fresh from London, now is your chance. You are surprised to see the Prophet clapping his hands to 'Camptown Races,' or the 'Hundred Pipers,'—Chorus given with the whole strength of the company; but you are in a house of strange meetings.

About half-past ten his day is over; a busy day that has left him tired out. You will not easily forget the way he lit his candle,—no lamps allowed, and no gas,—and gave a last look lovingly at a pet picture or two, slanting his candlestick and shading the light with his hand before he went slowly upstairs to his own little room, literally lined with the Turner drawings you have read about in 'Modern Painters.'

In the morning you may be waked by a knock at the door, and 'Are you looking out?' And pulling up the blind there is one of our Cornistons mornings, with the whole range of mountains in one quiet glow above the cool mist of the valley and lake. Going down at length on a voyage of exploration, and turning in perhaps at the

first door, you intrude upon the Professor at work in his study, half sitting, half kneeling at his round table in the bay window, with the early cup of coffee and the cat in his crimson arm-chair. There he has been working since dawn, perhaps, or on dark mornings by candlelight. Like Montaigne, he does not pass the night in his study, but he takes 'to-day' by the forelock. And he does not seem to mind the interruption; after a welcome he asks you to look round while he finishes his paragraph and writes away composedly. * * *

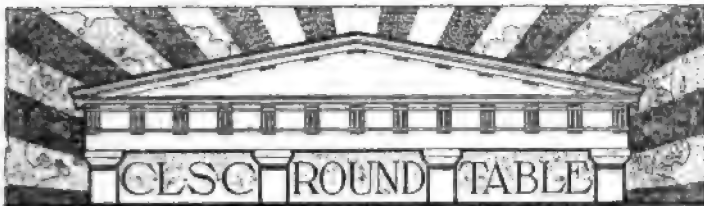
At breakfast, when you see the post-bag brought in, you understand why he tries to get his bit of writing done early. The letters and parcels are piled in the study, and after breakfast, at which, as in old times, he reads his last written passages,—how much more interesting they will always look to you in print!—after breakfast he is closeted with an assistant, and they work through the heap.

* * * * *

After luncheon, if letters are done, all hands are piped to the moor. With billhooks and choppers the party winds up the wood paths, the professor first, walking slowly, and pointing out to you his pet bits of rock-cleavage, or ivied trunk, or nest of wild strawberry plants. * * * * —and so you come out on the moor.

There great work goes on. Juniper is being rooted up; boggy patches drained and cultivated; cranberries are being planted, and oats grown; paths engineered to the best points of view; rocks bared to examine the geology,—though you cannot get the professor to agree that every inch of his territory has been glaciated. These diversions have their serious side, for he is really experimenting on the possibility of reclaiming waste land; * * * * And so you take your pick with the rest, and are almost persuaded to become a companion of St. George. Not to tire a new-comer, he takes you away after a while to a fine heathery promontory where you sit before a most glorious view of lake and mountains. * * *

And so you go in to tea and chess, for he loves a good game of chess with all his heart. He loves many things you have found. He is different from other men you know, just by the breadth and vividness of his sympathies, by power of living as few other men can live, in admiration, hope, and love.



OFFICERS OF CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE

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OUR STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE

The enthusiasm which circles and individual readers are showing in their study of Shakespeare is evidence of the poet's wide appeal to human nature. Shakespeare is so great that while he is profound he is also simple. Even persons of quite limited culture may come to have a very true appreciation and enjoyment of his work simply by reading and re-reading the plays, without knowing a word of the vast literature relating to them. It may be well for us to bear this in mind as we study the four plays assigned for our reading this year. It is quite worth while to know what the great scholars think about Shakespeare, and whether or not we agree with them, by getting their varied points of view we shall find new sources of pleasure in our study of the great poet. Such acquaintance with Shakespearian literature in a greater or less degree will be possible to many readers, but let us remember that after all the essential thing is to let Shakespeare bring us his own message. Never mind if the old fashioned meaning of many words is not quite clear. Get what help you can from notes, but even these are not indispensable. Study Shakespeare's great characters as he presents them. Observe their development, their reaction upon one another and the skill with which he portrays the fundamental qualities

of human nature. Read the plays until they become so familiar that you realize that a door into a new world has been opened to you.



THE CLASS OF 1907

The following selections from letters written by members of the class of 1907 to the class treasurer, Mrs. J. C. B. Stivers suggest the enthusiasm which is widespread throughout the class. Both circles and individual readers are showing a live interest in class affairs and members are invited to write the class officers, whose addresses will be found in the class directory in the October Round Table. Many members will be particularly interested in writing to the treasurer, for they will want to contribute something however small to the class funds, so that they may feel that the banner, the class room in Alumni Hall and any other enterprises of the class have been fostered by the good will and the friendly gifts of all. Then a friendly letter to the secretary will be very welcome, reporting progress as to the reading, and from these letters other members of the class will learn through THE CHAUTAUQUAN how class spirit grows and flourishes apace.

CHICAGO, ILL.: I presume this letter finds you at Chautauqua where I should so much enjoy being, but business is such that I cannot have that treat this year. Please give my kindest greetings to any of the 1907 class who remember me, and tell them I have appreciated very highly the honor they conferred in continuing me as a vice-president. I have always read of the class activities with much interest and shall plan if possible to be present and graduate in 1907.

ERIE, PA.: I read alone, indeed I do not know whether there is another 1907 reader in the city. As I am a school teacher, I do not always have time to read each day, but I do what I can and then devote a certain amount of time Sunday afternoon to making up what I failed to get during the week. The reading so far has proved so interesting that I have no trouble in getting through the work. In regard to answering the questions, after I finish a book, I answer the questions. If I fail to answer all, I re-read the book. I send every good wish for our class' success.

SUGAR GROVE, PA.: Enclosed find four dollars from Lottsville C. L. S. C. for Alumni Hall. We have changed our place of residence and I have had to read alone since March. I do not expect to get to Chautauqua for more than a day or two. I am going to try for a circle here, but if I don't succeed I shall read alone.

CLARION, PA.: I am sure I miss a very great deal that is derived from being a member of a C. L. S. C. Circle, being a solitary reader. But even if a circle cannot be formed in the vicinity the solitary reader is most richly rewarded for all effort. A few weeks ago I met a lawyer of Greensburg, Pa., who should have passed through the Golden Gate with this year's class. I tried to tell him how much he had missed by not being with his class. He replied that the education and helpfulness, and delight of the course had been so valuable to him that he had considered the diploma of minor importance though he would gladly have been at Chautauqua on Recognition Day if he could have arranged for it. Of course I gave him a cordial invitation to graduate with us next year. To those who have not begun we can only say do not hesitate to be come a solitary reader, if need be, for in the language of the business man "it pays."



A CORRECTION

In Special Supplementary Course No. 3 published on page 250 of the October Round Table, a change has been made in the third book entitled "English Lakes in the Poems of Wordsworth," by William Knight, which is out of print. Instead the following poems by Wordsworth are required:

The Prelude; Lines on Tintern Abbey; Ode on Immortality; Ode to Duty; The Green Linnet; Lucy; The Kitten and the Falling Leaves; The Daffodils; Michael. The following sonnets: On the Beach at Calias; Upon Westminster Bridge; The World's Ravages; To the River Deddun (no.34); After Thought.



A WORDSWORTH CALENDAR

During the first month of the New Year we take up the study of Wordsworth and visit the Lake District in our Reading Journey. A living acquaintance with the poetry of Wordsworth is quite essential to our enjoyment of these studies, and the following Wordsworth calendar of daily reading may be found useful. The calendar begins with December fifteenth so it precedes as well as accompanies the period in which we study the poet and the shorter poems can easily be read and reread. Mr. F. W. H. Myers says of Wordsworth's sonnets that they are the finest collection which any English poet has to show and those who have access to the Golden Treasury edition of selections from Wordsworth will find

sixty of the finest of these as chosen by Matthew Arnold. In the complete edition of Wordsworth, with introduction by Morley, the sonnets are scattered through the book since the arrangement is chronological.

December:

- 15—Five Poems on Lucy.
- 16—The Two April Mornings.
- 17—The Tables Turned.
- 18—To H. C. (six years old.)
- 19—The Farewell.
- 20—To M. H.
- 21—She was a Phantom of Delight.
- 22—The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.
- 23—Upon Westminster Bridge.
- 24—It is a Beauteous Evening.
- 25—I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.
- 26—Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.
- 27—The Green Linnet.
- 28—The Solitary Reaper.
- 29—To the River Duddon (no.

34) After Thought.

- 30—Toussaint L'Ouverture.
- 31—Ode to Duty.

January:

- 1—Ode on Immortality.
- 2—The World is too Much with Us.
- 3—The Happy Warrior.
- 4—To the Cuckoo.
- 5—Tintern Abbey.
- 6—Michael.
- 7—An Evening of Extraordinary Beauty.
- 8—Resolution and Independence.
- 9—The Prelude, Book I.
- 10—The Prelude, Book II.
- 11—The Prelude, Book III.
- 12—The Prelude, Book IV.
- 13—The Prelude, Book V.
- 14—The Recluse.



A SHAKESPEARE GAME

Literary diversions are always in order as closing features of a Chautauqua Circle program and Shakespeare quotations will doubtless furnish much of the recreative side of such meetings during the coming weeks. Some of the circles may be interested to extend their knowledge of the plays still further by the use of the admirable little Shakespeare Game published by the Shakespeare Club of Camden, Maine. Miss Jessica Lewis, herself a member of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1900, will be glad to furnish full particulars. The game which costs fifty cents, is well constructed and has already made itself useful to a large number of households. This sort of diversion gives both the older and younger members of the family a chance to measure their wits against each other during the long winter evenings.

CHAUTAUQUA IN THE PHILIPPINES

For many years the C. L. S. C. has been represented in the army and navy. Perhaps it is a cavalry officer who writes that he carries the books and magazines in his saddle bags and so is late sometimes with his reports because writing is inconvenient! Or, perchance, it is from on board a man-of-war that the next report comes—a ship's surgeon touching at points in both hemispheres whence he sends his messages to Chautauqua. Now it is a letter from an army Chaplain in the Philippines, Chaplain S. J. Smith, a member of the Class of 1908. His letter best tells its own story:

"This is not my first tour of service in the Philippines. So, when the order came, stating when the regiment would sail for this far away land of the wild Moros, I began to organize a system of reading and study. As this is such a vicious climate on books I did not care to expose my entire library to the test, and knowing something of the Chautauqua reading I included it in the course which I laid out; I have never been sorry that I did so.

"Besides the regular religious work, Bible school and two services on Sunday, with one or more services during the week; also entertainments, social evenings, lectures, 'Round Table talks,' etc., an army Chaplain has several military duties, among which are the following: He has charge of the school for enlisted men and garrison children, he is Post Treasurer, which includes the charge of the Post Bakery, and is also the Post Librarian. Almost daily the Chaplain visits the hospital and guardhouse; and the number of men who seek his advice is often large, * * * and some of the matters in which they seek advice would keep a Philadelphia lawyer busy.

"Our regiment, the Nineteenth Infantry, has three stations, with headquarters and six companies at Parang (an old Spanish garrison which is being remodelled into a modern regimental Post) four companies at Malabang, some twenty miles up the coast, and two companies at 'Camp Vicars' on Lake Lanao. I try to make frequent visits to these posts holding services and giving illustrated lectures, using the stereopticon. These visits are always greatly appreciated by both officers and enlisted men.

"I think what I have written will give you some idea of my surroundings and the conditions under which I do the Chautauqua reading. I rise between five and six every morning, take my exercise, then look over my fifteen year old son's lessons for the day, as I am taking him through special courses, then I take up the 'required reading' and go over as much of the work as possible in the time that I can give to it each day. I am trying to catch up the back reading as my last year's books were greatly delayed in reaching me.

"The articles on 'The Spirit of the Orient' are very helpful as I am doing a great deal of reading and thinking along the lines followed by the writer. I am trying to learn more about the Asiatic at close range. We have the Chinaman, the Jap and the East Indian right here in our midst; and among them are some thinking and intelligent men.

"A few days ago I approached a group of Chinamen who were listening to one of their number reading from a Hong Kong paper. In my pigeon Spanish I inquired of the one who was reading 'What is the news from home?' To my surprise he answered in very good English, 'The people in my part of China are working hard for schools, for they are beginning to realize that the only true kind of government is that in which the people have an intelligent voice. *"

* * Time nor space will not permit or I could write a long article on what those thinking Chinamen said to me on that occasion * * *

"Another word about the Chautauqua reading and I must close. Our mail comes to us several weeks late, even the news in Manila papers is from five days to two weeks old before we get it, and the sparks we catch over the wire are so meager that we are unable to form very clear ideas of what really is being done in the homeland until we have been a back number for sometime. When the papers arrive from the States I usually look them over, but before I draw my conclusions upon matters in general, I always consult THE CHAUTAUQUAN and one or two other solid magazines. The books of the Course are so well written that they give us 'exiles' a good opportunity for suggestive review away out here

In the land of happy dreams,
Peaceful, pleasant Philippines.

so that when we return to 'God's Country,' as the soldiers call the dear Home land, we shall not be so far behind after all.

"I am enclosing a few marked views which you may use if you care to do so. The 'Brass Seller' is a common sight in most of these Moro provinces; this picture shows a corner of the old Spanish Fort in the background. The Chapel and reading room is the old native house which I am very glad to get for the purpose for which it is used—chapels and reading rooms seem to come very slowly, therefore, we are thankful for whatever comes to hand. When completed this will be one of the finest posts and most sightly places in the Philippines."



NOTES

All members of the Pioneer Class are asked to report to the Secretary, Miss May Wightman, 242 Main St., Pittsburg, Pa., the names of any of their classmates who have died recently or who have changed their addresses and have not been to Chautauqua in the last few years, so as to have these correctly recorded on the class register. If each member of '82 will make a point of seeing others and making sure that the Secretary has accurate addresses it will greatly facilitate plans for the Twenty-Fifth anniversary next summer.

In a bound volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the year 1882 which contained the list of '82 graduates and which was kept in Pioneer Hall a record was made of all deaths which were reported. This volume disappeared from the Hall several years ago and was doubtless borrowed by some member who forgot to return it. If this reminder reaches the one who has it and he or she will notify the secretary it will be a great favor.



Post Hospital, Parang, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, Three Hundred Feet Above the Sea.



Reading Room, Chapel and Amusement Hall for Army Post at Parang, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.



Moros Selling Brass. Front Yard of Chaplain's House, Parang,
Mindanao, Philippine Islands.



Head of Column of Graduates of '06 Waiting to Pass Through
the Golden Gate, at Chautauqua, New York.

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—October 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November,
 second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last
 Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February,
 second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February
 27.
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second
 Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—
 May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second
 Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August,
 first Saturday after first
 Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, sec-
 ond Saturday after first
 Tuesday.
RECOGNITION DAY—August,
 third Wednesday.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY

FIRST WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Border."

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters I and II. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Act I.

SECOND WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Lake District."

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters III and IV. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Act II.

THIRD WEEK

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters V and VI. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Act III.

FOURTH WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: English Men of Fame: Darwin.

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters VII and VIII. What is Shakespeare? Chapter V. Macbeth, Acts IV and V.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

The Travel Club programs for this month take up the Lake District very much in detail and program committees may find suggestions there which they will prefer to use instead of the following.

FIRST WEEK

Oral Reports: Definition of the following architectural terms: nave, chancel, choir, transept, apse, triforium, clerestory, capital, pier, buttress, bay, cloister, groin, oriel, piers, spandrel, vaulting.

Discussion: Architectural features of Carlisle Cathedral. (See Carlisle by M. Creighton; Carlisle in Bell's Cathedral series and articles in encyclopedias.)



Grenta Green—Striking the Iron While It's Hot.
From an old cut. (See "The Border" in the Reading Journey.)

Readings: Ballads relating to Carlisle or other border ballads. (See Bibliography; A number of ballads will be found in The Warner Library of the World's Best Literature and many school libraries have collections.)

Study of Macbeth, Act I.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.

SECOND WEEK

Map Review: The Western and Southern Lake Region with reference to its associations. (See Required Reading, Baedeker's Great Britain; De Quincey's Recollections of the Lakes; books by Rawnsley and any other available material).

Paper: Wordsworth's boyhood and youth (see his life by Myers or other biography or encyclopedia articles).

Oral Reports with selected readings descriptive of Wordsworth's youth, from The Prelude: Books I, II, IV, V, and XII.

Literary estimates of Wordsworth: (See books referred to in Literary Leaders of Modern England.)

Study of Macbeth, Act II.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.

THIRD WEEK

Discussion of "In Peril of Change." (See this magazine.)

Map Review: The Northeastern Lake Region: Ullswater, Helvellyn, etc. (See tenth program under Travel Club for associations of this region).

Reading: Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

Character Study: Dorothy Wordsworth. (See Life by Edmund Lee and her Journals edited by William Knight and Wordsworth's descriptions of her in The Prelude Books XI, XII, and XIV.)

Readings: Selections from The Recluse, the lines describing his home and sister; The Farewell, written when he went away to bring Mrs. Wordsworth home.

Quotations from Wordsworth: Descriptive of nature.

Study of Macbeth, Act IV.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.

FOURTH WEEK

Book Review: Darwin's "A Naturalist's Voyage."

Reading: Selections from The Descent of Man on the origin of the Human Species; or from Darwin's Life and Letters. (See the Warner Library or the books themselves.)

Paper: Personal traits of Darwin (see article on Darwin in the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature; also his life and letters by his son and numerous magazine articles. These can readily be found by reference to Poole's Index.)

Reading: Selections from article on "The Stage for which Shakespeare Wrote" in this magazine.

Study of Macbeth, Acts IV and V.

Roll-call: Quotations from Macbeth.



THE TRAVEL CLUB

The Travel Club programs are prepared for clubs and graduate Circles which are specializing upon the Reading Journey articles. They are numbered consecutively beginning with the October number. There are from two to four programs each month.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

In the Round Table for this month will be found a Wordsworth "Calendar"—giving a number of the most important of his poems, arranged, in general, on a chronological basis. In the following programs many others are suggested because of their associations with special features of the Lake District. The edition of Wordsworth's poems with an introduction by John Morley is especially recommended. The English Globe Edition, \$1.75, contains a chronology of the poems. An American reprint, the Astor edition, can be secured for sixty cents. Both contain full notes describing the circumstances under which the poems were written.

SEVENTH PROGRAM

Reading: Ballads relating to Carlisle (see Bibliography at end of article on The Border).

Discussion: Architectural features of Carlisle Cathedral (see Carlisle by M. Creighton; also Encyclopedia articles on Carlisle; Baedeker, and books on architecture already referred to).

Reading: Uhland's Ballad on The Luck of Eden Hall (see Longfellow's poems), Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

Roll-call: Items of interest relating to Cuthbert, Bede, Archdeacons Paley and Percy, Moss Trooping and other allusions in the article on The Border.

Review with Selections: Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

EIGHTH PROGRAM

Map Review: The Western Lake Region from Cockermouth to Coniston Water. (See Reading Journey; also Baedeker; DeQuincey's "Recollections of the Lakes;" works by Canon Rawnsley, and any others available.)

Paper: Wordsworth's boyhood and youth. (See life by F. W. H. Myers or other biography.)

Oral reports with selected readings relating to Wordsworth's youth: The Prelude, books I, II, IV, V and XII.

Readings: Yew Trees (referring to Borrowdale); Sonnet (34) to the River Duddon; Sonnet to the River Derwent; Description of the Derwent in Prelude, Bk. I.

Reading: Selection from The Falls of Lodore by Southey.

Character study: Southey and his relations with Wordsworth (see bibliography).

Roll-call: Quotations from Wordsworth descriptive of child life.

NINTH PROGRAM

Map Review: The Southeastern Lake Region, Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere, etc.

Paper: Wordsworth's Life at Grasmere. (See Life of Wordsworth by Myers; DeQuincey's Recollections; Life of Coleridge, etc.)

Readings: Selections from: Essays by Francis Jeffrey. (These will be found in many libraries. They are his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, 1807-14, and contain the famous attacks on Wordsworth. Libraries which haven't the essays may have bound volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*. See also the Athenæum Press series of selections from Jeffrey. They will be found in college libraries.)

Paper: Dorothy Wordsworth. (See Life by Edmund Lee and her Journals edited by William Knight and Wordsworth's description of her in The Prelude. Books XI, XII and XIV.)

Readings: Selections from some of the following poems: The Recluse, the lines describing his home and his sister Dorothy; The Farewell, written when he went away to bring Mrs. Wordsworth home; The Wishing Gate; the Green Linnet; The Kitten and the Falling Leaves; Resolution and Independence; The Brothers; Michael. (These last six poems relate to Grasmere and vicinity.)

Roll-call: Quotations from Wordsworth referring to the spiritual life.

TENTH PROGRAM

Map Review: The Northwestern Lake Region—Ullswater, Helvellyn, etc. (The Daffodils, The Somnambulist, Fidelity, Airey Force Valley, Brothers Water, The Pass of Kirkstone and the Excursion, Bk. II, last part, beginning "through the dull mist," etc., relate to this region. In Faber's "Poems" No. 88 he describes Grisedale Tarn as a place for a hermitage. See also Christabel and The Knight's Tomb by Coleridge.)

Paper: Wordsworth at Rydal Mount (see above references).

Readings: Selections from some of the following poems: The Red-breast, The Cuckoo Clock, The Longest Day, An Evening of Extraordinary Beauty, The Clouds, The Mountain Echo, associated with Rydal; Sonnets on Wansfell and Ambleside, Sonnet November, 1815, referring to Langdale Pikes; The Idle Shepherd Boys or Dungeon-Ghyll Force.

Character Study: Wordsworth and Coleridge. (See lives of both men, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, also description of Coleridge in the last part of stanzas written in Wordsworth's pocket copy of *The Castle of Indolence*.)

Roll-call: Literary Estimates of Wordsworth. (See Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. IV; Hours in a Library, "Wordsworth's Ethics," Third Series, Leslie Stephen; Poetic Interpretation of Nature, J. C. Shairp; Among my Books, Lowell; French Revolution and the English Poets, A. E. Hancock; Essays in Criticism, Second Series, Matthew Arnold; Literary Studies, Walter Bagehot; Appreciations, Walter Pater.)

Reading: Memorial Verses by Matthew Arnold. (See in Warner Library of World's Best Literature or in Collection of Arnold's poems.)



SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

1. Who was the venerable Bede? 2. For what was Jemmy Dawson celebrated? 3. Who were the Moss-troopers? 4. What were Paley's "Evidences" and Percy's "Reliques"? 5. Who wrote "The Luck of Eden Hall"? 6. Who is described by Wordsworth as a man whose "daily teachers had been woods and rills"? 7. Who was Lob-lie-by-the-fire? 8. How has Faber gained world-wide fame? 9. Of what magazine was Christopher North editor?

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"Chautauqua represents the true and healthy relationship of literature and life to one another. Its students are scholars who are at the same time men and women deeply involved in the business of living."—Phillips Brooks.

Fragments of animated conversation could be heard on every hand as the members of the Round Table lingered before taking their places—"I can't understand how Posthumous should have supposed—" "Yes, but you see Shakespeare wanted—" "Now my idea of the Queen was—" "Well our circle discussed it from both points of view and we decided—" Then the members dropped into their seats. "I can see," laughed Pendragon, "that it may be difficult to settle all your problems today, but we will get in as many brief reports as we can. All these letters," he continued, indicating a mound on the table in front of him, "and my conversation with delegates, indicate that enthusiasm is at a high pitch. One circle president remarks sententiously, 'Most of the members are taking hold; some are lazy—and are missing it.' Some report that the quiz method helps to keep up the laggards—some that the 'credit system,' dividing the circle into groups and awarding points for work accomplished, is a simple and effective piece of machinery. The striking thing about it is the individuality of the Circles. You are all aiming at the same result, but are achieving it in different ways. Let each delegate who feels moved to speak try to give some suggestions not offered by others. For this reason it will be quite in order to speak without being called upon.

"First, however, let me remind you that the individual readers are an important part of our membership, and let me read you this letter from a very isolated one in Arizona; she says:

"I don't think I could have been so contented here through the long dreary days if I did not have my books. They are certainly friends. I would go and get my first year books, 1878 and 1879, and they would bring back the years that have gone and I could live over the happy days I have spent at Lake Chautauqua. The first two years that we were here my daughter taught in the country about five miles away. In the morning I would see her riding over the desert and when I could not see her white horse any longer I knew I was alone until she returned in the evening."

"I am sure," commented Pendragon as he laid the letter aside, "that you will all want to give this fellow Chautauquan 'absent treatment' and cheer her with the consciousness of a friendly thought atmosphere surrounding her. The quest of health has taken her to this region very far from her home and it is Chautauqua's privilege to help such courageous souls to hold their own."

"Before we call for reports perhaps I may allude once more to these letters from other circles. Occasionally I note between the lines some problems, and I fancy you who are here may sometimes encounter similar difficulties. What, for instance, is to be done with the member who talks too much? Certainly such a member in the president's chair is fatal to the circle, because the meeting is in danger of becoming a monologue."

"I suggest," interposed an Ohio member, "that it would be well to establish a time limit. Such things generally happen in the informal circle and the safest way out is to have a few rules regarding discussions and let the President hold things with a firm hand. Have it understood that one object of the Circle is to bring out the thoughts of many minds, and when the President enters into the discussion he also should be subject to the same restrictions. This plan has kept our circle out of trouble in spite of the fact that several of us are rather fond of talking!"

"There are eleven of us," said the delegate from Houghton, New York, responding to a nod from Pendragon. "We meet every week and have been reading the text of 'Cymbeline,' assigning the characters to the different members and the leader of this part of the program brings out qualities of style and traits of character by means of questions. Our program committee of two members assigns the program a week in advance and we usually have papers prepared on the work covered in the English Government and the CHAUTAUQUAN articles. A member explains references to English history."

"Here is a letter," said Pendragon, "which shows the evolution of Chautauqua in a small Nebraska town. The Secretary, Mr. Hansen, represented his circle at Chautauqua two years ago. He says, 'We are starting out on our year's reading in splendid shape and have twenty-eight members in our regular Chautauqua Circle, fifteen in a new circle consisting entirely of young people, and a club of older ladies with a membership of twelve. This is the outcome of our Chautauqua Circle organized here five years ago. You may be sure that our Circle is a permanent organization, as we could not and would not get along without it here in Hildreth, for we enjoy our reading and discussions very much as well as the good social times we have together. We make a point of the discussion of current events, having a leader and each bringing some contribution. We think the first articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN fine.' "I confess," commented Pendragon, "that it always stirs me to read such a report as this. The small towns remote from libraries and other means of culture particularly need Chautauqua's help and the bright young men and women who seize the opportunity have an influence on the community which it is not easy to estimate. Some day we shall hear most probably of a public library in the town."

"It's very encouraging to us," remarked a Montana member, "to note the result of five years' work for we belong to the Class of 1910. I represent the Circle of Casper, Wyoming. We have organized with sixteen members and have held two enthusiastic meetings. Will hold weekly meetings, on Tuesday evenings, hours limited 8 to 10 o'clock. Nearly all of our members are college graduates. We have three ministers, two lawyers, one physician, one United States government official, a county superintendent of schools, school teacher, etc. We meet from house to house, have one permanent leader for Shakespeare study (graduate of University of Chicago), one permanent leader for English Government (lawyer and M. A. of Northwestern University), leader for CHAUTAUQUAN studies appointed for each subject. Also have a critic whose judgment is sound. The studies seem to meet the approval of all concerned."

"I suspect that some of us really ought to go to Montana and clear up our ideas of geography," said Pendragon. "My association with Casper was a letter which we received four years ago from two young ranchmen, one of whom graduated with the Class of 1906 at Chautauqua this summer. They were then herding sheep on the range and gave this as their postoffice address. The place in my fancy took on the aspect of a country cross roads. It's quite an awakening to me to discover that it appears to be a town full of college graduates! What great things Chautauqua may mean for Casper with such good material for a start."

"Down here in Mississippi," reported a member from Friar's Point, "we are starting on our third year's work with about a dozen enthusiastic members. We have no teacher but all study together meeting at private houses every Thursday afternoon. Everyone is delighted with the work for the coming year especially the Shakespeare running through the course."

"Somehow," remarked an Arkansas delegate from Siloam Springs, "October first seemed to come to us right on the heels of our summer's rush and unlike the wise virgins we haven't gone ahead just as we planned. Nevertheless we are doing well and many of our members who have been out of town will be among us soon. Shakespeare has already propounded several conundrums to us!"

"We've had not exactly a summer rush but a winter whirl," commented a delegate from Golden, Colorado. "You should have seen us mustering our forces in the storm of October twenty-second with a foot of snow on the ground, but it takes more than a Colorado blizzard to daunt us. We are wide awake this fall and have most interesting meetings. We have eleven sets of books and thirteen members with several local readers. We all like the new magazine. It is handy, racy and full of information and we enjoy 'The English Government.' We shall give one evening each month to reading

the plays; Cymbeline is all assigned and the Circle is enthusiastic over the evening to be given to the interpretation."

"It seemed best in our Circle," the speaker was from Chittenango, New York, "to specialize on Shakespeare as we meet only once in two weeks. But at the roll-call we ask for reports of progress in the regular reading so our members are reminded that they are expected to come up to the mark. We have nineteen members all told, and as many came in on condition that no more work should be required of them than they felt ready to undertake, we are not trying the preparation of any papers yet. The President presides at the meetings but they are made very informal and are not class exercises strictly speaking. This is I suppose not quite orthodox from the Chautauqua point of view but it seemed the best plan."

"I think the Round Table will all agree with me," said Pen-dragon, "that orthodoxy in the C. L. S. C. means, to use the words of the famous 'Mikado,' 'to make the punishment fit the crime.' In other words common sense in thought and freedom in action are recognized as the high privilege of Chautauqua students. Get all the light you can from others and then work out your own problems. I think the sense of this meeting would unquestionably be to characterize the Chittenango Circle as 'Orthodox'! Now let me call your attention to this very effective little program which has been sent us by the Lafayette C. L. S. C. of St. Louis, Missouri. You will notice they had an opening meeting on September twenty-first. Each member invited two friends and the subjects of the program were devoted in the first part to last year's, and in the second to this year's work. It gave the guests a suggestion of what the Circle had been enjoying and some hint of the pleasures of the year to come. Evidently the plan worked well for they have a good enrollment and you see have these attractive little type-written programs, the program committee assigning the work in advance. You must hear in closing from the Birmingham, Alabama, Circle whose delegate is here, for they have a rather novel plan of organization."

The Birmingham delegate modestly disclaimed any great originality on the part of their Circle. "We have," she said, "some twenty-four members all interested and working. We have divided the Circle into four sections, each section with a leader who holds himself responsible to see that the program he has prepared or has had prepared by some member of his division, is carried out. In this way each member is on but once a month and each member has the program to prepare at least once during the year, and is leader of one meeting. The programs are type-written by the leader and prepared and distributed before the meeting, thus giving time for ample preparation. We meet every Thursday night at private houses."

News Summary.

FOREIGN

October 1.—Lieutenant F. P. Lahm of United States Cavalry wins Janes Gordon Bennett cup in balloon race from Paris to England. The Danish Parliament is opened by King Frederick in person.

3.—The Cuban insurgents begin to disarm and disband without signs of opposition to the provisional government.

14.—The Octobrists are endorsed by Premier Stolypin as the government party of Russia.

15.—The Chilean cabinet resigns. . . . Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe, having been rebuked by Emperor William for his "tactlessness" in publishing the recollections of his father, the late Chancellor, resigns as district governor in Alsace-Lorraine.

7.—The congress of the Constitutional Democrats in Russia meets at Helsingfors, Finland.

8.—China enters a protest against the continued control by the Japanese of the Manchurian telegraph lines.

9.—Governor Taft makes public a proclamation of amnesty to all Cuban rebels. . . . Newfoundland officials decide to enforce strictly the fishing laws and to revoke all concessions hitherto granted to Americans.

19.—Hurricane sweeping Cuba, Florida and Central America causes great destruction.

21.—M. Clemenceau becomes premier of France.

29.—House of Lords, by overwhelming majority, votes to change the Educational Bill previously passed by the House of Commons.

DOMESTIC

October 2.—Charles E. Magoon, governor of the Canal Zone, is appointed Provisional Governor of Cuba by President Roosevelt.

19.—Standard Oil Company is found guilty in Ohio of a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

21.—Dr. A. T. West of Princeton is selected as President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

23.—President Roosevelt announces changes in the Cabinet to take effect on the retirement of Messrs. Moody and Shaw: To be Secretary of the Treasury, George B. Cortelyou of New York, now Postmaster General; to be Postmaster General, George Von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, now ambassador to Russia; to be Attorney General, Charles J. Bonaparte of Maryland, now Secretary of the Navy; to be Secretary of the Navy, Victor H. Metcalf of California, now Secretary of Commerce and Labor; to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Oscar S. Straus of New York.

28.—Railroad train plunges over trestle at Atlantic City; seventy passengers are killed.

29.—Standard Oil Company is fined \$5,000 in Ohio for violation of conspiracy law.

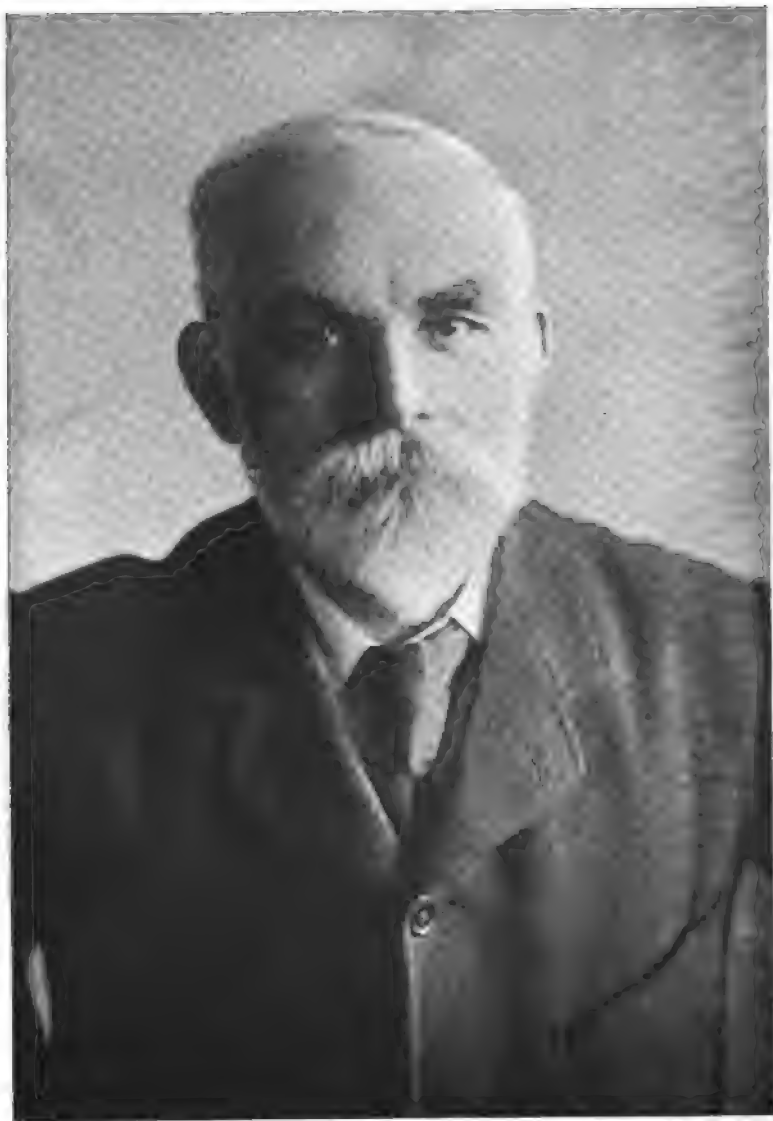
OBITUARY

October 9.—Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada, of the Anglican Church, 91. Adelaide Ristori, the celebrated Italian actress, 85.

15.—Rev. Samuel Jones, the evangelist, 59.

16.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, 80.

31.—Judge J. E. Gary of Chicago who presided at the trial of the Haymarket rioters in 1886.



John Burns, the Noted English Labor Leader.

See John Burns and His Problems, by John Graham Brooks, page 198.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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No. 2.



WE have discussed the meaning and lessons of the November elections, and in common with most impartial and progressive observers, we expressed the opinion that the results throughout the country evidenced a popular determination to continue the struggle against monopolistic greed, political corruption and corporate lawlessness. "No reaction" was the mandate of the voters, "no reaction, and no suspension of the activity of the general and state governments under the anti-trust, anti-discrimination and anti-graft laws."

The national administration is clearly of the same opinion. It has no intention of "resting on its laurels." The suit instituted by the department of justice against the Standard Oil Trust is momentous in its direct and indirect implications. The step is graver even than was the government's attack on the Northern Securities Company, or railroad merger is 1902. In that case only two competing lines were involved, and the "device" of a holding company was new and uncertain as to legality. Moreover, the "merger" had not had any practical effects—that is, rates had not been raised and the power to restrain trade had not actually been exercised.

With the Standard Oil Trust the situation is entirely different. The combination is the oldest in the country; it is the "premier trust," and has undergone two reorganizations. It embraces about seventy-five constituent corporations, some of which have maintained an apparent inde-

pendence. It claims, and has claimed all along, that it has conformed to the letter and spirit of the national anti-trust law and the trust laws of all the states in which it operates. It has pointed out that, if its methods and form of organization and divided distribution are illegal, it shares this illegality with the steel trust, the tobacco trust and a score of other great combinations. It controls 90 per cent. of the oil business of the United States, and its financial power is enormous.

The government alleges that it is an unlawful combination in restraint of trade and competition, and asks the court for a decree dissolving the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the stock of which has been exchanged for the stock of the many constituent companies, and if it is successful in the proceedings instituted in St. Louis, each of the latter corporations will be compelled to do business on its own account, without any agreement with any other oil corporation.

A battle royal is looked for, for the trust has the best legal talent at its command and the trust law is admittedly vague in certain of its provisions. The department of justice is fully aware of the magnitude of the task it has undertaken, as well as of the fact that the form and stock arrangements of all other trusts are "on trial" along with those of the oil combination. It has, however, made a searching inquiry into the whole situation and appears to be confident that the courts will sustain its contentions, as it sustained it in the merger case and the cases of the great railroad joint-traffic associations.

The law is sweeping in its provisions as interpreted in previous notable decisions, it applies to every agreement, contract, arrangement and device that tends to destroy or limit competition or even to place the combined corporations in a position where they can, if they choose, control output, distribution and prices and prevent competition in commerce between the states. Many statesmen, lawyers and writers have advocated the revision and amendment of this statute and it is understood the administration itself is not really

satisfied with it. As long, however, as it stands in its present form, the President is bound to enforce it without fear or favor. We cannot have one law for the small trusts and another for the big ones, one policy in administering and applying the law for the weak and another for the strong.

In Ohio, it will be remembered, the Standard Oil Company of that state has recently been convicted of violation of the state anti-trust law. Other suits are pending against it in that state and elsewhere. All of these will now be prosecuted with special vigor. The struggle with monopoly has entered upon a new phase in the United States.



Child Labor and Interstate Commerce

Senator A. J. Beveridge of Indiana has drafted a bill prohibiting the labor of children under 14 years of age. He does not expect Congress to enact it into law at the present or any near session, but he believes it to be sound in legal theory and useful from an educational point of view. He hopes it may stimulate appropriate state action, especially where the anti-child labor legislation is defective and inadequate by plainly indicating a less pleasant alternative—federal interference.

How can the federal government reach and control factories, stores, laundries, sweatshops, etc., in the states? Is it not the exclusive function of the states, under their police power, to safeguard health and morals? Is not Congress, in legislating on child labor and all similar matters limited to the territories, the District of Columbia and dependencies?

As far as direct regulation is concerned, the power of Congress is so limited. But Senator Beveridge would deal with the evil indirectly—under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. The bill applies to railroads, steamships and other common carriers, and provides that these shall not transport or accept for transport of any establishment that employs children under 14. The carrier

must require an affidavit from every shipper and in relation to every shipment to the effect that he employs no child labor of the prohibited sort.

In other words, the doctrine of the meat inspection law and the pure food law is applied by Mr. Beveridge, in all seriousness, to the question of child labor. The welfare of the country, he holds—and rightly, is affected by child labor, the physical, mental and moral vigor of its future citizens depending upon the prevention of undue and reckless exploitation of the labor of immature beings.

The question, however, is whether the power to regulate interstate commerce includes the power to forbid shipments of goods on grounds totally unconnected with the commerce itself and affecting production alone? The answer is distinctly doubtful. It has been pointed out that, if Congress can, under the commerce clause, prohibit child labor indirectly, it can regulate marriage and divorce indirectly, by prohibiting the transportation of persons who have not complied with a given federal law of marriage and divorce. A hundred similar strained and fantastic applications might be suggested. It is certain that the "commerce clause" was not intended to cover and justify *every* case in which the general welfare is endangered by some act of commission and omission. On the other hand, it is impossible to say dogmatically where proper application of the commercial clauses stops. The courts are bound to construe and apply the clause "reasonably," and reasonableness is something that changes with conditions, needs and sentiments.

At any rate, the Beveridge bill should spur the states to fuller performance of their duty in the premises. In a country so rich, powerful and prosperous as this the abuse of child labor is a discreditable and intolerable vice.



Leading Men on the Reform Movement

"President Roosevelt," said Dr. Washington Gladden, the eminent clergyman recently in an address, "has a harder



Archbishop of
Canterbury,
Leader of Church
Opposition to
Education Bill.

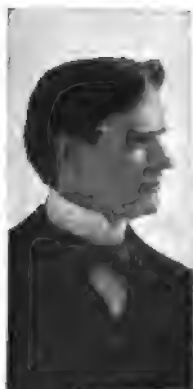


Augustine Birrell,
Minister of Edu-
cation and Au-
thor of the Edu-
cation Bill.

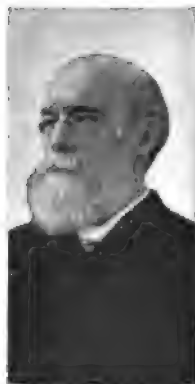


Duke of Devon-
shire,
One of the Few
Progressives in
the House of
Lords.

ENGLISHMEN PROMINENT IN CURRENT POLITICS



Senator A.J. Beve-
ridge,
Author of a Child
Labor Bill.



Washington Glad-
den
Social Reformer.



Dr. Felix Adler,
Who Justifies the
Social Unrest
of the Day.

THREE AMERICANS OF PRESENT INTEREST



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Liberal Party. "Yes I was wrong to threaten him with the whip. The dear creature must be *led*, not driven. Still—this isn't quite the way I meant to come!"—*From Punch.*

fight before him than Lincoln had." The issue in the civil war, he went on to explain, was clear and definite, and the solution simple. The great issue of our day is complex and many-sided, and we cannot hope for a short conflict and easy victory.

At the same time as these remarks were being published and commented upon, other leaders of thought were explaining different phases of the agitation now in progress. Prof. Felix Adler, head of the Ethical Culture Society of New York, emphasized the serious nature of the grievances of the discontented classes. It was not envy, jealousy, or any other ignoble sentiment, he said, that was prompting the demand for industrial reforms; it was a sense of injustice, of essential dishonesty in the methods of acquiring and distributing wealth. Men were not objecting to inequality, to reward of superiority; they were objecting to artificial, unfair, unnecessary inequality, to reward of cunning and fraud.

President J. G. Schurman of Cornell, in discussing the ethics of business, warned the great capitalists that the wage system must be reorganized. He said:

The masses of wage-earners are, I believe, today in angry revolt against the vast inequalities which the present economic system produces. Shall the end be socialism, revolution, or what?

For, remember that these discontented classes may easily constitute the majority of our voters, and that in this republic policies are determined by the vote of the majority.

Workmen must be made partners in the great productive and distributive industries; coöperation must replace the present relation of master and wage-laborer. Wealth must be "nationalized" in the sense of diffusion and wide distribution, and monopoly checked and abolished.

This is the familiar industrial gospel of Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the Federal Circuit Court at Chicago. He advocates the "peopleizing" of corporations and industries. In a recent speech he showed what the people had to complain of in the law and practice of corporations with unusual clearness and force. To quote:

The cause of the people's discontent is in the fact that throughout the years since Lee's surrender the great new life was becoming incorporated. No pains were taken by the states that gave them birth to make these corporations media through which the people at large might transmute their individual savings into permanent property interests.

No pains were taken to furnish the worker with a medium through which he might with reasonable safety transmute a part of his day's profits into a permanent property interest.

No pains were taken to interest either workers or people as proprietors at all, the one instrumentality in which the new industrial life had embodied itself having been left, though state created, a mere shell, under whose roof and behind whose walls every form of treachery, and nearly every form of theft were given free rein. This is the great black sin of the times in which we live.

Judge Grosscup went on to show that the people's money was being used by banks to swell the corporation influence. He advised restraining the evil along the lines of German corporation laws, which prevent stock-watering and fraud in corporate activity, and he advocated among other things, the policy of making workmen investors in the stocks of the companies employing them. The "magic of property" must be appealed to; the "disinherited" must be made proprietors.



Race Deterioration in England Once More

A committee of the Fabian (Socialist) Society of Great Britain, in view of the persistent discussion of "race deterioration," physical degeneracy through a low birth-rate among the worthiest and soundest classes, and the fecundity of the unfit and ignorant, appointed a committee some time ago to investigate the question scientifically. A formal report is to be prepared, but in the meantime Mr. Sidney Webb, the well-known author and sociologist, has published a summary of the committee's findings. It is shown that in Ireland the birth-rate has not declined materially. In England and Scotland, among the Irish and the Jewish immigrants, there is likewise no decline of natality, religion ap-

parently operating as a preventive of deliberate checks. For the rest of the population of the country, the following results are recorded:

1. The decline in the birth rate is not merely the result of the alteration in the age of the marrying population or in the proportion of married women. 2. It is not confined to the towns. 3. It is exceptionally marked where the inconvenience of children is specially felt. 4. It is most noticeable in places inhabited by the servant-keeping class. 5. It is much greater in that section of the population which gives proof of thrift. 6. It is due evidently to some cause which was not appreciably operative 50 years ago. It is principally, if not entirely, the result of the deliberate action of married people.

A general and uniform decline in the birth-rate, such as is witnessed in France (where the most recent statistics show a further fall of the birth-rate in spite of an increase in the number of marriages) does not necessarily involve deterioration. That occurs when the shiftless, incompetent and reckless multiply at the expense of the careful, vigorous and thrifty.

The Fabian committee's findings have revived the discussion of causes and remedies for the evil. It is admitted that the struggle for existence, the dread of poverty and destitution, the uncertainty and irregularity of employment, involuntary idleness, and the like on the one hand, and the growing love of ease and comfort, the weakening of religious sanctions in many quarters, and the diffusion of education and reading on the other, account for the phenomenon, and great industrial and moral changes are the product of slow, evolutionary processes. The Fabian committee will favor such measures as feeding of the children of the poor (a bill for such feeding is pending in Parliament) in the public schools, industrial and technical education for all in addition to elementary instruction and even, perhaps, the recognition by the state of maternity as an honorable service to society meriting reward. The opponents of the Socialistic philosophy attack such proposals as tending to weaken parental responsibility, encouraging dependence, destroying

individual initiative—in short, as calculated to injure the race instead of improving it. Thus the controversy turns in a circle, and no progress is made.



The Lords and the Commons in England

Twenty years ago there was a great popular movement in Great Britain in favor of "mending or ending the House of Lords." Will this cry be renewed today, when "the lords," are again in opposition to the Commons, again resisting the reforms of a Liberal government?

We have followed the education bill through its various stages in the Commons. As it stands now, "reconstituted" by the upper house, it is radically different, "inadmissibly" different from the measure which the Liberal government feels bound to pass. It makes religious instruction in the school compulsory and strengthens denominationalism. The minister of education has declared that no compromise is possible. Does this mean that if the Lords stand by their bill the government will dissolve Parliament and "appeal to the country"?

Not necessarily, it seems. This course has been considered and found inexpedient and dangerous, as it might establish a precedent for dissolution in consequence of the defeat of a government bill by the upper house. The cabinet it is reported, will wait and add more and more counts to the indictment of the Lords by the democratic and modern spirit.

There are other bills on the Liberal program which the House of Commons has passed or soon will pass by large majorities. Among these are: The trades disputes bill, demanded by all the unions of British workmen, which safeguards union funds, enlarges the right of combination for strike purposes and extends the right of peaceable picketing and boycotting; the bill to abolish plural voting in national elections (as it has been in local) and establish the "one man, one vote" principle; the bill extending the scope of the act



A Foreign View of England.
Peace on Earth—but War on the Water.—*From Ulk.*

for accident insurance in industry, and the bill to relieve agricultural tenants.

All these measures are strong and popular with large sections of the electorate. The government would doubtless feel certain of success and vindication in another general election if the Lords should reject all of them. It may reject one or two, accept one and amend the rest. In that event, the outcome of another election might not be so certain.

At any rate, the Lords are not at all humble and apologetic in this present attitude. They deny that they are opposing the will of the people in opposing that of the Commons majority. They point to the Irish Home Rule issue, on which the people sustained them and claim that on several other occasions they, and not the Commons, voiced the na-

tional sentiment. They do not arrogate to themselves the power of obstructing and defeating popular legislation; what they insist on is their right to prevent hasty decisions and errors, to ascertain, or force the government to ascertain whether a given legislative proposal that is supposed to be popular really is favored by the majority of the nation. This view of the function of the upper house is modest in theory but very far-reaching in practice. The presumption is that the majority of the elected representatives express the will of the majority of the electors. If this is to be disregarded, disagreement on every important bill may lead to a dissolution of parliament. This would paralyze government and legislation.

Some of the Lords perceive this and are said to favor the adoption of a referendum law under which disputes between the two houses would be submitted to the voters for direct action. This would render general elections unnecessary to settle such disputes and save time, energy, and expense. However, the suggestion is too radical, and no one seriously believes it will be acceptable to the upper house.



News Notes

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND

England has recently been much aroused by the tactless manner in which the Government has sought to repress the agitation in behalf of woman's suffrage. On October 23, the day on which Parliament reopened, a number of prominent women, leaders in the suffrage movement, invaded the House of Commons and proceeded after the manner of the following account published in *The Labour Record*: "The first part of the proceedings was conducted in the most decorous and approved manner. Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethrick Lawrence first approached one of the Liberal Whips and asked him to put a question to the Prime Minister. There was a large number of women outside the House, they told him, waiting to know whether there was any hope for them this session; would he in the Plural Voting Bill, or in any other way, give to them what they were asking—their enfranchisement? The Liberal Whip was gone away but a little time, and then he returned to them with a negative. 'Does he hold out any hope to us for other sessions?' they asked, but the Whip shook his head. 'That is the last word you have to say?' 'It is.'

"With that the two women returned to the outer lobby. What was the use of decorous conduct? It was futile. The time for

drastic action was come—action which would shock the decorous, respectable world into attention.

"The particular convention which it was decided to break was the immaculate sanctity of the men's House of Commons. First Mary E. Gawthorpe got up on one of the seats and addressed the astonished crowd. The women formed up round her, but the police dragged her down. Then Mrs. Despard (sister of General French) took her turn, then Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, then others. All as they spoke were hustled out with rough hands and bundled into the street. There they started to hold a meeting of protest. And it was there that the arrests took place."

Those arrested by the police were the leaders of the demonstration and were all women of some note and influence. Chief among them was Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, a daughter of Richard Cobden. Notwithstanding their position and refinement the ladies arrested were roughly treated by the police and were not given very civil treatment at their trial in the police court.

The police magistrate bound ten of the prisoners over to keep the peace. They refused to furnish surety and were consequently committed to prison for two months. Some were later released upon the advice of physicians who announced that confinement was detrimental to their health. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, however, remained imprisoned and much agitation resulted in the effort to release her. *The Times* was flooded with letters from prominent writers, including George Meredith and Bernard Shaw. As a result of these exertions Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson was finally released and we may assume that her unnecessary martyrdom did much to further the cause for which she suffered. A quotation from Mr. Shaw's letter to *The Times* sufficiently indicates the attitude of thoughtful Englishmen towards the Government's blunder:

"As a taxpayer, I object to having to pay for her bread and cocoa when her husband is, not only ready, but apparently even anxious to provide a more generous diet at home. After all, if Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is not afraid, surely, the rest of us may pluck up a little. We owe something to Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, both as one of our most distinguished artist craftsmen and as a most munificent contributor in crises where public interests have been at stake. If Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson must remain a prisoner whilst the Home Secretary is too paralyzed with terror to make that stroke of the pen for which every sensible person in the three kingdoms is looking to him, why on earth cannot she be imprisoned in her own house? We should still look ridiculous, but at least the lady would not be a martyr. I suppose nobody in the world really wishes to see one of the nicest women in England suffering from the coarsest indignity and the most injurious form of ill-treatment that the law could inflict on a pickpocket. It gives us an air of having lost our temper and made fools of ourselves, and of being incapable of acting generously now that we have had time to come to our senses. Surely there can be no two opinions among sane people as to what we ought to do.

"Will not the Home Secretary rescue us from a ridiculous, an intolerable and incidentally a revoltingly spiteful and unmanly situation?"

* * * *

London—The County Council has resolved to ask for an in-

crease of its membership to 200, a redistribution of seats, and the eligibility of women for election.

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Declining Birth-rate in Lancashire—The annual report of Dr. Sergeant, medical officer of the administrative county of Lancashire, issued recently, states that the birth-rate is the lowest ever recorded, and bears unfavorable comparison with the rate for England and Wales. The decline has been continuous during the past eleven years, but, although of serious import, it is pointed out that the declining birth-rate ought not to raise fears that the future prosperity of the country is jeopardized. Low birth-rate not infrequently means better developed and healthier children.

* * * *

Deaths from Wild Beasts in India—Statistics relating to the destructiveness of wild animals and snakes in India in 1905 are summarized by the *Times of India*. Two thousand and fifty-four human beings are reported to have been killed, as against 2,157 in the previous year. Of these 48 were killed by elephants, 153 by wolves, 401 by leopards, and 786 by tigers. The mortality from snake bites decreased from 21,880 in 1904 to 21,797. Supplies of the lancets designed by Sir Lauder Brunton for the treatment of potash were distributed in Bombay and the Central Provinces, and in several cases the treatment is said to have been successful.

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It is announced that penny postage has been established between the United States and New Zealand.



From Punch

There is, we fear, no such thing as gratitude. The offer of the Bishops to improve the Education Bill has only called forth abuse from the supporters of that measure.

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Legal Intelligence—"Much soap is bought by the bar."—*Daily Telegraph*.

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Chicago must look to its laurels. *The Strand Magazine* publishes the following advertisement of a Maker of Pickles: "During the year of 1905, 126,000 visitors passed through our plant."

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Extract from Winter Program of "The Sheffield Neighbour Guild:

"Ambulance Class—For Reading Shakespeare and other Plays."

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During the Recess a room in the House of Commons, which was previously looked upon as the property of the House of Lords, has been turned into a smoking room. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of the end, and will the House of Lords itself ultimately be converted into a restaurant for the use of the Members of the other House?



The Industrial Counties*

I Lancashire

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

WE all know Liverpool,—but how do we know it? The Landing Stage, hotels whose surprisingly stable floors, broad beds and fresh foods are grateful to the sea-worn, the inevitable bank, perhaps the shops. Most of us arrive at Liverpool only to hurry out of it, to Chester, to London, to the Lakes. Seldom do the beguilements of the Head Boots prevail upon the impatient Americans to visit the birth-places of its two queerly assorted lions, "Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. 'Emans," of whom the second would surely roar "as gently as any sucking dove." Yet we might give a passing thought to these as well as to the high-hearted James Martineau and to Hawthorne, our supreme artist in romance, four of whose precious years the country wasted in that "dusky and stifled chamber" of Brunswick street. And hours must be precious indeed to the visitor who cannot spare even one for the Walker Fine Art Gallery, where hangs Rossetti's great painting of "Dante's Dream,"—the Florentine, his young face yearning with awe and grief, led by compassionate Love to the couch of Beatrice who lies death-pale amid the flush of poppies.

But the individuality of Liverpool is in its docks—

*This is the second group of articles in a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Counties and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles for December were "The Border" and "The Lake Country."

over six miles of serried basins hollowed out of the bank of the broad Mersey, one of the hardest worked rivers in the world,—wet docks and dry docks, walled and gated and quayed. From the busiest point of all, the Landing Stage, the mighty ocean liners draw out with their throngs of wearied holiday-makers and their wistful hordes of emigrant home-seekers. And all along the wharves stand merchantmen of infinite variety, laden with iron and salt, with soap and sugar, with earthenware and clay, with timber and tobacco, with coal and grain, with silks and woollens and, above all, with cotton,—the raw cotton sent in not only from our own southern plantations, but from India and Egypt as well, and the returning cargoes of cloth spun and woven in “the cotton towns” of Lancashire. The life of Liverpool is commerce; it is a city of warehouses and shops. The wide sea range and the ever-plying ferry-boats enable the merchant princes to reside well out of the town. So luxurious is the lot of these merchants deemed to be that Lancashire has set in opposition the terms “a Liverpool gentleman” and “a Manchester man,” while one of the ruder cotton towns, Bolton adds its contribution of “a Bolton chap.” This congestion of life in the great port means extreme poverty as well as of riches. The poor quarters of Liverpool have been called “the worst slums in Christendom,” yet a recent investigation has shown that within a limited area, selected because of its squalor and misery, over five thousand pounds a year was spent in drink. The families that herd together by threes and fours in a single dirty cellar, sleeping on straw and shavings, nevertheless have money to spend at “the pub,” precisely the same flaring, gilded ginshop today as when Hawthorne saw and pitied its “sad revellers” half a century ago.

While Liverpool has a sorry preëminence for high death-rate and for records of vice and crime, Manchester “the cinder-heap,” may fairly claim to excel in sheer dismalness. The river Irwell, on which it stands, is so black that the Manchester clerks, as the saying goes, run down to it



Sketch Map of Lancashire

every morning and fill their ink-pots. Not only Manchester but all the region for ten miles around is one monster cotton factory. The towns within this sooty ring, tall-chimneyed Bolton, Bury that has been making cloth since the days of Henry VIII, Middleton on the sable Irk, Rochdale whose beautiful river is forced to toil not for cotton only, but for flannels and fustians and friezes, bustling Oldham, Ashton-under-Lyme with its whirr of more than three million spindles, Staley Bridge on the Tame, Stockport in Cheshire, Salford which practically makes one town with Manchester, and Manchester itself all stand on a deep coal-field. The miners may be seen, of a Sunday afternoon, lounging at the street corners, or engaged in their favorite sport of flying carrier pigeons, as if the element of air had a peculiar attraction for these human gnomes. If the doves that they fly are white, it is by some special grace, for smut lies thick on wall and ledge, on the monotonous ranks of "workingmen's homes," on the costly public buildings, on the elaborate groups of statuary. One's heart aches for the sculptor whose dream is hardly made pure in marble before it becomes dingy and debased.

Beyond the borders of this magic coalfield, above which some dark enchantment binds all humanity in an intertwined coil of spinning, weaving, bleaching, printing, buying, selling cotton, are various outlying collieries upon which other manufacturing towns are built,—Warrington, which at the time of our Revolution supplied the Royal Navy with half its sail-cloth; Wigan, whose tradition goes back to King Arthur, but whose renown is derived from its seam of cannel coal, calico Chorley, Preston of warlike history and still the center of determined strikes, and plenty more.

The citizens of the cotton towns are proud of their grimy bit of the globe, and with good reason. "Rightly understood," said Disraeli, "Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens." The swift industrial growth, the vast business expansion of all this region are to be counted among the modern miracles of progress, barren



The Quadrant, Liverpool

of beauty and joy as their present stage may seem to be. The heroes held in memory here are plain workingmen whose mechanical inventions resulted in the English spinning-mill,—John Kay of Bury, James Hargreaves of Blackburn, Samuel Crompton of Bolton, and Sir Richard Arkwright, a native of Preston, who began his career as a barber's apprentice and won his accolade by an energy of genius which virtually created the cotton manufacture in Lancashire. The battle legends are of angry mobs and smashed machinery, of garrisoned mills and secret experiments and inventors in peril of their lives. The St. George of Lancashire is George Stephenson, the sturdy Scotchman, who in 1830, constructed that pioneer railway between Liverpool and Manchester,—a road which had to perform no mean exploit in crossing the quaking bog of Chat Moss. Fanny Kemble, when a girl of twenty-one, had the ecstasy of a trial trip with Stephenson himself. She tells with fairy-tale glamour how "his tame dragon flew panting along his iron pathway" at "its utmost speed, thirty-four miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies." Wonder of wonders, this "brave little she-dragon" could "run with equal facility backwards or forwards." This trip took place at the end of August, preliminary to the final opening on September fifteenth, an occasion whose triumph was marred by a fatal mischance, in that a stray dragon ran over a director who was innocently standing on the track. For a patron saint of today, Manchester need go no further than to the founder of the Ancoats Brotherhood, that cheery philanthropist reminding one of Hawthorne's friend who brightened the dreary visages he met "as if he had carried a sunbeam in his hand," for the disciples of the Beautiful, the followers of the Golden Rule, are full of courage even here among what the poet Blake would designate as "dark Satanic mills." From out the dirt and din, shrieking engines, roaring furnaces, clattering machinery, chimneys belching smoke by day and flame by night, blithely rises the song of their Holy War:

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

But this, though the modern reality of South Lancashire, is not what the tourist goes out to see. From Liverpool to Furness Abbey is his natural and joyful route. He steams at full speed up this richest, most prosperous and well-nigh most unattractive part of England; he has left the Mersey, the county's southern boundary, far behind; he crosses the Ribble, which flows through the center of Lancashire, and the Lune, which enters it from Westmoreland on the north and soon empties into Morecambe Bay. He has come from a district close-set with factory towns and scarred with mine shafts and slag heaps into the sweet quietude of an agricultural and pastoral region. But still above and beyond him is Furness, that northernmost section of Lancashire lying between Cumberland and Westmoreland and shut off from the rest of the county by Morecambe Bay and the treacherous Lancaster sands. High Furness is a part of the Lake Country, claiming for Lancashire Conistone Lake and one side of Windermere, which lies on the Westmoreland border. Its Cumberland boundary is the sonnetted Duddon. Low Furness, the peninsula at the south of this isolated strip, has a wealth of mineral deposits, especially iron. The town Barrow-in-Furness, which in 1846 consisted of a single hut, with one fishing-boat in the harbor, has been converted by the development of the mines, into a place of much commercial consequence. Yet the lover of poetry will visit it not for its steel works, figuring so tragically in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," nor for its ship-building yards and boasted floating docks, nor for the paper works which take in a tree at one end and put it out as boxes of dainty stationery at the other, but in order to reach by a boat from Peele Pier, Wordsworth's Peele Castle "standing here sublime," that old island fortress which the poet's dream has glorified with "the light that never was on sea or land."

But it is to Furness Abbey that the throngs of sight-seers come, and well they may. Its melancholy grace is one of the treasures of memory. It was thither that Wordsworth as a school-boy, for Hawkshead is within the limits of Furness, would sometimes ride with his fellows. The "Prelude" holds the picture, as he saw it over a century ago, of

"the antique walls
Of that large abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built,
Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch,
Belfry, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene! Along the smooth green turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness."

We lingered there for days, held by the brooding spell of that most lovely ruin. Hour upon hour we would wander about among the noble fragments which Nature was so tenderly comforting for the outrages of His Rapacity Henry VIII. Harebells shone blue from the top of the broken arch of the tall east window, whose glass was long since shattered and whose mullions wrenched away. Grasses and all manner of little green weeds, had climbed up to triforium and clerestory, where they ran lightly along the crumbling edges. Ivy tapestries were clinging to the ragged stone surfaces. Thickets of nightshade mantled the sunken tombs and altar steps. Ferns nodded over the fretted canopies of the richly-wrought choir stalls and muffled the mouths of fierce old gargoyles, still grinning defiance at Time. In the blue overhead, which no roof shut from view, a seagull would occasionally flash by with the same strong flight that the eyes of the Vikings, whose barrows once dotted the low islands of this western coast, used to follow with sympathetic gaze. Wrens had built their nests in plundered niche and idle capital. The rooks, arraying themselves in sombre semicircle along some hollow chancel arch, cawed reminiscent vespers. And little

boys and girls from Barrow, joyous mites of humanity not yet smelted into the industrial mass, tried leaping-matches from the stumps of mossy pillars and ran races through nave and cloister. The wooden clogs of these lively youngsters have left their marks on prostrate slab and effigy, even "the stone abbot" and "the cross-legged knight," much to the displeasure of the custodian, a man who so truly cares for his abbey, the legal property of the Duke of Devonshire, that he has purchased two of the chief antiquarian works upon Furness in order that he may thoroughly acquaint himself with its history. It was he who told us that many of the empty stone coffins had been carried away by the farmers of the neighborhood to serve as horse-troughs and that in their barn walls might be seen here and there sculptured blocks of red sandstone quite above the appreciation of calves and heifers. He told how he had shown "Professor Ruskin" about the ruins and how, at Ruskin's request, Mrs. Severn had sent him from Brantwood seeds of the Italian toad-flax to be planted here. He lent us his well-thumbed folios, West's "Antiquities of Furness," and Beck's "Annales Furnessiensis," so that, sitting under the holly-shade in the Abbey Hotel garden, with a "starry multitude of daisies" at our feet, we could pore at our ease over that strange story, a tale of greatness that is told, and now, save for those lofty ribs and arches so red against the verdure, nothing but a tale. Our readings would be pleasurably interrupted toward the close of the afternoon by the advent of tea, brought to us in the garden, and the simultaneous arrival of a self-invited robin.

"Not like a beggar is he come
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast."

We tossed crumbs to him all the more gaily for the fancy that his ancestors were among the pensioners of the abbey in the day of its supremacy. For the monks of Furness maintained an honorable reputation for hospitality from that mid-thirteenth-century beginning, when the Gray

Brothers from Normandy first erected the grave, strong simple walls of their Benedictine foundation in this deep and narrow vale, to the bitter end in 1537. Meanwhile they had early discarded the gray habit of the Benedictines for the white of the Cistercians and their abbot had become "lord of the liberties of Furness," exercising an almost regal sway in his peninsula, with power of life and death, with armed forces at command and with one of the richest incomes of the kingdom under his control. With wealth had come luxury. The buildings, which filled the whole breadth of the vale, had forgotten their Cistercian austerity in a profusion of ornament. Within "the strait enclosure," encompassing church and cloisters, the little syndicate of white-vested monks not only chanted and prayed, transcribed and illuminated manuscripts, taught the children of their tenants and entertained the stranger but planned financial operations on a large scale. For outside this, the holy wall, was another, shutting in over threescore acres of fertile land which the lay brothers, far exceeding the clerical monks in number, kept well tilled. Here were mill, granary, bake house, malt kiln, brewery, fish-pond, and beyond stretched all Furness where the abbey raised its cattle, sheep and horses, made salt, smelted its iron, and gathered its rents.

Few of the monastic establishments had so much to lose, but Furness was surrendered to the commissioners of Henry VIII with seemingly no resistance. The Earl of Sussex reported to his greedy master that he found the Lord Abbot "of a very facile and ready mynde," while the prior, who had been a monk in that house for fifty years, was "decrepted and aged." Yet it may be noted that of the thirty-three monks whom Sussex found in possession, only thirty signed the deed of surrender. On the fate of the three history is silent, save for a brief entry to the effect that two were imprisoned in Lancaster Castle. There is no record of their liberation. The monks who made their submission were granted small pensions. The abbot received the rectory of Dalton, so near the desecrated abbey that he might have heard, to

his torment, the crash of falling towers. But there is room to hope that in those cruel dungeons of Lancaster two men died because they would not cringe. We do not know, and it was in vain we hunted through the moonlight for the ghost of that mysterious thirty-third, who, too, might have a gallant tale to tell.

The region abounds in points of interest. Romney the painter is buried in the churchyard of Dalton, his native place. Beautiful for situation is Conishead Priory, "the Paradise of Furness," once a house of the Black Canons and now a much-vaunted Hydropathic, for in the stately language of the eighteenth-century antiquary, Thomas West; "Æsculapius is seldom invited to Furness, but Hygeia is more necessary than formerly."

Near the banks of the Duddon stands Broughton Tower, with its legend of how the manor, in possession of the family from time immemorial, was lost by Sir Thomas Broughton—and this was the way of it. In 1487 Lambert Simnel, claiming to be the son of the murdered Clarence, sailed over from Ireland, where he had been crowned by the sister of Richard III, to dispute the new throne of Henry VII. Among his supporters were the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel of Oxfordshire, and Lord Geraldine with an Irish force, but it was the general of his two thousand Burgundian mercenaries, "bold Martin Swart," who is credited with having given name to Swarthmoor, where the invaders encamped. Sir Thomas joined them with a small body of retainers and, in the crushing defeat that followed, was probably left dead upon the field. But legend says that two of the English leaders escaped,—Lord Lovel to his own house in Oxfordshire, where he hid in a secret chamber and perished there of hunger, and Sir Thomas to his faithful tenantry, who for years concealed him in their huts and sheepfolds, and when he died, white-haired, wrapt him in his own conquered banner and gave him a burial worthy of his race.

But our associations with Swarthmoor were of peace and not of war. Our pilgrimage thither was made for the

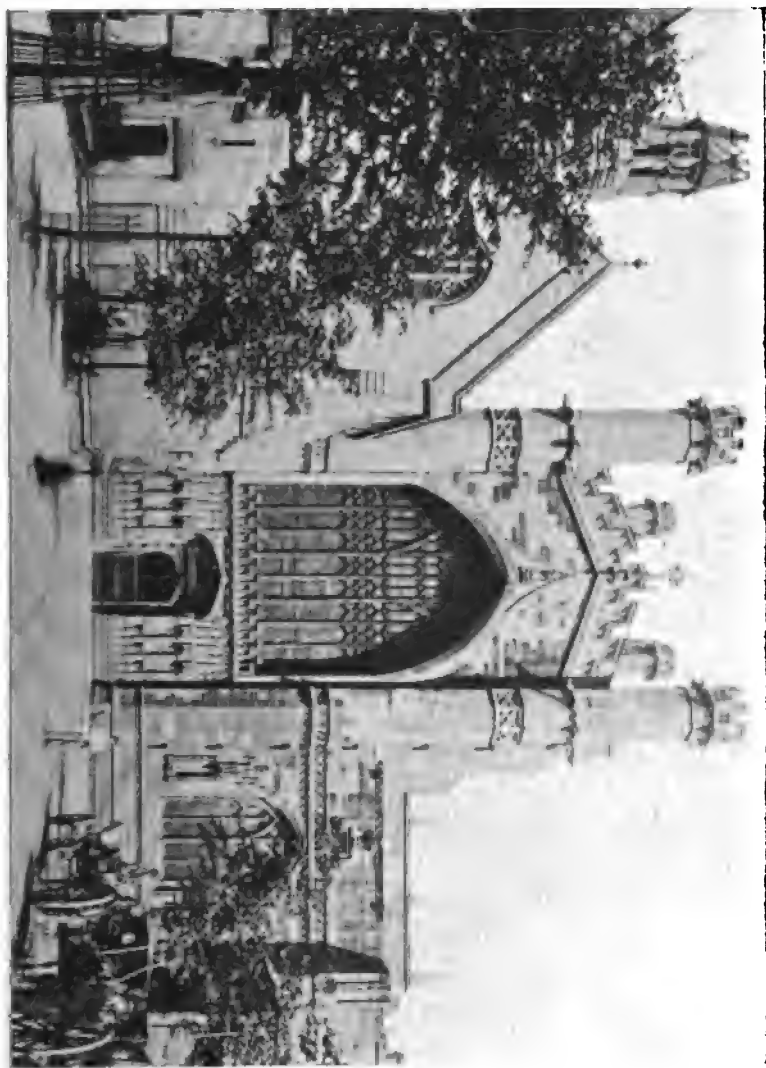
sake of Mistress Fell of Swarthmoor Hall and of George Fox, her second husband, who established hard by what is said to be the first meeting-house of Friends in England. Quitting the train at Lindal, a few miles above the abbey, we found ourselves in the rich iron country, "the Peru of Furness." It must be the reddest land this side of sunset. Even the turnips and potatoes, we were told, come red out of the ground. I know that we tramped amazedly on, over a red road, past red trees and buildings, with a red stream running below, and the uncanniest red men, red from cap to shoe, rising like Satan's own from out the earth to tramp along beside us. The road was deeply hedged, airless and viewless, and we were glad when we had left three miles of it behind us, though the village of Swarthmoor at which we had then arrived proved to be one of those incredibly squalid English villages that make the heart sick. Between wide expanses of sweet green pasture, all carefully walled in, with strict warnings against trespass, ran two or three long, parallel, stone streets, swarming with children and filthy beyond excuse. The lambs had space and cleanliness about them,—soft turf to lie upon, pure air to breathe, but the human babies crawled and tumbled on that shamefully dirty pavement, along which a reeking beer wagon was noisily jolting from "public" to "public." Farther down our chosen street, which soon slipped into a lane, there were tidier homes and more sanitary conditions. Yet even Swarthmoor Hall, the fine old Tudor mansion which rose across the fields beyond, had a somewhat uninviting aspect. There were broken panes in the windows, and the cows had made the dooryards too much their own. The present proprietors, who, we were assured, value the old place highly and had refused repeated offers for it from the Society of Friends, rent it to a farmer. The housekeeper, not without a little grumbling, admitted us, and showed us about the spacious rooms with their dark oak panelling, their richly carven mantels, their windows that look seaward over Morecambe Bay and inland to the Coniston mountains. The hall which Judge

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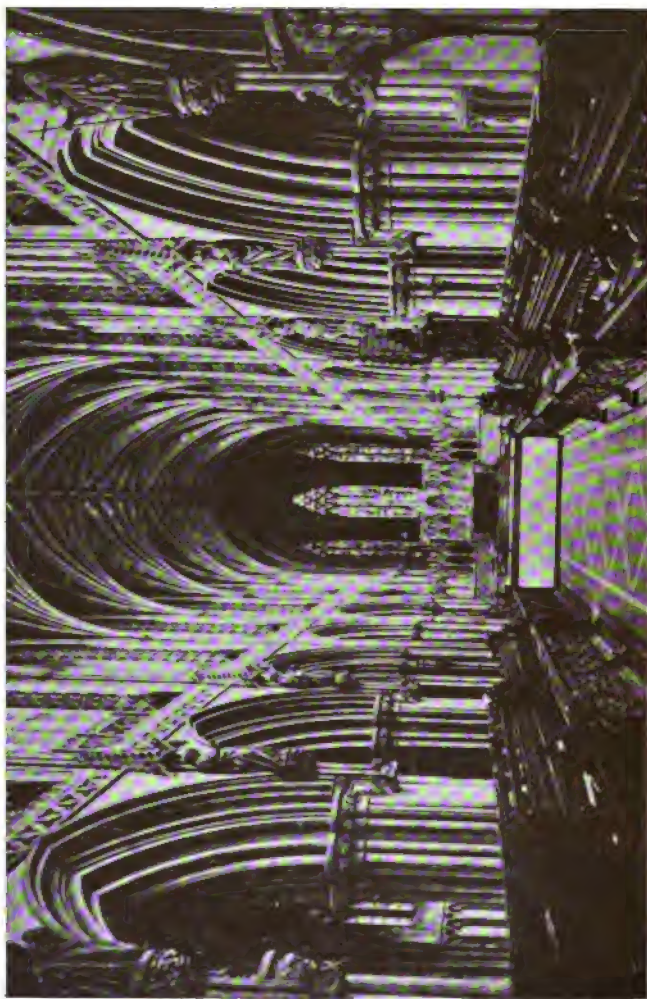
Fell, that wise and liberal man, tolerant beyond his time, allowed the Friends to use for their weekly meetings, is a room of goodly proportions, with flagged floor and timbered roof. In the dining-room window stands a simple deal desk once belonging to George Fox, but that upper door through which he used to preach to the throng in orchard and meadow is now walled up. As we, departing, looked back at the house, large, plain, three-storied, covered with grey stucco, we noted how right up on the chimney, in the alien fellowship of the chimney-pots, flourished a goodly green yew, sown by passing wind or bird. The housekeeper, who had waxed so gracious that she accompanied us for a few steps on our way, said she had lived in Swarthmoor thirty-four years and had always seen the yew looking much as it did now, but that an old man of the neighborhood remembered it in his boyhood as only finger-long. It had never, so far as she could tell, been provided by mortal hand with earth or water, but grew by some inner grace, a housetop sign and signal.

Many hallowed memories cluster about that old Elizabethan mansion. It was in 1632 that Judge Fell brought thither his bride, Margaret Askew, sixteen years his junior. She was a descendant of Anne Askew, who, a beautiful woman of twenty-four, thoughtful and truthful, had been burned as a heretic, one of the closing achievements of the reign of Henry VIII. "I saw her," reports a bystander, "and must needs confess of Mistress Askew, now departed to the Lord, that the day before her execution, and the same day also, she had on an angel's countenance, and a smiling face; though, when the hour of darkness came, she was so racked that she could not stand, but was holden up between two serjeants."

It was then that the Lord Chancellor,—who, previously, when even the callous jailer had refused to rack the delicate body further, had thrown off his gown and worked the torture-engine with his own hands,—offered her the king's par-



Chester Cathedral



The Choir, Lichfield Cathedral

don if she would recant, receiving only the quiet words: "I came not thither to deny my Lord and Master."

It is not easy for us who read to echo the prayer of her who suffered:

"Lord, I Thee desyre,
For that they dō to me,
Let them not taste the hyre
Of their inqwyte."

No wonder that Margaret Fell, with such a history in her heart, should have lent a ready ear to the doctrines of the "Children of Light," as the people dubbed them, the "Friends of Truth," as they called themselves, the "Quakers," whose prime contention was for liberty of conscience.

She had been married twenty years when George Fox first appeared at Swarthmoor Hall, where all manner of "lecturing ministers" were hospitably entertained. Three weeks later, Judge Fell, a grave man not far from sixty, was met, as he was riding home from circuit, by successive parties of gentlemen, "a deal of the captains and great ones of the country," who had come out to tell him that his family were "all bewitched." Home he came in wrath, but his wife soothed him as good wives know how,—had the nicest of dinners made ready and sat by him, chatting of this and that, while he ate.

"At night," says her own account, "George Fox arrived; and after supper, when my husband was sitting in the parlor, I asked if he might come in. My husband said yes. So George walked into the room without any compliment. The family all came in, and presently he began to speak. He spoke very excellently, as ever I heard him; and opened Christ's and the Apostles practices. * * * If all England had been there, I thought they could not have denied the truth of these things. And so my husband came to see clearly the truth of what he spake."

The next First-day the meeting of the Friends was held at Swarthmoor Hall on Judge Fell's own invitation, though he himself went, as usual, to "the Steeplehouse." The spirit

of persecution was soon abroad and one day, when the Judge was absent on circuit, Fox, while speaking in the church, was set upon, knocked down, trampled, beaten, and finally whipped out of town. On Judge Fell's return, he dealt with the Friend's assailants as common rioters. He held, however, his mother's faith to the end, never becoming a member of the Society. He died in the year of Cromwell's death, 1658, and was buried by torchlight under the family pew in Ulverston Church. "He was a merciful man to God's people," wrote his widow, adding that, though not a Friend, he "sought after God in the best way that was made known to him."

Meanwhile Margaret Fell had become a leader among the Children of Light. Twice she wrote to Cromwell in behalf of their cause and again and again to Charles II, with whom she pleaded face to face. Now that her husband's protection was withdrawn, persecution no longer spared her, and she, like Fox and many another of the Society, came to know well the damp and chilly dungeons of Lancaster Castle,—that stern prison of North Lancashire which may be viewed afar off from the ominous height of Weeping Hill.

"Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they passed,
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains."

Refusing, as a Quaker must needs refuse, to take the oath of supremacy, Mistress Fell stood her trial in 1663, her four daughters beside her. Her arguments irritated the judge into exclaiming that she had "an everlasting tongue" and he condemned her to imprisonment for life, with confiscation of all her property to the Crown. But after some five years of Lancaster's grim hospitality she was released, and forthwith set out on a series of visits to those English jails in which Quakers were immured. It was not until eleven years after Judge Fell's death that she married George Fox. The courtship is summarized in Fox's "Journal:" "I had

seen from the Lord a considerable time before that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife; and when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer from God thereto." Yet after the marriage, as before, they pursued, in the main, their separate paths of preaching, journeying, and imprisonment. It was seven years before illness brought Fox to Swarthmoor, which had been restored to the family, for a brief rest. About a quarter of a mile from the mansion, stood a dwelling-house in its three or four acres of land. This modest estate Fox purchased and gave it "to the Lord, for the service of his sons and daughters and servants called Quakers. * * * And, also my ebony bedstead, with painted curtains, and the great elbow-chair that Robert Widder sent me, and my great sea case with the bottles in it I do give to stand in the house as heirlooms, when the house shall be made use of as a meeting-place, that Friends may have a bed to lie on, a chair to sit on, and a bottle to hold a little water for drink." He adds: "Slate it and pave the way to it and about it, that Friends may go dry to their meeting. You may let any poor, honest Friend live in the house, and so let it be for the Lord's service, to the end of the world."

A deep hawthorne lane, winding to the left, led us to that apostolic meeting-house, wellnigh hidden from the road by its high, grey, ivy-topped wall. We passed through a grass outer court into an inner enclosure thickset with larches, hollies, and wild cherry. The paths are paved. Luxuriant ivy curtains porch and wall and clambers up over the low tower. Above the door is inscribed:

Ex dono G. F., 1682.

The meeting-room within is of Quaker plainness, with drab-tinted walls. The settees are hard and narrow, though a few "at the top" are allowed the creature comforts of cushions. Only the posts are left of the ebony bedstead, but two elbow-chairs of carven oak, a curiously capacious and substantial traveling chest, and a Bible still are shown as

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Fox's personal belongings. The Bible is a black-letter folio of 1541, the Treacle Bible, open at the third chapter of Jeremiah, where, in the last verse, comes the query: "Is not there any tryacle in Gylyad?"

But Lancashire has other saints no less holy than those dear to Protestant and Quaker memory. Surely martyrs, irrespective of the special phase of the divine idea for which they gladly give up their bodies to torture and to death, are the truest heroes of history.

"For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow."

This remote county, especially the north with its perilous bogs and rugged fells, clung to the mother faith. Many of its old families are still Catholic; many a Tudor mansion can show its "priest-hole" from which, perhaps, some hidden Jesuit had once been dragged to the dungeon or the scaffold. We journeyed up from Manchester on a sunny afternoon, for love of one of these, to the beautiful valley of the Ribble, rich in manifold traditions. Our time was short, but we climbed to the keep of Clitheroe Castle, ruined for its loyalty to Charles I, and viewed that wide prospect whose most impressive feature is the witch-storied stretch of Pendle Hill. On that long level range the famous witches of Lancashire used to hold their unseemly orgies, hooting and yowling about Malkin Tower, their capital stronghold, whose evil stones have been cast down and scattered. Peevish neighbors they were at the best, ready on the least provocation to curse the cow from giving milk and the butter from coming in the churn, but on Pendle Hill the broomstick battalion was believed to dance in uncouth circle about caldrons seething with hideous ingredients and to mould little wax images of their enemies who would peak and pine as these effigies wasted before the flames, or shudder with fierce shoots of agony as red-hot needles were run into the wax? What were honest folk to do? It was

bad enough to have the bride-cake snatched away from the wedding-feast and to find your staid Dobbin all in a lather and dead lame at sunrise from his wild gallop, under one of these "secret, black and midnight hags," to Malkin Tower, but when you were saddled and bridled and ridden yourself, when the hare that you had chased and wounded turned suddenly into your own wife panting and covered with blood, when your baby was stolen from the cradle to be served up in the Devil's Sacrament of the Witches' Sabbath, it was time to send for one of King James' "witch-finders." So the poor old crones, doubled up and corded thumb to toe, were flung into the Calder to see whether they would sink or swim, or sent to where the fagot-piles awaited them in the courtyard of Lancaster Gaol, or even—so the whisper goes—flung into their own lurid bonfires on Pendle Hill. But still strange shadows, as of furious old arms that scatter curses, are to be seen on those heather-purpled slopes, and from the summit black thunder-storms crash down with supernatural suddenness and passion.

Our driver was a subdued old man, with an air of chronic discouragement. He met the simplest questions, about trains, about trees, about climate, with a helpless shake of the head and the humble iteration: "I can't say. I'm no scholar. I never went to school. I can't read." He eyed Pendle Hill, standing blue in a flood of sunshine, with obvious uneasiness, and asked if we thought there really were "such folk as witches." As we drove up the long avenues of Stonyhurst, our goal, that imposing seat of learning seemed to deepen his meek despondency. He murmured on his lofty perch: "I never went to school."

Stonyhurst, the chief Catholic college of England, was originally located at St. Omer's in France. Over sea to St. Omer's the Catholic gentry of Elizabethan times used to send their sons. There the exiled lads vainly chanted litanies for England's conversion, their church door bearing in golden letters the fervent prayer: "*Jesu, Jesu, converte Angliam, fiat, fiat.*" The Elizabethan sonneteer, William

Habington, who describes "a holy man" as one who erects religion on the Catholic foundation, "knowing it a ruinous madness to build in the air of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schism," was a St. Omer's boy. Nineteen of those quaintly-uniformed lads, blue-coated, red-vested, leather-trouserred, afterwards died on the scaffold or in prison, usually as Jesuit priests who had slipped into England against Elizabethan law.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the strong feeling against the Jesuits led to their banishment from France and finally to the temporary suppression of the order, the school began its wanderings,—from St. Omer's to Bruges, to Liège, and at last, in 1794, from Liège to England, where one of the alumni presented the homeless seminary with the fine estate of Stonyhurst. In this secluded, healthful situation there now stands a prosperous college, with dormitories for two hundred students, with well-equipped academic buildings, a preparatory school and a great farm which of itself maintains the institution.

Stonyhurst has many treasures,—illuminated missals, Caxton editions, a St. John's Gospel in Gaelic script said to have been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, relics of "Blessed Thomas More," original portraits of the Stuarts,—including the winsome picture of Bonny Prince Charlie as a child,—but the object of our quest was a little manuscript volume of Robert Southwell's poems. Of course the porter knew nothing about it, though he strove to impart the impression that this was the only matter in the universe on which he was uninformed, and "the teaching fathers" were still absent for their summer holiday; but a gentle old lay brother finally hunted out for us the precious book, choicely bound in vellum and delicately written in an unknown hand, with corrections and insertions in the young priest's own autograph. This Stonyhurst manuscript gives the best and only complete text for the strange, touching, deeply devotional poems of Father Southwell,—the text on which Grosart's edition rests. It is supposed that they were written

out for him by a friend while he lay a prisoner in the Tower and that in the intervals between the brutalities of torture to which his most sensitive organism was again and again subjected, he put to his book these finishing touches,—only a few months and weeks before he was executed at Tyburn by a blunderer who adjusted the noose so badly that the martyr “several times made the sign of the Cross while he was hanging.”

Our eyes filled as we deciphered the faded Elizabethan script:

“God’s spice I was, and pounding was my due;
In fading breath my incense savored best;
Death was the meane, my kyrnell to renewe;
By loppynge shott I upp to heavenly rest.

* * * * *

“Rue not my death, rejoyce at my repose;
It was no death to me, but to my woe;
The budd was opened to lett out the rose,
The cheynes unloos’d to let the captive goe.”

As we were driving on to Whalley, to pay our tribute of honor to yet one more shining memory, the summit of Pendle Hill suddenly wrapped itself in sable cloud, and its haunting vixens let loose upon us the most vehement pelt of rain, diversified with lightning-jags and thunder-crashes, that it was ever my fortune to be drenched withal. One of the Lancashire witches is buried in Whalley churchyard under a massive slab which is said to heave occasionally. I think I saw it shaking with malicious glee as we came spattering up the flooded path, looking as if we had ourselves been “swum” in the Calder.

Whalley Church, one of the most curious and venerable parish churches of England, shelters the ashes of John Paslew, last abbot of Whalley. Upon the simple stone are cut a floriated cross and chalice, with the words *Jesu fili dei miserere mihi*. Only the fewest traces, chief of which is a beautiful gateway with groined roof, remain of this great abbey, one of the richest in the north of England, charitable, hospitable, with an especially warm welcome for wandering

minstrels. Its walls have been literally levelled to the ground, like those of the rival Cistercian foundation at Sawley, a few miles above. But the "White Church under the Leigh," believed to have been originally established by the missionary Paulinus in the seventh century, preserves the abbey choir-stalls, whose crocketed pinnacles tower to the top of the chancel. Their misereres are full of humor and spirit. An old woman beating her husband with a ladle is one of the domestic scenes that tickled the merry monks of Whalley. We could have lingered long in this ancient church for its wealth of fine oak carving, its pew fashioned like a cage, its heraldic glass and, in the churchyard, the three old, old crosses with their interlacing Runic scrolls, one of which, when a witch read it backward, would do her the very often convenient service of making her invisible. But we had time only for the thought of Abbot Paslew, who, refusing to bow to the storm like the Abbot of Furness, had raised a large body of men and gone to arms for the defense of the English monasteries against the royal robber. He was a leader in the revolt of 1537, known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. The Abbot of Sawley, William Trafford, old jealousies forgotten, took the field with him. But monks were no match for Henry VIII's generals, the rebellion was promptly crushed, the Abbot of Sawley was hanged at Lancaster, and Abbot Paslew was taken, with a refinement of vengeance, back to Whalley and gibbeted there, in view of the beautiful abbey over which he had borne sway for thirty years. The country folk had depended upon it for alms, for medical aid, for practical counsel, for spiritual direction, and we may well believe that, as they looked on at the execution, their hearts were hot against the murderers of him who, when he grasped the sword, had assumed the title of Earl of Poverty. The mound where he suffered is well remembered to this day.

The flying hours had been crowded with impressions, tragic, uncanny, pitiful, and we had yet, in going to the station, to run the gauntlet of a tipsy town, for it was a

holiday. We had found Clitheroe drinking, earlier in the afternoon, and now we found Whalley drunk. One unsteady individual, wagging his head from side to side and stretching out a pair of wavering arms, tried to bar my progress.

"Wh-where be g-goin'?" he asked.

"To the train," I answered curtly, dodging by.

He sat down on the wall and wept aloud.

"T-to the tr-train! Oh, the L-Lord bl-bless you! The g-good L-Lord bl-bless you all the w-way!"

And the last we saw and heard of him, he was still feebly shaking his hands after us and sobbing maudlin benedictions.



Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, the Depository of Southwell's Poems



Lichfield Cathedral, Lichfield, Staffordshire



Furness Abbey, Arcade Leading to Cloister
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Kneeling Bishop, by Chantry, Lichfield Cathedral.

II Cheshire

Drayton the poet once took it upon him to assure Cheshire that what was true of Lancashire was true also of her:

"Thy natural sister shee—and linkt unto thee so
That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth goe."

From that great backbone of England, the Pennine Range, both these counties fall away to the west but Cheshire quickly opens into Shropshire plain. At the north-east it has its share in the treasures of the deep coal-field

rent across by the Pennines, and here, too, are valuable beds of copper. In this section of the country cluster the silk towns, among them Macclesfield, the chief seat in England of this manufacture, and Congleton, whose character, we will trust, has grown more spiritual with time. For in 1617, one of the village wags tugged a bear into the pulpit at the hour of service and it was a full twelve-month before the church was reconsecrated and worship resumed. Indeed, the Congleton folk had such a liking for bear-baiting or bear-dancing or whatever sport it was their town bear afforded them, that when a few years later this poor beast died, it is told that

"living far from Godly fear
They sold the Church Bible to buy a bear."

The old Cheshire, everywhere in evidence with its timber-and-plaster houses, distracts the mind from this new industrial Cheshire. We visited Macclesfield, but I forgot its factories, its ribbons and sarcenets, silks and satins and velvets because of the valiant Leghs. Two of them sleep in the old church of St. Michael, under a brass that states in a stanza ending as abruptly as human life itself:

"Here lyeth the body of Perkin a Legh
That for King Richard the death did die,
Betray'd for righteousness;
And the bones of Sir Peers his sone,
That with King Henrie the fift did wonne
In Paris."

I have read that Sir Perkin was knighted at Crecy and Sir Peers at Agincourt, and that they were kinsmen of Sir Uryan Legh of Adlington, the Spanish Lady's Love.

"Will ye hear a Spanish Lady,
How she wooed an Englishman?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, she had on."

This Sir Uryan was knighted by Essex at the siege of Calais, and it was then, apparently, that the poor Spanish lady, beautiful and of high degree, lost her heart. The Elizabethan ballad, whose wood-cut shows a voluminous skirted



Peel Castle, Lancashire

Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Town Hall, Manchester



Runic Cross in Whalley Churchyard, Lancashire



Roman Remains, Chester



Market Place and old Stocks, Poulton, Lancashire



Penwortham Priory, Preston, Lancashire



Swarthmoor Hall, the Home of George Fox



Lower Peover Church, Cheshire



Unitarian Chapel, Knutsford, Cheshire, where Mrs. Gaskell is Buried



A Cranford Home, Knutsford, Cheshire

dame entreating an offish personage in a severely starched ruff, tells us that she had fallen, by some chance of war, into his custody.

“As his prisoner there he kept her;
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid’s bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.

* * * * *

“But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.”

But freedom was no boon to her.

“Gallant Captain, take some pity
On a woman in distress;
Leave me not within this city
For to die in heaviness.”

In vain he urges that he is the enemy of her country.

“Blessed be the time and season
That you came on Spanish ground;



The Trent and Mersey Canal. In the Potteries, Staffordshire.
Photo. by Katharine Coman.

If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found."

He suggests that she would have no difficulty in getting a Spanish husband, but she replies that Spaniards are "fraught with jealousy."

"Still to serve thee day and night
My mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman
Is counted blest."

He objects that it is not the custom of English soldiers to be attended by women.

"I will quickly change myself,
If it be so,
And like a page will follow thee
Where e'er thou go."

But still he makes excuse:

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,



Firing Ovens, the Potteries, Staffordshire



Street, Knutsford, Cheshire



Landing Stage, Liverpool



A Liverpool Dock

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And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place."

She puts her fortune at his disposal, but he has hit upon a new deterrent:

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful
And force tears from watry eyes."

She implies that she would gladly die, even of seasickness, for his sake, and at that the truth breaks forth:

"Courteous lady, leave this folly;
Here comes all that breeds this strife :—
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife.

"I will not falsify my vow
For gold nor gain,
Not yet for all the fairest dames
That live in Spain."

Her reply, with its high Spanish breeding, puts his blunt English manners to shame.



The "Rose and Crown," Cheshire, Erected in 1641

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend.
Many happy days God lend her!
Of my suit I'll make an end.

* * * * *

"Commend me to that gallant lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold;
With these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold.

* * * * *

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company.

"But e'er my prayer have an end,
Be sure of this,—
To pray for thee and for thy Love
I will not miss.

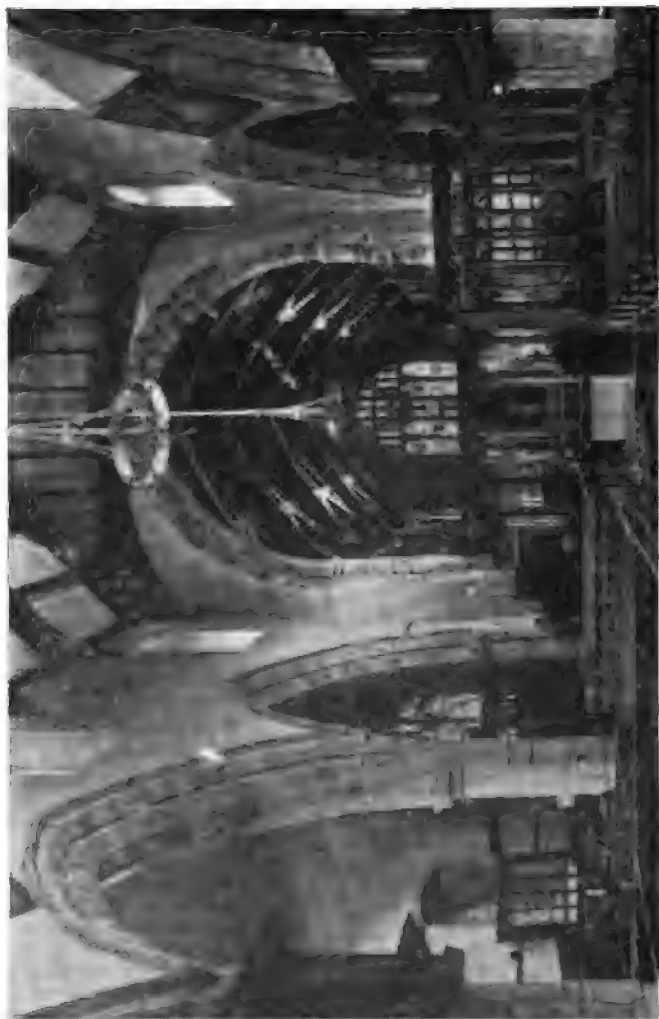
* * * * *

"Joy and true prosperity
Remain with thee!"

"The like fall unto thy share,
Most fair lady!"



A Cheshire Cottage



Interior of Whalley Church, Lancashire

This ballad, which Shakespeare might have bought for a penny "at the Looking-glass on London bridge" and sung to the tune of "Flying Fame," is still a favorite throughout Cheshire.

But we are driving from Macclesfield up into the Cheshire highlands,—velvety hills, green to the top, all smoothed off as trim as sofa-cushions and adorned with ruffles of foliage. Nature is a neat housekeeper even here in the wildest corner of Cheshire. What was once savage forest is now tranquil grazing-ground, and the walls that cross the slopes and summits, dividing the sward into separate cattle-ranges, run in tidy parallels. But most of the county is flat,—so flat that it all can be viewed from Alderly Edge, a cliff six hundred and fifty feet high, a little to the west of Macclesfield. Along the Mersey, the Lancastrian boundary, rise the clustered chimneys of Cheshire's cotton towns. Yet cotton is not the only industry of this northern strip. The neighborhood of Manchester makes market-gardening profitable; potatoes and onions flourish amain; and Altrincham, a pleasant little place where many of the Manchester mill-owners reside, proudly contributes to their felicity its famous specialty of the "green-top carrot."

I suppose these cotton-lords only smile disdainfully at the tales of the old wizard who keeps nine hundred and ninety-nine armed steeds in the deep caverns of Alderly Edge, waiting for war. What is his wizardry to theirs! But I wonder if any of them are earning a sweeter epitaph than the one which may be read in Alderly Church to a rector, Edward Shipton, M. A.—it might grieve his gentle ghost, should we omit those letters—who died in 1630.

"Here lies below an aged sheepheard clad in heavy clay,
Those stubborn weeds which come not of unto the judgment day.
Whilom hee led and fed with welcome paine his careful sheepe,
He did not feare the mountaines' highest tops, nor vallies deep,
That he might save from hurte his fearful flocks, which were his
care.

To make them strong he lost his strengthe, and fasteth for their
fare.

How they might feed, and grow, and prosper, he did daily tell,
Then having shew'd them how to feed, he bade them all farewell."



Sketch Map of Cheshire and Staffordshire

cipal seat of the salt trade and quite the dirtiest town in the county. The valley of the Weaver, the river that crosses Cheshire about midway between its northern boundary, the Mersey, and its southern, the Dee, has the richest salt-mines and brine-springs of England. The salt towns, whose chimneys belch blackness at intervals along the course of the stream, are seen at their best, or worst, in Northwich, though Nantwich, an ancient center of this industry, has charming traditions of the village hymn that used to be sung about the flower-crowned pits, especially the "Old Brine," on Ascension Day, in thanksgiving for the salt. We tried to take due note of railways and canals, docks and foundries, and the queer unevenness of the soil caused by the mining and the pumping up of brine,—such an uncertain site, that the houses,

though bolted, screwed and buttressed, continually sag and sink. The mines themselves are on the outskirts of the town, and we looked at the ugly sheds and scaffoldings above ground and did our best to imagine the strange white galleries and gleaming pillars below. There was no time to go down because it had taken our leisurely Knutsford coachman till ten o'clock to get his "bit of breakfast." Dear Miss Matty would have been gentle with him, and so we strove not to glower at his unbending back, but to gather in what we could, as he drove us to the train, of the beauties by the way.

We left the salt to the care of the Weaver which was duly bearing it on, white blocks, ruddy lumps, rock-salt and table-salt, to Runcorn and to Liverpool. We put the brine-pits out of mind and enjoyed the lovely fresh-water meres, social resorts of the most amiable ducks and the most dignified geese, which dot the Cheshire landscape. We had visited Rostherne Mere on our way out and caught a glint from the fallen church-bell which a Mermaid rings over those dim waters every Easter dawn. We paused at Lower Peover for a glimpse of its black-and-white timbered church, deeply impressive and almost unique as an architectural survival. Among its curiosities we saw a chest hollowed out of solid oak with an inscription to the effect that any girl who can raise the lid with one arm is strong enough to be a Cheshire farmer's wife. Sturdy arms they needs must have, these Cheshire women, for the valley of the Weaver, like the more southerly Vale of Dee, is largely given up to dairy farms and to the production of cheeses. A popular song betrays the county pride:

"A Cheshire man went o'er to Spain
To trade in merchandise,
And when arived across the main
A Spaniard there he spies.

"'Thou Cheshire man,' quoth he, 'look here,—
These fruits and spices fine.
Our country yields these twice a year;
Thou hast not such in thine.'

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"The Cheshire man soon sought the hold,
Then brought a Cheshire cheese.
'You Spanish dog, look here!' said he.
'You have not such as these.'

"Your land produces twice a year
Spices and fruits, you say,
But such as in my hand I bear,
Our land yields twice a day."

But the best songs of Cheshire go to the music of the river Dee. We have all had our moments of envying its heart-free Miller.

"There was a jolly Miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
*I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."*

Kingsley's tragic song of

"Mary, go and call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."

reports too truly the perils of that wide estuary where "Lycidas" was lost. On the corresponding estuary of the Mersey stands Birkenhead, the bustling modern port of Cheshire, but it was at Chester that Milton's college mate had embarked for another haven than the one he reached.

Chester itself is to many an American tourist the old-world city first seen and best remembered. Liverpool and Birkenhead are of today, but Chester, walled, turretted, with its arched gateways, its timber-and-plaster houses, its gables and lattices, its quaint Rows, its cathedral, is the medieval made actual. The city abounds in memories of Romans, Britons, Saxons, of King Alfred who drove out the Danes, of King Edgar who, "toucht with imperious affection of glory," compelled six subject kings to row him up the Dee to St. John's Church, of King Charles who stood with the Mayor on the leads of the wall-tower now called by his name and beheld the defeat of the royal army on Rowton Moor.

As we walked around the walls,—where, as everywhere in the county, the camera sought in vain for a Cheshire cat,—we talked of the brave old city's "strange, eventful history," but if it had been in the power of a wish to recall any one hour of all its past, I would have chosen mine out of some long-faded Whitsuntide, that I might see a Miracle pageant in its medieval sincerity,—the tanners playing the tragedy of Lucifer's fall, perhaps, or the water-carriers the comedy of Noah's flood.

III Staffordshire

This is the Black Country *par excellence*,—a county whose heraldic blazon should be the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. It belongs to the central plain of England, save on the north-east, where the end of the Pennine chain breaks into picturesque highlands. Its gently undulating reaches are still largely given over to agriculture, but the bulk of its population, the most of its energy and wealth, are concentrated in the manufacturing towns that so thickly stud the surface over its two coal-fields. The northern is the last of that long line of coal-measures running down from Lancashire; the southern is much larger, though not so workable, and extends across all South Staffordshire. Both north and south, iron in rich quantities is found with the coal, so that for many years Staffordshire controlled the iron trade of the world. Of late, South Wales and other regions are successfully disputing its supremacy.

We had, in previous visits to England, crossed Staffordshire several times by train, and memory retained an unattractive impression of netted railways, forests of factory chimneys, and grimy miners sweethearting with rough pit-girls under smoke and cinders. If we must enter it now, the occasion seemed propitious for a trial of the automobile,—a mode of conveyance which we had deemed too sacrilegious for the Border and the Lake Country.

Toward ten o'clock on an August morning—for the chauffeur, like our Cheshire coachman, could not be hurried over his "bit of breakfast"—we tucked ourselves and a confiding Shrewsbury lady into a snug motor car, and away we sped through north-eastern Shropshire across the county line. In a gasp or two, the name Eccleshall glimmered through the dust that flew against our goggles. This little town has one of the finest churches in the county, but the frenzy of speed was on us and we tore by. Suddenly we came upon the Trent, winding along, at what struck us as a contemptibly sluggish pace, down Staffordshire on its circuitous route to the Humber. We tooted our horn and honked up its western side to the Potteries. Here the machine suffered an attack of cramps, and while it was groaning and running around in a circle and pawing the air, we had our first opportunity to look about us.

The region known as the Potteries, the chief seat of the earthenware manufactures of England, consists of a strip of densely populated land in this upper basin of the Trent, a strip some ten miles long by two miles broad, whose serried towns and villages give the aspect of one continuous street. Within this narrow district are over three hundred potteries, whose employes number nearly forty thousand, apart from the accessory industries of clay-grinding, bone-grinding, flint-grinding, and the like. It draws on its own beds of coal and iron, but the china-clay comes from Cornwall by way of Runcorn and the Grand Trunk Canal, while for flints it depends on the south coast of England and on France. Genius here is named Josiah Wedgwood. This inventor of fine porcelains, whose "Queens' ware" gained him the title of "Queen's Potter," was born in 1759 at Burslem, which had been making brown butter-pots as far back as the days of Charles I. When Burslem grew too small for his enterprise, Wedgwood established the pottery village of Etruria, to which the automobile passionately refused to take us. It dashed us into Newcastle-under-Lyme, where we did not particularly want to go, and rushed barking by Stoke-

under-Trent, the capital of the Potteries and also—though we had not breath to mention it—the birthplace of Dinah Mulock Craik. In the last town of the line, Longtown, our machine fairly balked, and the chauffeur with dignity retired under it. A crowd of keen-faced men and children gathered about us, while we ungoggled to observe the endless ranks of house-doors opening into baby peopled passages and, looming through the murky air, the bulging ovens of the china factories. At last our monster snorted on again, wiggling up the hill sideways with a grace peculiar to itself and exciting vain hopes of a wreck in the hearts of our attendant urchins. It must have been the Potteries that disagreed with it, for no sooner were their files of chimneys left behind than it set off at a mad pace for Uttoxeter, on whose outskirts we “alighted,” like Royalty, for a wayside luncheon of sandwiches, ale, and dust.

Uttoxeter is no longer the idle little town that Hawthorne found it, when he made pilgrimage thither in honor of Dr. Johnson’s penance, for the good Doctor, heart-troubled for fifty years because, in boyhood, he had once refused to serve in his father’s stead at the market bookstall, had doomed himself to stand, the whole day long, in the staring market-place, wind and rain beating against his bared grey head, “a central image of Memory and Remorse.” Lichfield, Dr. Johnson’s native city, commemorates this characteristic act by a bas-relief on the pedestal of the statue standing opposite the three-pillared house where the greatest of her sons was born.

While our chauffeur, resting from his labors under the hedge, genially entertained the abuse of a drunken tramp who was accusing us all of luxury, laziness, and a longing to run down our fellowmen, my thoughts turned wistfully to Lichfield, lying due south, to whose “Queen of English Minsters” we were ashamed to present our modern hippogriff. I remember waking there one autumnal morning, years ago, at the famous old inn of the Swan, and peering from my window to see that wooden bird, directly beneath

it, flapping in a rainy gale. The cathedral rose before the mental vision,—the grace of its three spires; its wonderful west front with tiers of saints and prophets and archangels, “a very *Te Deum* in stone;” the delicate harmonies of color and line within; the glowing windows of the Lady Chapel; the “heaven-loved innocence” of the two little sisters sculptured by Chantry, and his kneeling effigy of a bishop so benignant even in marble that a passing child slipped from her mother’s hand and knelt beside him to say her baby prayers. What books had been shown me there in that quiet library above the chapter-house! I could still recall the richly illuminated manuscript of the “*Canterbury Tales*,” a volume of Dr. South’s sermon with Dr. Johnson’s rough, vigorous pencil-marks all up and down the margins, and, treasure of treasures, an eighth-century manuscript of St. Chad’s Gospels. For this is St. Chad’s cathedral, still his, though the successive churches erected on this site have passed like human generations, each building itself into the next.

St. Chad, hermit and bishop, came from Ireland as an apostle to Mercia in the seventh century. Among his first converts were the king’s two sons, martyred for their faith. Even in these far distant days, his tradition is revered, and on Holy Thursday the choristers of the cathedral still go in procession to St. Chad’s Well, bearing green boughs and chanting. A century or so ago, the well was adorned with bright garlands for this festival. The boy Addison, whose father was Dean of Lichfield, may have gathered daffodils and primroses to give to good St. Chad.

The ancient city has other memories. Farquhar set the scene of his “*Beaux’ Stratagem*” there. Major André knew those shaded walks. In the south transept of the cathedral is the sepulchre of Garrick, whose death, the inscription tells us, “eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.” It may be recalled that Hawthorne found it “really pleasant” to meet Lady Mary Wortley Montague’s tomb in the minster, and

that Scott asserts there used to be, in "moated Lichfield's lofty pile," a monument to Marmion whose castle stood a few miles to the south-east, at Tamworth.

But the motor-car, full-fed with gasoline, would brook no further pause. As self-important as John Hobs, the famous Tanner of Tamworth whom "not to know was to know nobody," it stormed through Uttoxeter and on, out-smelling the breweries of Burton-on-Trent. Ducks, hens, cats, dogs, babies, the aged and infirm, the halt and the blind scuttled to left and right. Policemen glared out at it from their "motor-traps" in the hedges. A group of small boys sent a rattle of stones against it. Rocester! Only three miles away were the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Croxden. We would have liked to see them, if only to investigate the story that the heart of King John is buried there, for we had never before heard that he had a heart, but while we were voicing our desire, we had already crossed the Dove and whizzed into Derbyshire.

Dovedale was our goal. This beautiful border district of Derby and Staffordshire abounds in literary associations. Near Ilam Hall, whose grounds are said to have suggested to Dr. Johnson the "happy valley" in "Rasselas," and in whose grotto Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor," stands the famous Isaak Walton Inn. The patron saint of the region is the Gentle Angler, who in these "flowery meads" and by these "crystal streams" loved to

"see a black-bird feed her young,
Or a laverock build her nest."

Here he would raise his

"low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love."

On a stone at the source of the Dove, and again on the Fishing-House which has stood since 1674 "Piscatoribus sacrum," his initials are interlaced with those of his friend and fellow-fisherman Charles Cotton, the patron sinner of the locality. In Beresford Dale may be found the little cave where this gay and thriftless gentleman, author of the second

part of "The Complete Angler," used to hide from his creditors. At Wootton Hall Jean Jacques Rousseau once resided for over a year, writing on his "Confessions" and amusing himself scattering through Dovedale the seeds of many of the mountain plants of France. In a cottage at Church Mayfield, Moore wrote his "Lalla Rookh," and near Colwich Abbey once stood the house in which Handel composed much of the "Messiah."

We did not see any of these spots. The automobile would none of them. It whisked about giddily half an hour, ramping into the wrong shrines and out again, disconcerting a herd of deer and a pack of young fox-hounds, and then impetuously bolted back to Uttoxeter. There were antiquities all along the way—British barrows, Roman camps, medieval churches, Elizabethan mansions, but the dusty and odoriferous trail of our car was flung impartially over them all.

We shot through Uttoxeter and went whirring on. A glimpse of the hillside ruins of Chartley Castle brought a fleeting sorrow for Mary Queen of Scots. It was one of those many prisons that she knew in the bitter years between Cockermouth and Fotheringay—the years that whitened her bright hair and twisted her with cruel rheumatism. She was harried from Carlisle in Cumberland to Bolton Castle in Yorkshire and thence sent to Tutbury, on the Derby side of the Dove, in custody of the unlucky Earl of Shrewsbury and his keen-eyed, shrewish-tongued dame, Bess of Hardwick. But still the poor queen was shifted from one stronghold to another. Yorkshire meted out to her Elizabeth's harsh hospitality at Sheffield, Warwickshire at Coventry, Leicestershire at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Derbyshire at Wingfield Manor and Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall, even at Buxton, where she was occasionally allowed to go for the baths, and Staffordshire at Tixall and here at Chartley. It was while she was at Chartley, with Sir Amyas Paulet for her jailer, that the famous Babington conspiracy was hatched, and anything but an automobile would have stopped and searched for that

stone wall in which a brewer's boy deposited the incriminating letters, read and copied every one by Walsingham before they reached the captive.

At Weston we jumped the Trent again and pounded on to Stafford, the shoemaker's town, where we came near knocking two bicyclists into a ditch. They were plain-spoken young men and, addressing themselves to the chauffeur, they expressed an unfavorable opinion of his character. Stafford lies halfway between the two coal-fields of the county. Directly south some fifteen miles is Wolverhampton, the capital of the iron manufacturing district. We remembered that Stafford was the birthplace of Isaak Walton, but it was too late to gain access to the old Church of St. Mary's which has his bust in marble and, to boot, the strangest font in England. We climbed the toilsome heights of Stafford Castle for the view it was too dark to see, and then once more delivered ourselves over to the champing monster which spun us back to Shrewsbury through a weird, infernal world flaring with tongues of fire.

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In a number of novels written within the past few years the scenes are laid in Cheshire or Lancashire. Without passing upon the respective merits of these works, the following may be mentioned:

John Ackworth's "*The Scowcroft Critics*;" Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks' "*God's Providence House*" and "*The Manchester Man*;" M. E. Francis' "*Maimie o' the Corner*;" James Marshall Mather's "*Lancashire Idylls*;" W. B. Westfall's "*The Old Factory*."



John Burns and His Problems*

By John Graham Brooks

FROM a humble machinist to a cabinet minister is the history of John Burns. With the miner John Wilson, I met Burns at a fateful date in his career. It was the Industrial Remuneration Conference in 1885 which brought together in London a noteworthy list of English statesmen, scholars, economists, and industrial magnates.

It was an honest attempt to throw light on social and industrial questions by an organized discussion on a scale that never had been attempted. I had known nothing of the coming man except that he had turned socialist. No figure at the conference attracted me like his. There was a luminous intensity in those grave dark eyes that held me with extraordinary fascination. Neither did his talk fall below the expectation which this appearance excited. He had already seen the difficulties in becoming a revolutionary socialist after the Marx type. His practical English sense saved him from this. He was nevertheless ardently socialistic and hotly impatient of all conventional reforms. It was the issue that brought him to the front at that conference. The day following my talk with him, I went with Frederic Harrison to the hall where he, with Sir Charles

*This is the second in a series of studies of famous Englishmen which will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* during the months from December to May. The complete list comprises Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter, December; John Burns, the English labor leader, by Mr. John Graham Brooks, January; Dean Stanley, the noted Churchman, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell.

Dilke and Arthur Balfour, were to read papers. Harrison's contribution was a brilliant plea, in the Positivist spirit, to seek a remedy for social disorders in moralizing the well-to-do classes.

All the fire in the young socialist was kindled by this address. I can still hear the fine scorn in his rich voice as he repeated the phrase, "Moralize the rich! Moralize capital! Can you moralize the lion about to devour the lamb? Can you moralize Sir Thomas Brassey out of his yacht?" Directly in front of me sat a lady wearing a delicately plumed hat of latest fashion. As this last phrase hissed at the audience, all the plumage of this costly head-gear shook with emotion, doubtless of merriment. A friend whispered to me, "That is Lady Brassey." Nor was it the hat alone which bent before this orator. From the first sentence he held the audience like a harp on which he played at will. From that hour John Burns was a new figure before the English public. Quite apart from his special views, he was seen to possess both power and rare intelligence.

I note this incident because it was also a kind of turning point in his career. With the exception of his speech from the dock defending himself against the charge of rioting in Trafalgar Square, I doubt if he ever made a more effective appeal. He had a singular gift of detaching himself from his subject as if he were there to defend a cause, as his Trafalgar Square speech was a plea for the unemployed rather than for himself. If this was art, it was concealed as only a great artist could do it.

From this time on, either in Battersea or London, Burns was the bearer of heavy and definite responsibilities. His long service on committees for the unemployed subjected his practical energy to the severest tests. Here, too, began the discipline which taught him the great lessons which he has learned so well. He knows that socialism is politics—that the game can be played effectively only through political action. He learned, too, that politics is compromise and cannot win apart from those concessions which are anathema

to the doctrinaire socialist. In 1889 he took his seat in the London County Council and in the following summer led the famous Dock Strike with a success which made him the most popular man in that great city among two millions of people. It was doubtless owing to the extreme temperance of his daily life—touching neither tobacco nor liquors—that he was enabled to meet the terrible strain of that long contest.

In the County Council he began at once to fight for a "living wage" and shortened hours of labor. He insisted that all contractors working for the Council should be forced to recognize this higher standard of labor. "We will have no employer working for the city who does not deal with labor up to the standard of wages and hours that we fix." Note that John Burns will also "moralize the employer" as well as Mr. Harrison. The socialist will not, however, wait for persuasion or appeals to conscience. He will fix his higher standard by compulsion and enforce it with legal penalties.

That a city should do its own housekeeping directly instead of through contractors, as we do in our own cities sounds harmless enough. We let contractors bid against each other or form a ring and *pretend* to bid against each other. When the contract for sewer, schoolhouse, or city hall is secured, then the employer may hire whom he will at any price. Against this John Burns has set his face like flint. For nothing has he striven harder than to eliminate the private contractor and have the County Council hire its own labor with hours and wages fixed, not by competition, but by a "standard of income and of leisure which makes possible a decent family life."

This principle is strictly socialistic in the sense that it aims to make the city take profits rather than the individual employer. Thus the city must own the cars upon the streets and the boats upon the Thames. Gas, water and telephone are to pass from private to public hands and indeed immu-

merable activities hitherto in control of private persons and private corporations.

It is with this socialistic policy that we instinctively connect the name of John Burns. When he was elected to Parliament in 1892, he straightway began to urge the same policy upon the general government. He was as instantly a recognized power in Parliament as he was in the County Council. It was noted that he spoke but rarely and never without such care in preparation of his matter as to win the ear and respect of the entire house. He is to be sharply distinguished from the mere orator in this, that he always has in hand specific practical proposals for which he takes his full share of responsibility.

When first in Parliament his penetrating study of evils in the War Office at once won the respect of his present chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Burns talks with the best of them, but he also *acts* with the best of them," was the praise he won. At this point we find him absorbed in the full active program of patient, step-by-step reforms, sanitation, decent tenements, changes in the prisons, employers' liability for accidents, dangerous trades, which the impatient and undisciplined socialist scornfully writes down as "plasters for wooden legs."

It is at this time, too, that one hears many of the old followers sound a critical and even contemptuous note against the "Idol of Tower Hill." I was in London at the end of Burns' first year in Parliament. Asking one of Burns' socialistic co-workers, I was amazed to hear him say, "Oh, John is sold out. He has become a fakir with the worst of them." I hasten to say that this was as unjust as it was untrue. I record it because it marks a tragic element inseparable from such a career. Hundreds of English socialists have the same bitter words on their lips.

The French socialist Millerand goes as minister into the cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau. He votes three times for measures that are not socialistic, because he has to meet the actual exigencies of party politics. He is called before

the party councils from which he is cast out as a "renegade to the cause." This is of course far more natural on the continent than in England, but even there if John Burns holds his own as a responsible minister without losing the sympathy of the Battersea workingman, two things will be proved: First, that he possesses constructive political talent almost of the highest order; second, that socialism is itself to become a rather commonplace branch of progressive politics.

It is certain that his real test is yet before him. His policy of "municipal trading" is still under judgment. There are features of it bright with promise and others full of doubt. If the policy succeeds, John Burns together with the Webbs will go down among the great names in English reform history.

The other test to which he must submit is separable from the first because of the life-long emphasis which Mr. Burns has put upon it: The question of the unemployed. No government has yet shown the slightest capacity to deal fundamentally and organically with this problem. Especially in England, the causes of out of work are so lost in far-off currents of world traffic that the sources of the trouble can neither be reached nor controlled. The root evil is that there is not work enough of a kind that all can do. Can government *make* it—not temporarily or for some stress in time or place, but as an ordered social policy? John Burns believes this possible. He has only contempt for the ordinary charity methods. Even of farm colonies he writes, "uneconomic, wasteful, in the future, as in the present and past, to be a futile remedy for their workless condition."

However meanly, work is now done because it pays. It is in some degree productive work; earning something beyond its cost. It will be easy to set the workless thousands at tasks which do not pay and which the whole body of tax payers must make good. This we have been doing for centuries. Can this masterful labor leader now employ the idle directly by the state and city and leave no huge deficit

for the public to make good? Can he use the workless to cut streets, restore waste lands, plant forests, build model tenements and avoid the thing he hates, "charity?" If the public has to "make good" it is still failure from the socialist point of view. The task of Hercules was as child's play to this. The probable truth is that society as now organized cannot furnish paying work for its submerged tenth, because these have become too inefficient to reach the paying standard.

It is, however, unfair to create difficulties at this point. The new Minister has made it clear that every national energy is to be directed toward a popular technical and scientific education that shall become a part of the whole English discipline, "leaving no coming child without a training that shall fit it fully for the new standards of our time." If any society can rise to this thought of universal compulsory education that shall leave every child under its influence until the seventeenth year, what a host of baffling difficulties would vanish! Child labor, much that is worst in our competition, sweating, the unemployed, one and all would get immeasurable relief. It is thus probably only fair to assume that this dream of "a decently educated race" is part and parcel of the larger plans he has at heart.

I have saved until the last what seems most distinctive and also most promising in his policy. To the inquiry, "What is the greatest political change you have observed in your career?" Gladstone is reported as saying, "The transfer of social questions into politics." It is to deepen and complete this change that Burns will give his full strength. With the stately succession of English statesmen, we instinctively connect the great strategy of foreign diplomacy. Bright, Cobden, Gladstone set themselves in their different ways against the dominance of these world issues, trying to fix the attention more and more upon the social and industrial needs of England. All that Burns has been and may become will be identified with this home politics: sanitation, adequate housing, reform of the poor laws, the unemployed,

hours and conditions of labor, education provisions and criminal procedure, agriculture, more equal taxes, are illustrations of the new "social politics."

It is perhaps less known that this "leader of mobs," as he was called in the eighties, lays the noblest stress upon definite moral responsibilities. As a preacher of temperance in its larger sense, he has few peers in England. Listen to recent words of his. Our foes, he says, "are not external, but of our own household. In our wasteful government, our boastful policies, our riotous appetites, our disregard of the warning of other times lie our distresses. In war, drink, betting, gambling we must seek the real cause for any difficulty there may be in our industrial instincts, physical endurance, mechanical ability, or consuming capacity. Let us repress our vices, chasten our lusts, discipline our pleasures, exalt our thoughts, and elevate to the greatest height of public approval the maker of things, the producer of wealth, whose place is now unworthily occupied by the financier, speculator and plutocrat. Let us give to the arts of peaceful industry what for ten years have been given to the disturbance of the world's peace and the shaking of our credit, and if not checked, the frittering away in vainglorious policies, the fine fettle of the best productive forces of the greatest industrial people of the world."

This was not fustian. It is the straight opinion of one who has practiced it before men in his daily life.

To set the spirit of this noble sobriety as an ideal before the workingmen of England—to embody it politically in the larger life of the country may fairly be written down as the aim of "honest John Burns."

REVIEW QUESTIONS: THE READING JOURNEY

1. What are the striking characteristics of Liverpool? 2. How does Manchester contrast with Liverpool? 3. What famous inventors are the heroes of this region? 4. How do Northern and Southern Lancashire differ? 5. What are the associations of Peel Castle? 6. What is the history of Furness Abbey? 7. What points of interest lie near to Furness? 8. What is the present state of

Swarthmoor Hall? 9. What relations had Judge Fell with the Quakers? 10. What unsavory memories cluster about Pendle Hill? 11. What has been the history of Stonyhurst? 12. What treasures does it contain? 13. What is the story of the Abbot of Whalley? 14. What is the story of the legend of the Spanish Lady? 15. For what service is Mrs. Gaskell remembered? 16. What are the industries of Cheshire? 17. What distinctive features has Chester? 18. Who is the most famous of the Staffordshire potters? 19. What was Dr. Johnson's penance? 20. Who was St. Chad? 21. What varied associations has Lichfield? 22. What memories cluster about Dovedale?

REVIEW QUESTIONS: JOHN BURNS.

1. Describe Mr. Burns' appearance at the Conference in 1885. 2. When did he become a member of the London County Council? 3. What was his relation to the great Dock Strike? 4. How did he begin his fight for the "living wage"? 5. How was this struggle socialistic? 6. What impression did he make upon Parliament? 7. How was the socialist attitude toward him changed? 8. What great questions is he facing at the present time? 9. Why is the question of the unemployed particularly difficult in England? 10. What are some of Burns' theories regarding this question? 11. What educational conditions might have influence upon the situation? 12. What are some of the questions which enter into the new "social politics"? 13. What does Burns say are the "foes" of England?

SEARCH QUESTIONS

1. Who was James Martineau? 2. What was the Massacre of Peterloo? 3. What poem commemorates the fate of Lycidas? 4. Who are the Rochdale Pioneers? 5. Of what famous poems was Mrs. Hemans the author? 6. Who was Rossetti? 7. Why is Bishop Heber very widely known? 8. Who was "The Cheshire Cat"? 9. Who was Karl Marx? 10. What views are held by the Positivists? 11. Of what books is Frederic Harrison the author? 12. For what is Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht famous? 13. Who are the Webbs? 14. What was the cause of the Dock Strike of 1890?

End of February Required Reading, pages 145-205.



The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

V. The Staging of "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet"

By Carl H. Grabo

IN our brief study of stage conditions in Shakespeare's time some examination of typical plays is necessary to familiarize us with practical problems of stage management. Such detailed investigation can of course be interesting and enlightening only as we endeavor to visualize each situation of the play as suggested by the lines and by the meager stage directions. Comment upon the course of action cannot determine the staging as actually presented for the reason that several explanations are often possible in our insufficient knowledge of stage conditions. To raise a problem is, however, valuable exercise, for it puts dramatic technique at once upon its matter-of-fact material basis and disabuses us of critical affectations. We shall cease to talk of "inspiration." Instead we shall see practical difficulties as met by a practical playwright. Perhaps the differences of meaning suggested by the terms "playwright" and "dramatist" will serve to make our purpose clear. We shall here put the emphasis upon Shakespeare the playwright.

For our study the earliest editions of the plays selected, "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet," will be used. Editors subsequent to Shakespeare have introduced directions which are useful under modern stage conditions but which give a perverted notion of the stage presentations as managed by Shakespeare himself. Our purpose will be to visualize the production of the two plays under conditions peculiar to the Elizabethan stage.

"Macbeth" was first printed in the Folio edition of Shakespeare published in 1623 by Heminge and Condell, two actors who had been associated with Shakespeare in

the management of the Globe theater and who had access to the manuscript copies of his plays. These acting versions were the property of the Globe and their publication in full was a somewhat unusual action at a time when plays were but seldom considered as literature worthy of preservation. The publication of the plays is therefore excellent testimony to the widespread and continued interest of the public in Shakespeare and his work.

It is an interesting fact to be noted in an examination of the First Folio that act and scene divisions are indicated in some plays and in others are not. As a matter of stage management such division was seemingly of no importance and when indicated in the Folio it was probably out of deference to readers who may be supposed to have had some acquaintance with classical productions. There seems to be no attempt at uniformity, however.

"Macbeth" in the Folio of 1623 is divided into acts and scenes as in modern editions, but whereas modern editors attempt to define the location of each scene, in the First Folio no such attempt is made. The scene of action was the stage—not a "desert place" or Macbeth's castle. Where such accurate location is essential sufficient indication is supplied by the lines of the play.

An Act I, and scene 1, the direction reads *Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches*. It would be interesting to know the methods by which thunder and lightning were indicated, but aside from this, the scene is of no interest from the point of view of stage setting. No properties seem to be required, nor is any particular location supposed.

Scene 2 bears the heading *Alarum within*, meaning within the tiring house at the rear of the stage. Thereupon enter Duncan and his nobles with the bleeding sergeant, or as the Folio reads, "Captain." Scene 3, with the direction *Thunder* reintroduces the witches and from the prophetic remark of the first scene we assume the place to be a heath. To them enter Macbeth and Banquo to hear the fatal and misleading prophecy of greatness. Without indication of any

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change follows scene 4 between Duncan, his nobles, and Macbeth and Banquo. No stage properties seem to be required and we may suppose the action to move rapidly upon the front stage.

Scene 5 bears the simple direction *Enter Macbeth's wife reading a letter*. No particular location is necessary though we may assume the place to be Macbeth's castle. The following scene which bears the direction *Hautboys and torches* evidently suggests evening for otherwise the torches would be unnecessary. Yet it cannot be very dark for Duncan comments upon the beautiful situation of the castle beloved of the "temple-haunting martlet." The discussion serves to locate the scene with accuracy. Duncan and his train are evidently before the castle of Macbeth. At the conclusion of the scene Lady Macbeth conducts Duncan into the castle and during the next few scenes we may assume the front and back stage to represent parts of the castle, the exact situation to be determined as occasion demands.

The determination of scene is illustrated in an interesting manner by the stage direction introducing the fatal dialogue of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth which leads to the murder. The direction reads: *Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth*. The purpose of this direction is, obviously, to set both the time and the place of the action. Dinner is about to be served in the banquetting hall. Duncan and his retinue have retired for the time being and in the interval Macbeth wrestles once more with himself before deciding upon the murder.

Act II, scene 1, has the direction *Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch before him*, implying a night scene. From the lines we infer that Banquo is preparing for bed. We do not assume a bed chamber scene, however, for Banquo, shortly after the entrance of Macbeth, retires. Macbeth delivers a gloomy soliloquy and makes his exit upon the ringing of a bell. By the simplest of stage management we get the effect of ominous quiet, in the castle, at some late hour

of the night. The succession of monologues and dialogues free from all bustle serves to convey the desired impression. We need no stage setting whatsoever nor any accurate location of scene other than the lines supply.

Upon the magnificent dialogue of Macbeth with Lady Macbeth intrudes the direction *Knocks within*. The actors make their exit after Lady Macbeth has in a line made the location of the scene particularly accurate:

"I hear a knocking
At the south entry."

The following scene introduces the Porter who serves a double dramatic purpose. First of all he relieves the gloom of the preceding scene and creates a lull which is admirable preparation for the rapid and dramatic scene which ensues. In the second place his monologue serves to give the illusion of elapsed time. Upon the entrance of Macbeth to Lennox we may understand by the line "Good morrow, noble sir," that the day has come, and feel that sufficient time has elapsed to make the greeting plausible. In the stage management of the Porter's scene nothing is required but the knocking at the stage door. Modern editions bear the direction *Open the gate*, at the conclusion of the soliloquy, but this is not to be found in the Folio.

The bustle attendant upon the conclusion of the scene is well conveyed by the frequent exits and entrances of the numerous characters. Lady Macbeth faints and, we may assume, is carried out, although the direction is not in the Folio. Scene 4 between Ross and an Old Man and Macduff has no definite setting. It serves to forward the action of the play by summarizing events, and creates, like the Porter's scene, the impression of elapsed time.

During the two acts which we have so far considered we have found no necessity for any stage setting or use of the back stage or balcony. Rapid movement and accurate lines have sufficed to create the desired illusion. Our interest is focussed upon the narrative of the play.

The first three scenes of Act III may likewise be pre-

sented upon the front stage without the aid of scenery. But with scene 4 we demand some accessories. We may readily assume that the back stage has been set with the banqueting table and that the curtain is drawn as the scene opens. The direction reads simply *A banquet prepared*. Chairs about the table are required, for Macbeth invites his guests to be seated and a little later the ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place. Incidentally the dialogue with the murderer indicates a possible bit of stage business in the scene preceding. The murderer states that Banquo lies "safe in a ditch." It is possible, therefore, that Banquo when killed was thrown into the trap, thus clearing the stage.

Scene 5 returns again to the heath we may assume, for the direction reads, *Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate*. Later a stage direction reads *Music and a song within*, indicating music within the tiring house doors. Scene 6, again, has no definite location, and we advance to the more elaborate scene which introduces Act IV.

The earlier scenes of the weird sisters do not seem to have required any stage apparatus. In this scene, however, considerable mechanism seems to be essential. A caldron, with perhaps a fire under it, is demanded, first of all; then some arrangement by which the apparitions appear and *descend* as the direction reads. For this latter a trap door in the stage would suffice if well managed. The apparitions might appear from the rear of the stage and descend in turn upon the mechanism contrived. More plausibly they appeared through the stage trap and descended in the same way. Between each descent and apparition there is an interval which would allow of any necessary preparation of the apparatus. The last *show of eight kings* must however, have appeared from the rear of the stage. It is hardly possible that the trap could have cared for so many and it is to be noted that there is no mention of the manner of exit. Probably the "show" merely filed in one entrance and out another. We shall not be far wrong, therefore, if we assign this scene to the back stage, convenient of ac-

cess to the various apparitions. Moreover the removal of the mechanism as far as possible from the audience would tend to minimize disturbing imperfections in its operation. And lastly, it is not an impossible surmise that the direction *The Witches dance, and then vanish* means that the draw curtain was pulled quickly leaving Macbeth standing before it staring at nothing.

Act V presents a number of short active scenes none of which seems to demand any stage furnishings. Presumably they all occur on the front stage. They require little individual comment, but collectively they are an interesting evidence of the skill with which Shakespeare's plays were adapted to the stage conditions of his time. The rapid alternation of opposite forces, the bustle and noise, all aid in creating an atmosphere of war and discord. A modern presentation with a drop curtain between the scenes would destroy the flow of the action. Staged after the Shakespearean manner they would be highly effective.

A stage direction which appears in the last scene of the play in the First Folio is of interest here. At the point where Macbeth and Macduff make their exit fighting the Folio appends the direction *Enter fighting and Macbeth slain*. This is not copied by modern editors. If the direction is accurate it involves us in some trouble, for if Macbeth is slain upon the stage his body must be removed by Macduff, who appears shortly after with Macbeth's head. There is no mention in the Folio of such a disposition of the body.

"Macbeth" is perhaps not such an interesting problem in stage management as is "Romeo and Juliet," which we shall discuss next. But the gain in effectiveness made possible by unlocated scenes free from stage properties, and of freedom from waits between acts and scenes must be apparent to all. A little judicious stage management would in two instances have permitted the play to proceed without any delays whatsoever. This desired result could have been obtained by the simple use of a back stage curtained off from the front stage. In the majority of instances there was,

however, no division at all between the parts of the stage. The entire stage became merely one place and the audience relied upon the lines of the play for a more definite direction whenever such a direction was necessary.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The study of the stage problems incident upon the presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" is complicated by the quarto editions of the play published many years before the Folio. The First Quarto published in 1597 was probably a pirated edition based upon notes taken by a reporter at public performances of the play. The text is very imperfect, but the stage directions are interesting from the fact that the reporter probably noted the stage mechanism in actual operation. The Second Quarto, much more complete in text and stage directions, was published in 1599. The play was also included in the Folio of 1623.

In neither the Quartos nor the Folio is there any division into acts and scenes. The action of the play proceeds uninterruptedly. Exact location of scene is, as in "Macbeth," indicated by the lines of the play, although stage properties have in this case an important part.

The first three scenes of the first act as divided in modern editions proceed upon the front stage. They require no accessories nor do they need to be accurately located. The entry of the masquers in scene 4, accompanied by torches indicates a night scene but again no properties are demanded.

Scene 5 introduces the device previously noted in "Macbeth." The stage direction in the Second Quarto and the Folio reads *Servimgmen come forth with napkins*. There is some talk of shifting stools and a cupboard but how complete the furnishings are we are unable to say. The introduction of the servants provides admirably for any necessary changes in the setting of the stage. It serves also to suggest an interior scene and preparation for some festivity, and upon the appearance of Capulet as host we are sure of the exact location. Capulet calls for music and the

THE
MOST EX-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo
and *Juliet*.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended:*

As it hath bene sundry times publicquely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Servants.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1 5 9 9.

stage direction reads *music plays and they dance*. Then follow the lines addressed by Capulet to the servants:

"More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room has grown too hot."

How many of these accessories were upon the stage we cannot say. It is possible that the lines suffice, but tables at least would seem to be at hand, and, as the scene was at night, torches, also.

Act II introduces some interesting problems. Benvolio pursuing Romeo says,

"He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall."

There is no direction in the Quartos or Folio which implies the existence of a wall though modern editions bear the direction *He climbs the wall and leaps down within it*. I incline to the belief that there was no stage property indicating a wall. A not unreasonable explanation is that Romeo vaulted the low railing which the "Roxana" cut shows to have surrounded the stage. Such a mingling of actors with the audience is not without precedent. This action together with the lines would serve as well as a more realistic representation.

Upon the exit of Benvolio Romeo reappears and says,
"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"

This we may take to be in the balcony above the back stage. Juliet's chamber we may suppose to be behind the balcony and the balcony itself to serve literally as a balcony or as a window to the chamber. Romeo stands below in the ensuing dialogue. We can hardly imagine the front stage representing a garden as described by Romeo. No attempt at staging was in all probability made, and the lines were left to do their work unaided:

"Lady by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

Succeeding scenes offer little of interest until the death of Mercutio and Tybalt in Act III, scene 1. Mercutio it is to be observed is assisted from the stage mortally wounded. The Prince says later of Tybalt, "Bear hence

this body." Both instances occur naturally enough yet their purpose is merely to clear the stage. They have no dramatic significance.

Scene 5 of Act III bears in the First Quarto the direction *Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window*. In the Second Quarto and the Folio the direction reads, *Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft*. From both directions we infer obviously that the scene is in the balcony which represents Juliet's chamber. This is confirmed by two directions which appear in the First Quarto, but which do not appear in the Second Quarto or the Folio. The first of these relating to the Nurse is *She goeth down from the window*. This is followed a few lines later by a direction concerning Romeo. *He goeth down*. The question of the means of descent arises. Should Romeo descend by some stair within the room at the rear of the balcony he would be momentarily out of sight of the audience and the illusion of place would be somewhat shattered. A simple explanation is that Romeo uses the ladder of cords mentioned previously. There is no direction to this effect, however, and we have simply to take it for granted. The Nurse presumably makes her exit at the rear, unseen.

No change in this scene is indicated after the departure of Romeo. We must therefore assume that the remainder of the action continues in Juliet's chamber represented by the balcony above the stage.

Scenes 1 and 2 of Act IV are presumably front stage scenes. With scene 3 a problem arises. The place is obviously Juliet's chamber but it is not certain that the balcony is here used. The back stage may be used instead, for the concluding direction reads, *She falls upon her bed within the curtains*. That this means the curtain before the back stage is not, of course, clear. The curtains may have been merely the curtains to the bed and the bed itself may have been either upon the back stage or in the balcony. A possible stage arrangement can be figured out for both cases though neither is susceptible of absolute proof. In the First

*The most lamentable Tragedie**Enter Will Kemp.*

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me lue, play harts ease.

Fidler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Mulitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.

Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, lle fa (pare.
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and faws, you note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
Answer me like men. (yron dagger.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with
her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?

3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the finger.
I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth
lend redresse.

Exit.

Quarto a later direction not to be found in succeeding editions states, *They all but the Nurse go forth, casting rosemary on her and shutting the curtains.* This would seem to confirm the theory of a back stage scene. Further confirmation is to be found in the entrance of Peter to the musicians at the end of the scene. The humorous dialogue which ensues, presumably on the front stage, permits alterations to be made on the back stage before the first scene of Act V which probably requires the use of the back stage when Romeo summons the apothecary forth. Although the stage management of this scene cannot be positively determined, it is necessary to call attention to the problems involved.

A misprint in the Second Quarto where the usual direction reads, *Enter Peter*, casts an interesting sidelight upon the stage of the time. The misprinted direction reads *Enter Will Kemp*. Will Kemp was a popular comedian in his day and his identification with the part of Peter seems to have been peculiarly complete. Further light upon his fortunes appears in a stage direction in Scene 2 of Act V as printed in the Second Quarto. The direction should read *Enter Romeo and Balthazar*. The direction here reads *Enter Romeo and Peter*. The popular Will Kemp it would seem played a dual role as Balthazar and Peter. The compositor apparently set up either name or the name of the actor himself as the humor seized him.

This seemingly small point is of interest to us in our study of Shakespeare's plays. As a practical dramatist Shakespeare desired to suit his plays to existing conditions, to the actors and equipment at his command. A popular comedian on the staff must find some role even in a tragedy, and for him, presumably, Shakespeare created some of his humorous scenes. The inside dramatic history of the Globe theater and its company might shed much interesting light upon such personal factors which modified Shakespeare's dramatic technique. We must admit, however, that Shakespeare made good use of what, to an inferior dramatist, might have proved embarrassing hindrances.

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Act V presents no difficulties of staging until the third scene. Paris then enters *bearing flowers*, and as Quarto 1 adds, *sweet water*. A few lines further Paris says:

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew."

At this point the First Quarto bears the direction, Paris *strews the tomb with flowers*. This specific statement and the mention of tombs in Henslowe's Diary is convincing proof of the existence of a stage property of some pretensions. Its exact form and size we cannot determine but it obviously was large enough to contain Juliet's bier. It was we should think upon the back stage, for the preceding scene between Friars John and Lawrence was probably upon the front stage. During the course of this not very important dialogue, the tomb and accessories might have been put in position upon the back stage. Our alternative explanation is that the tomb was brought on openly between the scenes. Because of the probable size of the tomb and likewise because of the fact that it contains Juliet this hypothesis seems unsound. But though placed upon the back stage the tomb when broken open by Romeo must have been so constructed as to reveal Juliet to all the spectators, for Romeo dies beside her and she, when she awakes and stabs herself, is within the tomb still.

Upon the death of Juliet we find no further stage problem which needs to be discussed. No additional properties are required and the action is presumably upon the combined front and back stages.

All readers of Shakespeare who study each scene as a definite problem in practical stage management will perceive the necessity of some such examination as we have attempted. There may well be variety of interpretation. Provided that the reader understands the problem involved such diversity of explanation is of secondary importance.

In the next and last article we shall endeavor to point out the effect of Elizabethan stage conditions upon Shakespeare's dramatic method. Our discussion cannot be exhaustive, but several general conclusions may be drawn.

The Camp of the Unemployed at Levenshulme, Manchester

By Katharine Coman

Professor of Economics, Wellesley College.

SINCE the bloody comedy of Peterloo, Manchester has been the center of working-class discontent in England. The cotton factories and allied industries have brought together here at the junction of the Irk and the Irwell a population of one million souls dependent, directly or indirectly, on an industry whose prosperity hinges on the price of its raw material. Two years ago Daniel Sully's cotton corner brought the price of cotton-wool up to famine rates, and the industry was prostrated. Richard Howarth of the Ordsall mills, "young Master Richard," went to America and bought his cotton supply in advance of the boom and so kept his spindles going; but most of the mills in the district shut down or ran only three days a week throughout the summer, and thousands of men and women were thrown out of employment. Times are better now. All the mills are running at full speed and most of the operatives find employment; but the aftermath of such slack seasons is always serious. Not every man thrown out of work was restored to his groove in the industrial mechanism. Depression in other lines, notably in the building trades has added to the wreckage. Begging is not permitted in Manchester, and the hundred more or less apparent frauds by which the London poor filch pennies from the wayfarer, are not practiced. The local committee operating under the Unemployed Workmen's Act has provided for a few hundreds only—not half the men and women applying for aid. Many artisans' families have been slowly eating into their little savings bank accounts for two years past and now find themselves perilously near the verge of ruin.

Early in July a dozen such men, under the lead of Arthur

Smith, an unskilled laborer and secretary of the Unemployed Aid Society, started a settlement for the unemployed on unused glebe land belonging to Holy Trinity, Levenshulme. The object was not so much to provide work for needy men as to demonstrate the natural connection between idle soil and idle labor. Under similar auspices other experiments were soon after undertaken. The unemployed of West Ham took possession of vacant town land at Playstow in East London. The men of Bradford seized a field belonging to the Midland Railroad Company. The settlers were avowed socialists, and property-owners became concerned lest the example prove contagious. The rector of Holy Trinity, Rev. H. A. Hudson, who at first had been inclined to allow the experiment to proceed, under suitable auspices, now put in a formal protest and secured an injunction forbidding the three leaders, Arthur Smith, A. S. Gray and "Captain" Williams, from trespassing on the glebe land. The men thus enjoined withdrew and went to Bradford, new leaders were appointed, new men were taken in, and the encampment continued in full force.

Levenshulme is a working-class quarter of Manchester about twenty minutes by tram from Albert Square. It is a region of small dwellings and provision shops, notably clean and tidy and quite free from slums. The guard of the street car grinned when we asked for the unemployed camp, but good-naturedly pointed out Matthews Lane. The well set-up employee of a corporation tram-line had little sympathy for the under dog. He was going home to a six o'clock supper and had no quarrel with the social order. At the end of the lane we came upon a square of open ground, surrounded on four sides by trim brick cottages, each with its plot of flower beds. A placard announced rentals with garden allotment at 5s., 6s., and 7s. per week—selling prices from £250 to £500. On the farther half of the green some boys were playing cricket. The camp stood in the foreground, a striking contrast to this characteristic English setting. Two turf-built enclosures about twenty feet square

and four feet high, each with a tent in the center, furnished shelter; the smoke curling up from an open-air fire place suggested food. It looked amazingly like a miner's hut at Cripple Creek or an adobe corral on the plains. There was however, no conscious imitation. The men had simply made use of the material at hand. Lacking lumber or bricks and mortar, they had taken up the sod and built a substantial wall. One of the tents was carpeted with straw for bedding. The other was furnished with chairs, tables and simple cooking utensils. A square rod or so of land had been spaded up and planted to cabbages. These were apparently growing apace, but they could be of no immediate use. My suggestion that lettuce and radishes would have been ready for market and a source of income, was received with mild surprise. The camp has subsisted off the contributions of friends and visitors and the sale of the inevitable picture postal cards.

The leader, Chadwick, was a tall large-boned man with dreamy grey eyes, suggestive of Irish antecedents. In answer to my questions he said that he was a cementer thrown out of work by the collapse of the building trades. It was not true that the campers were vagabonds or unemployables. Forty-two men had left to take up good jobs since the camp was opened. A gentleman who came last week and asked for three laborers was supplied, somewhat to his own annoyance, for he had expected to prove that the unemployed did not want work. Chadwick supposed that the injunction would be served on him next; but "it couldn't hurt," and another man would take his place. "You see," chimed in a pale little man with the rapt face of a devotee, "we're bound to show people that something ought to be done. The real unemployed hide away in quiet, and you know only the loafers, tramps and beggars. We are all likely to end so, God knows, if things go on as they are. Two years ago when the council wouldn't believe his statement that there were ten thousand unemployed in Manchester, the mayor had an enquiry made and they found fifteen thousand, but nothing came of that. Ten thousand Manchester men volunteered for the South African war,

and the medical inspectors rejected nine thousand of them for physical incapacity. They had defective eyesight or weak chests or flat feet and were not up to a ten-mile march under arms. The same thing happened in every factory town in England. Then the government ordered an investigation, and the commissioners discovered, what we had known all along, that the child of the twenty shilling a week workman is underfed. At six years of age he begins to show signs of deterioration. At fourteen years he is two inches shorter than a well-fed boy, stoop-shouldered and thin-blooded as well. Bobbin-doffing requires all the endurance he possesses, but he gets no better food and quickly uses up his little stock of surplus energy. At eighteen he is turned out of the spinning-mill disqualified for any trade. He becomes a 'corner man' living nobody knows how, until he is taken up for disturbing the peace. One way or another, he's sure to come upon the rates before he dies. Suppose the poor man's son has the luck to escape the factory and learn a trade. He gets living wages for twenty or thirty years and then he is thrown out. A man of forty-five is useless now-a-days. His job is given to a more likely workman. This has been going on for a hundred years, and it gets worse and worse. We have come to a pass where we can't take it patiently any longer. All we ask now is fair opportunity to earn our own living, and we mean that they shall give us a chance at the land. What do I think of John Burns' speech? I believe he understands. Some of my friends think he knows too well on which side his bread is buttered, but I am ready to trust him. He doesn't care anything for that £2,000 a year. He wants power—power to use for the good of the people among whom he was born. Afforestation and anti-erosion schemes don't go to the root of the matter, true; but John Burns sees beyond that. Every wage-earner will feel the benefit. The men that get government employment will not be hanging about the docks and factory gates. When the boss wants to cut a man's wages he can't say, 'If you don't like it you can leave. A hundred men as good as you are waiting

for your job.' The crown lands? Yes. That comes nearer to being what we want. Of course we cannot make a living here," with a sidelong glance at the cabbages, "this is only an argument. We have already brought Lord Carrington to the point of offering a thousand acre tract of crown land at Burwell in ten-acre allotments. They say the government means to put up a cottage for each holding and to lend the men money with which to stock their farms. Let them carry out that plan in good faith and we'll show them we mean what we say."

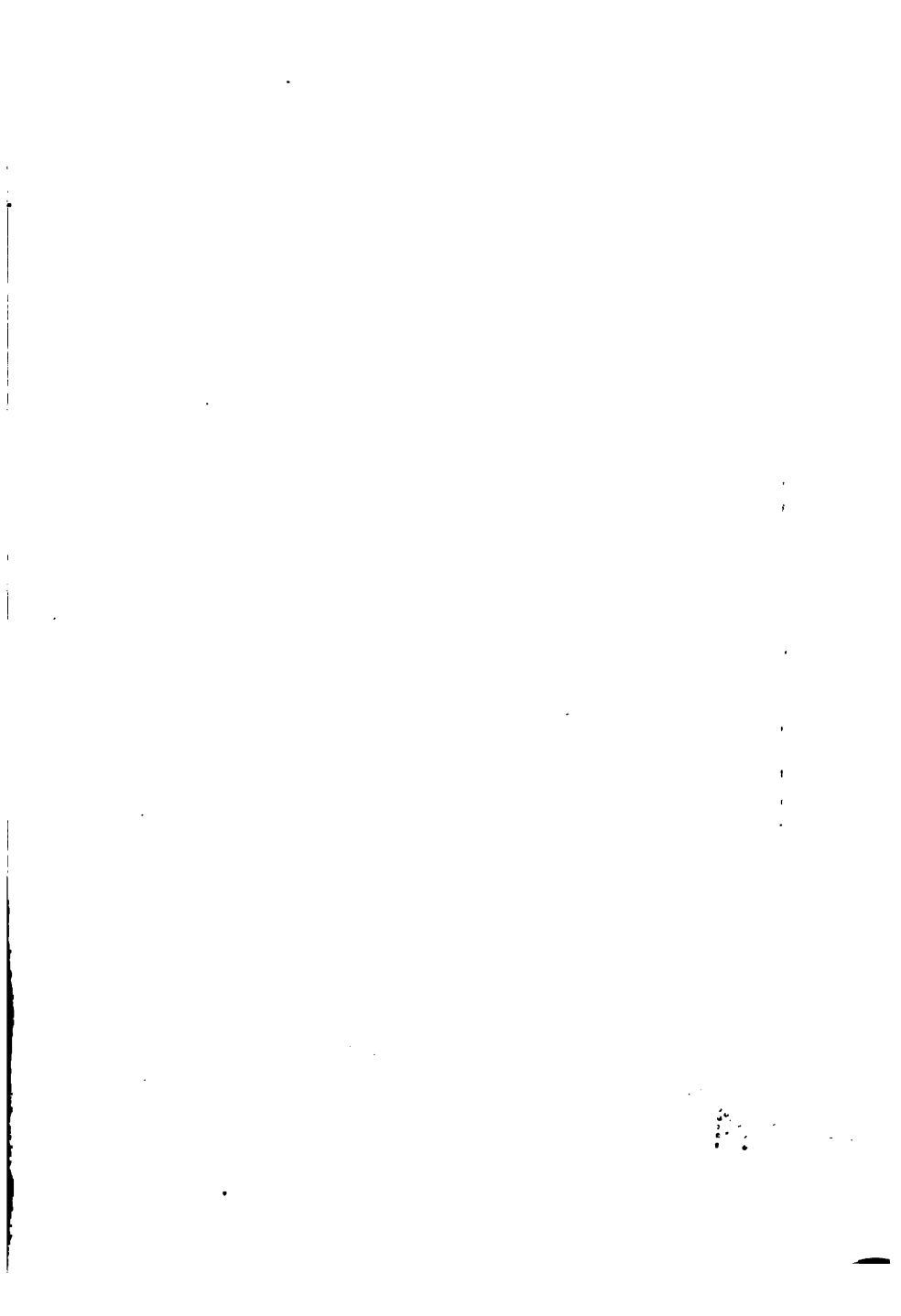
Supper seemed to be imminent, so we bought our postals and withdrew. As we left the ground a housewife, seated arms akimbo in the doorway of her tiny cottage, called out derisively: "Tak' home one of they cabbages, do. They'se so be-e-cautiful?" Her husband removed his pipe to add, "It's a life of pleasure as long as the summer lasts, and I would no mo'in' takin' it on myself. Next to nothin' to do, and collectin' money for your keep. That's na hardship, is it?" Evidently these prophets of industrial reform have little honor in their country. The British artisan has small sympathy with visionary projects and is prone to gauge success by material achievement. Was it George Eliot who noted that while the French proletarian talked of liberty, fraternity, etc., his English brother organized a trade union for the sake of advancing his wages a shilling a week?

August fifteenth witnessed the eviction of the campers. The Reverend Hudson's solicitor went to the spot accompanied by a squad of policemen, and ordered the men off the land. There was no resistance. Chadwick said only, "I think you might have given us some notice." Twenty minutes sufficed to level the turf walls with the ground and remove the tents and other belongings to the king's highway. Then the cabbages were uprooted and shouting children carried off armfuls of the green stuff to their rabbit huts. The morning's *Guardian* published an open letter from Arthur Smith to the rector of Holy Trinity protesting against forcible eviction as an act of bad faith. "But there will come a day of

Camp of Unemployed

reckoning, Sir. Remember your own Scriptures, 'God will not always be mocked.' As for me, the unemployed, and those who work for them, we shall go on until that day comes when 'the land is for the people and the fulness thereof.'" The evicted men held a demonstration at Holy Trinity the following Sunday evening when many of the unemployed of Manchester attended the vesper service. This suggests a demonstration held in Boston a dozen years ago when Morrison I. Swift led a band of unemployed to Trinity Church. Indeed, the whole movement savors something of Coxey's army, though it arises from discontent far more deep-seated and abiding than was occasioned by our last financial crisis. The unemployed problem is not peculiar to England, but the chronic difficulty has been aggravated there by a general industrial depression. The cotton famine of four years since, the loss of foreign markets consequent on American and German competition, burdensome taxation entailed by the Boer war and other minor causes have checked business enterprise along many lines and thrown thousands of men and women out of work. The number of *bona fide* laborers now unemployed is estimated at four per cent. of the total industrial army. The figure seems insignificant, but the proportion has steadily increased since 1900, and one twenty-fifth of the would-be wage-earners is never a negligible quantity. Tramps infest the rural districts and in the towns pauperism is everywhere on the increase.

There is no single solution of the problem. Comparatively few of the unemployed could work land to advantage even if put in full possession. The Salvation Army on its farm colonies is endeavoring to fit men for agriculture. The Bureau of Emigration is assisting unemployed artisans to remove to Canada, South Africa, and other British colonies where there is dearth of laborers. The Liberal ministry may adopt John Burns' suggestion and undertake extensive government works for the sake of furnishing employment to superfluous wage-earners. So the supply of labor may be adjusted to the diminished demand.





The Corn-field. By John Constable.

Representative English Paintings

The Corn-field

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[John Constable was born June 11, 1776, at East Bergholt in Suffolk, the son of Golding Constable, a prosperous miller. He entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1799, exhibited his first picture in 1802, was elected an Associate in 1820, and in 1829 became a full Academician. He died in 1837 and was buried in the old churchyard at Hampstead.]

"The Corn-field," one of the most powerful of John Constable's works, was first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1826. In a letter written by the artist to his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, we have an interesting account of his own feeling in regard to the picture. He said:

I have dispatched a large landscape to the Academy—upright, of the size of "Lock," but a subject of a very different nature; inlaid corn-fields, a close lane forming the foreground, it is not neglected in any part. The trees are more than usually well studied, the extremities well defined as well as the stems. They are shaken by a pleasant and healthful breeze at noon. I am not, however, without my anxieties, though I have not neglected my work or been sparing of my pains.

Constable was thoroughly a painter of nature. In a year spent in his father's mills he acquired habits of close observation which ever afterwards led him to nature herself for his inspiration and not, as was so common at that time to the work of older landscapists. But the keynote of his work is sincerity. The critics and experts of his day spent their time in working out formulæ and rules for painting, their ideas being based on "old masters" of whose true value they had absolutely no conception. For all this Constable had a profound contempt which he never hesitated to express. In 1802 he wrote to a friend saying, "There is room for a natural painter, but the great vice is *bravura*, an attempt to do something beyond the truth." He had, nevertheless, a genuine admiration for the older painters and the influence of their work is often marked in his pictures. But on the whole his works are vigorous, original and free from affectation.

Constable was not a creative genius. As Sir Joshua

Reynolds was a powerful interpreter of character, so was John Constable a skilful interpreter of nature. We should carefully distinguish, however, between the interpreting of nature and servile copying. A painter may copy with such fidelity that we stand amazed at his skill and yet feel not the least interest beyond that aroused by the man's cleverness. A landscape should make us feel the spirit of the scene which it represents—not cause us to marvel at the accuracy with which it is rendered. Unlike modern landscape painters Constable gave careful attention to detail but at the same time, he possessed the happy faculty of painting it in such a way as to form a harmonious whole.

We are told that his art is provincial and local and that the range of subjects was narrow. But it is this same "provincialism" that has been the foundation of every great national art. The early Italians devoted themselves to their limited field of religious story-telling with a vigor and persistency that gave us the frescos of the Carmine and of Santa Croce.

It is interesting to compare the treatment of "The Corn-field" with that of "The Slave Ship." Turner loved to paint the sun shining with dazzling brilliancy from out the picture. Constable nearly always worked with the sun over his head, which method gives the restful appearance that his pictures invariably have and which is in such marked contrast to the luminosity of Turner. It accounts in part, also, for the strong lights and shades which we find in "The Corn-field" and which are so suggestive of Giorgione and the Venetians.*

*Richard Parkes Bonington (1801-1828) together with Constable greatly influenced the French School. Bonington lived only twenty-seven years but his accomplishments during that time were remarkable. Constable although thoroughly English, was appreciated by the French because of his originality and his freedom from academic traditions. Bonington, on the other hand, showed no great genius until he came to Paris and the French today are loath to consider him an English painter. At the Paris Salon of 1824 Constable and Bonington were represented and their influence was very strongly felt in the creation of the Barbizon School.

Wordsworth's Poetry : A Personal Experience

By May Tomlinson

Author of "Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry."

ONE who is doomed by physical weakness to a life of inactivity, shut in from outside interests and pleasures, must find solace in the realm of thought.

In my own experience I have found that when too weak to use head and eyes for a single sentence of prose, too weak even to bear the sound of another's voice in continuous reading, I could follow from the little volume of Wordsworth that lay always on the stand by my bedside, two or three lines or perhaps a whole stanza of some familiar poem, the short lines and stanza grouping making easy the reading, when a single paragraph of prose would have been an impossibility. Thus, certain poems, already familiar, were memorized. "The Daffodils," "Three Years She Grew," the poems to the Cuckoo, "She was a Phantom of Delight," and "Stepping Westward" were among the number—all sweet and wholesome. And what suggestiveness, what food for thought, what pictures for the eye, I found in such lines as these:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills;"

how they helped the tired spirit to burst its bounds,—this body, these walls,—and escape to the hills, the hills!

When a slight gain in strength gave the freedom of the room and made permissible more continued reading, when a larger volume, a complete edition, seemed no longer formidable and unmanageable, I read portions I had read many times before, and portions that were new to me. Many of the sonnets I read then for the first time. No other poet gave me so much pleasure, no other poet was to me so restful. Browning I could not read at all at that time—

the involved construction wearied me; I was not keyed up to the height of Milton's sublimity; even Tennyson's faultless lines did not comfort me. Perfection sometimes wearies one. Certain of Mrs. Browning's shorter poems pleased me, "My Doves," particularly, I remember; but it was to Wordsworth that I turned most often.

Through the long months, during long hours of silence and solitude, such communion had I as could never have been mine in a busy, hurrying life. I would sit by the window at evening time, when the family were down stairs at dinner and the house was still,—would sit by the open window, at the quiet evening hour, and look out upon my stretch of lawn and glimpse of sunset sky, and then the calm of that exquisite evening sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free," and of that unmatched sunrise sonnet, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair,"—a calm such as only one poet could feel and give expression to,—would sink deep into my heart. All the rebellious thoughts were stilled, all the weak self-pity was shamed, selfish fears were dispelled, despair was turned to hope. And now I can see that from these seemingly wasted years have come a stronger faith, the power to judge less partially, and a truer sense of what is most to be valued.

My first interest in the "Prelude" I attribute to the pleasure that the poet's truthful description gave me. Those portions that tell of the pleasure of childhood and school-time I read with most enjoyment. Long before I came to value the poem as the "story of his spirit," as a revelation of the successive stages of the poet's relationship to nature, an acknowledgment of what he had received from her, a recognition of Nature's discipline and ministry and of all the means whereby the poetic spirit was augmented and sustained,—long before this time, I read with pure enjoyment of those

"Recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things,"

of that time of rapture, when

"All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice;"

I delighted in the beauty of those lines which tell of the boy who "blew mimic hootings to the silent owls;" deeply I felt the charm or truth in the passage beginning "One summer evening."

Then, when I had read Wordsworth for the sweet out-of-doors freedom and freshness of his scenes and for the beauty and truthfulness of his descriptions, this first delight ripened into a deeper interest. Some conception of the poet's sensibility to the moods of time and season, to the moral power, the affections and the "spirit of the place," came to me. I began to perceive the peculiar gift of the word-painter,—the ability to reproduce faithfully form and color, life and action, and then to ensoul the picture with a spiritual atmosphere. The two sonnets already mentioned are beautiful examples of Wordsworth's power to reflect the "spirit of the place." The "Elegiac Stanzas," suggested by a picture of Peele Castle, present, perhaps, the most marvelous illustration of Wordsworth's sensitiveness to the spiritual breathings of Nature. Has any other poet possessed this sensitiveness to the same degree?

Wordsworth's power of presenting to the imagination in a few simple words—a line or two it may be—a scene of sublimity and solemn loneliness is deeply impressive. For an example, I give the lines which describe the experience of a geographic worker upon the top of Black Comb:—

"All around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; *total gloom*
In which he sat alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!"

And here, from the story of the Shepherd of Greenhead Ghyll, is another instance of Wordsworth's power of moving one with a sense of the awesomeness of a lonely scene:—

"He had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists
That came to him, and left him, on the heights."

Other poets, I doubt not, have been quite as impressionable to the sublime in nature, but no other poet has given with the same simplicity of language and manner the thrill that comes when we read of the boy who, trudging home from school, many an evening

"Saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head."*

Certain of Wordsworth's poems have come to be to me like bits of gospel. I value beyond riches the homely pathos of "Michael," the comfort of the "Tintern Abbey Lines," the high tone and noble dignity of the great Ode on Immortality. I need often to read the poem, "Resolution and Independence;" I need its lesson of fortitude and trust. The thought of the Leech-gatherer does for me what, at one time in my life,—when cares weighed heavily and trials and discouragements depressed the spirit, the brave cheer and sunshiny face of a hopeless and helpless invalid did for me. I would come away from her presence ashamed of my weakness, and then, "I could laugh myself to scorn to find in that" afflicted girl "so firm a mind."

The lovely picture of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;"

the exquisite vision of that child of nature, the maiden beautiful in form and face,—beautiful with the stateliness of floating clouds, the grace of bending willows, beautiful with the "beauty born of murmuring sound,"—I treasure among sweet memories. Priceless I deem the God-sent message of the little poem "Expostulation and Reply." Its gospel, alas! is scarcely heard in this hustling age: we do not stop long enough in the race to

. "Feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

The magical power of such compositions as the "Peele Cas-

*"The Excursion," Book I.

tle Lines," and the "Ode Composed on an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor," of such sonnets as those beginning, "The World is too much with us," "It is a beauteous evening," "Earth hath not anything to show more fair," "Even as a dragon's eye," "O mountain stream," "Where lies the land to which yon ship must go,"—the magical power of these creations count among those subtle influences that keep alive our sensibilities and enlarge our spiritual sympathies. There are thoughts of Wordsworth that shine in the memory with the splendor and sublimity of stars. We find this star-like virtue in the observation concerning the undying quality of greatness

"There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead;""

in reference to the statue of Newton, with its prism and silent face,

"The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone;""†

in the verses

"His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.""‡

And there are lines that we cherish for their comfort, and because they strengthen our faith and help us to better living. We say to ourselves, when everything goes wrong and all seems against us,—

"The procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."§

*"The Prelude," Book XI.

†"The Prelude," Book III.

‡"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

§"The Excursion," Book IV.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

IN answer to a question concerning the many ways of doing good the writer of this paper suggested as the first answer the following: The best way to do good is to **BE** good. But to be good—"there's the rub." It is easy to talk about it but beyond talk we halt as in the presence of a huge boulder that has fallen from the mountain and closed up the path-way. How to be good! that is the problem and a very serious one. But let us lighten and relieve it a bit by asking: How shall we *begin* to be good? It may not be so very hard simply to begin.

To begin to be good we are bound at least to give a thought to the problem of God. If there be no God, no universal God, no standard of righteousness, no supreme One who is the source of all facts and all ideals it is not easy to think of Right and Wrong. The problem of goodness is wrapped up in the problem of God.

A skeptic once wrote on a blackboard "GOD IS NOWHERE." A wise-man took took the chalk the infidel had laid down and drew a line between the letters *W* and *H* in the infidel's "Nowhere." That stroke made the sentence read "GOD IS NOW HERE."

With this as a fact to which we assent, and with firm conviction, I think it is safe to say that if a good and holy God is now here—the time for us to begin to be good is *now*, and the place is *here*.

At least you may do your human part in the movement by which you are to be made good—*now* and *here*; to aim at a start at least in the better life, to form a resolve, to make a surrender of yourself, your time, your occupations, your future years—to do all this *now* and *here*.

When you want to breathe correctly—to form the habit

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

of proper breathing in deep, full, normal fashion—you begin—now and here.

But you say you have “begun so often,” “a dozen times,” “a score,” “a hundred times.” Well if you have begun a thousand times—begin over again—*now* and *here*. It is unnecessary to wait. I mean that while you read these lines you may make use of the supernatural spiritual forces here and now present, and rationally, reverently enter into an eternal covenant with God—the God of the Sun, the God of the Ether, the God of the Atmosphere, the God of Electricity, the God who is Wisdom, Love and Energy, whose presence fills the Universe, the God revealed in Jesus Christ who manifested Himself in historic conditions and then withdrew that He might be present to a living faith anywhere, everywhere, always! Jesus Christ who by His life and death revealed God’s righteousness and God’s loathing of sin, and who by His resurrection revealed God’s almightiness and by His ascension revealed the reality of the invisible and eternal kingdom of which we may all become members—He is here with His kingdom of spirit more wonderful than the most advanced development of civilization. There is a spiritual civilization in which celestial forces operate according to celestial laws and under which the telephone and wireless telegraphy are but awkward and cumbersome shadows of heavenly conditions and fellowship possible to any man, woman or child who will by faith accept Christ and live the strong, the earnest, the practical, the every-day Christian life.

Our modern civilization supplies figures of speech for us. We are not limited to the old analogies—some natural, as water and air, some artificial—ritualistic expressions in color, garb, candlestick, fragrant incense, altar, cherubim, and shekinah. In our day electricity and wireless telegraphy, the new psychology with the mystic forces it has discovered, give intimations and illustrations of the grace of Christ—the silent, mighty energy ready to overcome the selfishness of the human soul, break the power of inheritance and habit

and show what may be done by psychic law through the spiritual forces of this universe. All these powers and possibilities lie hidden *now* and *here*—where you sit at this moment.

God is now here. And God is *love*! God holds all material and spiritual forces in His grasp. In fact, they are all but His *Breath*. A recent writer—Mr. Brierly of England—says, “‘Conversion’ is a word that is tophammered with outworn tradition. It has been made sinister by narrow and morbid association. Conversion is a scientific fact as much as magnetism. It represents the law of human moral recovery. The force available for it is within everybody’s reach.

It is possible to begin to be good; to live a new, free large, beautiful, joyful and divine life today; to turn over a new leaf; to frame and breathe a new vow; to take down from the shelf a new volume in your own life series; to strike a new key and sound forth in your life a new song. Because God is; because God is *Love*—fathomless, boundless, eternal *love*; because He is *now here*; because His love is all-powerful when it comes into accord with a consenting will—it is possible for any one of us *now* to begin to be good. Whoever you are—philosopher, poet, merchant, mechanic, sewing girl, student, mother, household-manager, artist, ploughboy, lawyer, teacher, railroad employee—whoever you are, having a moral sense, a measure of intellect, a dream of something nobler and better in personal character than you have attained, a heart that hungers for love and for peace—there is a splendid universe open to your surrendered will—a new life, a true life, a strong life, a useful and noble life. And the God who can lead you into it is *now here*.

You can begin to live this life here now: A life that acknowledges, loathes and repents of sin; that does not dwell too much on sin; a life that accepts the life of God as revealed in Jesus Christ who is in His life-giving energy in the very air you breathe. It is a life that comes a breath

at a time, and the spiritual atmosphere is boundless as the universe. It is a life that voluntarily and then from habit breathes *in* the spiritual atmosphere. If you forget—you may begin again. The forces are about you and within you! By a supreme act of faith and *will* you may surrender to them. I do not ask now for *profession*. I plead for personal *surrender* to God's leading. I plead for a resolve made *now* and *here*:

1. To believe in God as *Love* revealed in Jesus Christ, love that loathes sin and that longs after the sinner, love that revealed itself on the cross and that demonstrated its power by the resurrection, love that loves to forgive.

2. To use your *will* and let desire after more feeling and sentiment go. *Resolve* to give yourself *now* and *here* to the life of love—of love for all that is true and best and holy and useful. Not that you can do all for yourself and in yourself. Without the *atmosphere* your breathing apparatus and your vital force would not avail much. The divine energy of life—call it what you will—Holy Spirit (and it is a Holy Spirit)—or Jesus Christ (and this energy of life all pervading is Jesus of Nazareth in the mystic realm of spirit)—this invisible force is *yours*. It is everywhere present. Think of the air as intelligence. Think of the air as love and pity. Think of the air as force, as power able to possess and strengthen and enoble you. Then breathe it in and talk to it as to a Friend, a Brother, a Mother—rest in it, be glad for it, and you have the psychic secret of what we call saving faith. As you breathe it in—this all pervading mysterious spiritual atmosphere—live it out in word and deed, in acts of faith and service. Do the right thing as far as you can. Resist a temptation to quick temper, sharp repartee, self-indulgence in temper, pride, selfishness. Breathe in strength spiritual at every breath as you rest in the reality of Jesus Christ as Redeemer and Savior.

3. To make a life-long covenant with the God *now here*, to leave yourself in the keeping of the Christ, to give yourself to the striving of the church, to pledge yourself

to an everyday renewal of this surrender, an everyday habit of *thinking*—of THINKING: of *reading*, and of *praying* that you may be a steady, consistent, studious, devout and faithful follower of Christ.

4. Keep your Bible on your bureau, dressing case or table and every morning without fail (and if you are not a weakling in will power you need never fail) open the Book and read at least five verses.

5. Every hour when you hear the clock strike breathe a breath of desire as though you knew that the Infinite Spirit of God surrounded you, as it certainly does, like a sea of love and light and peace and you would inhale a measure of its fullness—and breathing say "Enter and possess me O Spirit of Truth and Righteousness that in Thee this day and all the days I may live and move and have my being."

6. Again and again through the day recall the fact that the God who is Love is not only accessible but that He is able to do for you and in you, "exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think according to the power that worketh in you," and again breathe in with the light and air the ever eager and present Spirit of life and love.

7. The Chautauquans have a dream, and some of them a custom, of four prayers every day. In the early morning when they wake they imagine that sweet bells are chiming, and at Morning Bells they pray for "a true life" and for *Courage*. At noonday when their imaginary "bells do chime" they offer a prayer for a "higher life" and for *Love*. At Vesper hour they pray again for "a complete life" and for *Strength*. And when the night enfolds them and they lie down to sleep they hear in fancy the night bells ring and then with the close of the day's activities they pray for "a restful life" and for *Contentment*. It is a good thing for every Christian to pray again and again realizing the great fact that at all hours and in all places God is—He is *now here*—and one may breathe His life into one's own life by rest and silence and desire and faith. A beautiful life, a rational life is this life of constant fellowship with God.



Dr. Johnson and David Garrick

Everything connected even remotely with Dr. Johnson was worthy his biographer Boswell's attention and it is to this fact that we owe a number of interesting anecdotes of David Garrick, who from his school days until his death was intimate with Johnson. These anecdotes are scattered through Boswell's pages but when rearranged in something like a logical order we can get a fair picture of Garrick as he appeared in the eyes of Johnson and the jealous Boswell.

In 1736 Johnson established school in Lichfield for young gentlemen. To this came Garrick and his brother and "a young gentleman of good fortune who died early" named Offely. Others seem not to have been desirous of fame so easily acquired for these three students constituted the school. Disgusted by his ill success Johnson went to London to seek his fortune in literature and David Garrick accompanied him. Johnson later said of their advent, "I came with two-pence half-penny in my pocket and thou, David, with three half-pence in thine."

In the years which followed Garrick achieved fame and great wealth as an actor and Johnson, distinguished poverty as a writer. Perhaps the worthy Doctor felt the difference in fortune rather keenly for at times he takes a crack at Garrick a bit ill-naturedly. But in the main his judgment of him is fair and his appreciation of him enthusiastic.

No more characteristic page of Boswell can be found than that recounting his introduction to Johnson; and curiously enough Garrick's name enters into the dispute which ensued. Says Boswell:

"Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'— 'From Scotland,' cries Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O, Sir, I cannot think that Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check: for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.

"(That this was a momentary sally against Garrick, there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit-night at his theater to this very person, by which she got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, 'It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it.' *Johnson*, (smiling.) 'Why, Sir, that is true.'"

In conversation with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons, Dr. Johnson once paid a glowing tribute to Garrick's genius as an actor:

"What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well; she was a better romp than I ever saw in nature.—Pritchard in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talked of her 'gownd'; but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.—I once talked with

Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken 'To be, and not to be,' better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw, whom I would call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellencies.' Having expatiated with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents; 'And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of the table.'"

Many times does Johnson acknowledge Garrick's brilliancy as a conversationalist. He said on one occasion, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

At times his enthusiasm is qualified somewhat:

"Garrick's conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, but of good things. There is no solid meat in it: there is a want of sentiment in it. Not but that he has sentiment sometimes, and sentiment, too, very powerful and pleasing: but it has not its full proportion in his conversation."

Of Garrick as a writer several anecdotes survive which retain the peculiar flavor of the Doctor's wit:

"Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in 'Florizel and Perdita,' and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

'T'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.'

Johnson. 'Nay, my dear Lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple;—What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich.' I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him I observed that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put in his horns: '*fanum habet in cornu.*' 'Ay, (said Garrick, vehemently,) he has a whole mow of it.'"

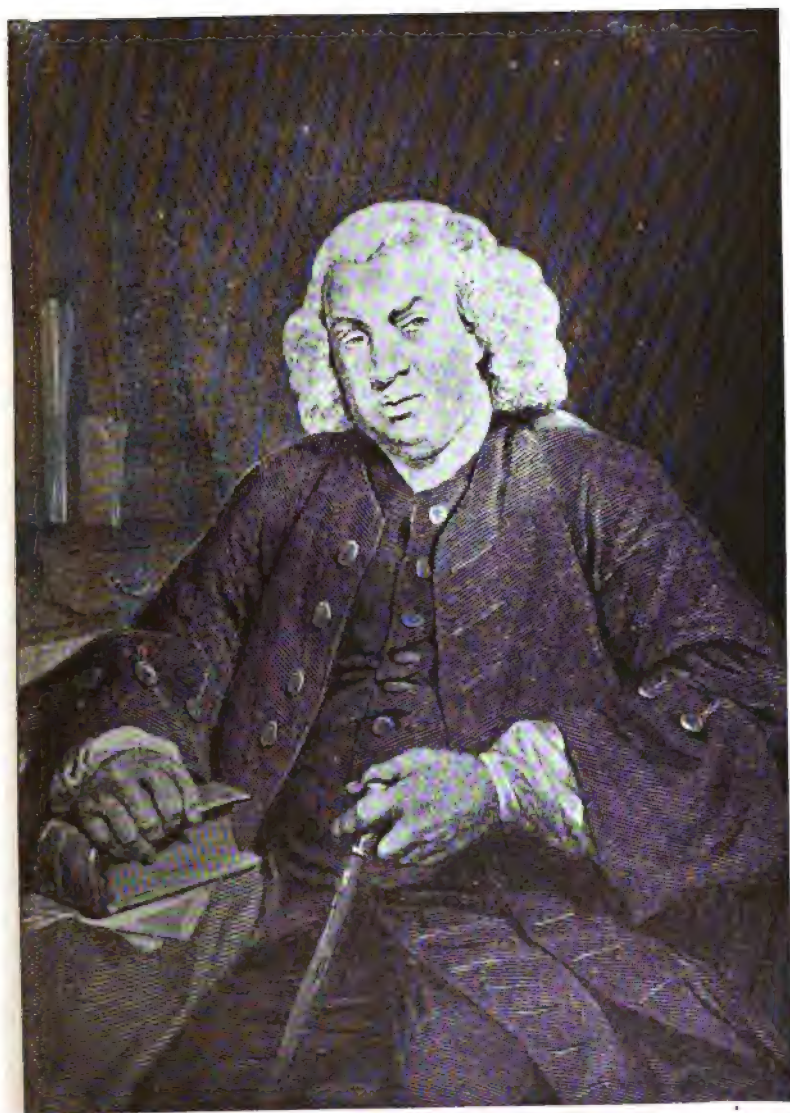
But the wit was not all upon the Doctor's side. Garrick himself was not only a wit but an actor and he secured revenge in characteristic manner as even the devoted Boswell recounts:

"He [Johnson] expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelst in proportion to their wealth and spoke the purest English. I doubted as to the last article of this eulogy: for they had several provincial sounds; as *there*, pronounced like *fear*, instead of *fair*; *once*, pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunse* or *wanse*, Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth, gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, 'Who's for poonsh?'"

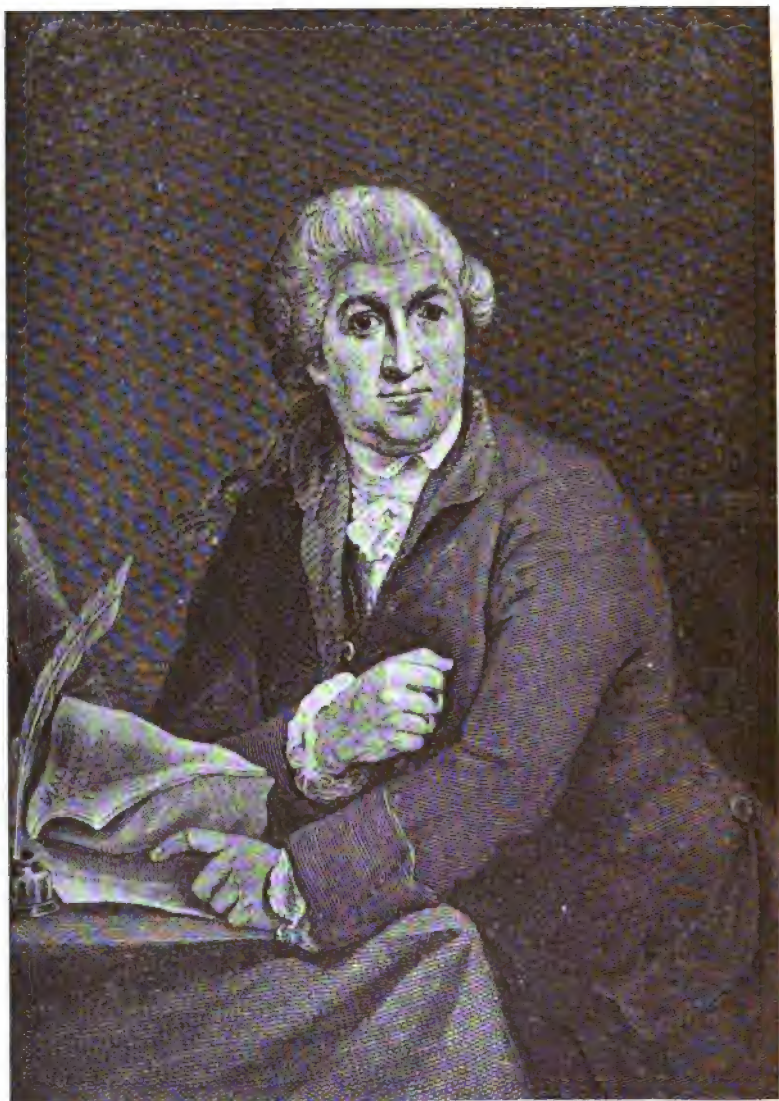
Of Garrick, Johnson said after his death, "I shall always remember him with affection as well as admiration." And in the *Life of Edmund Smith*, Johnson has written, "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure."

We may close with a final quotation from Boswell with its characteristic Boswellian intrusion:

Johnson. "Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness; and a man who gave away, freely, money acquired by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make four pence do as much as others made four-pence half penny do. But, when he had got the money, he was very liberal." I presumed to animadvert on his eulogy on Garrick, in his "*Lives of the Poets*." "You say, sir, his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations." *Johnson*. "I could not have said more or less. It is the truth; eclipsed, not extinguished; and his death did eclipse; it was like a storm." *Boswell*. "But why nations? Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation?" *Johnson*. "Why, Sir, some exaggeration must be allowed. Besides, nations may be said—if we allow the Scotch to be a nation, and to have gaiety,—which they have not."



Dr. Samuel Johnson



David Garrick



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BOOKS ON ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

No part of our Reading Journey in England is more fascinating to the average reader than the glimpses of the great Cathedrals. To Lowell they were "imagination's very self in stone." Hawthorne paid his tribute to their spell in his account of a visit to Lichfield.

"To my uninstructed vision, it seemed the object best worth gazing at in the whole world; and now, after beholding a great many more, I remember it with less prodigal admiration only because others are as magnificent as itself. . . . A Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which man has yet achieved, so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange, delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend within one idea and yet all so consonant that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough."

Many readers will be eager to learn more of the history and the architecture of these splendid buildings for they are not only monuments of England's social and religious history covering a period of hundreds of years but are also a part of that great art movement of the middle ages which is one of the most impressive chapters in human history. Readers, who feel unable to attempt an elaborate course in English Architecture but who would be glad to know more of the history of the great Cathedrals and to understand the meaning of architectural terms and the chief

lines of development in English architecture, will find the following books helpful:

"English Gothic Architecture," by P. H. Ditchfield (Temple Primers). This little volume gives a clear statement of the chief features of English Gothic, accompanied by illustrations which make plain its significant developments, and includes a glossary of architectural words. It must be borne in mind that this writer and some others whose works are here recommended hold very tenaciously the view that English Gothic is independent of French origin. Their opinions must not be taken as the final word upon this subject.

"A. B. C. of Gothic Architecture," "Introduction to Gothic Architecture," and "Concise Glossary of Architecture," by J. H. Parker will be found in many libraries. They were written for popular use and though they have been superseded in some respects by later works they are well adapted to the needs of a beginner.

"Bell's Cathedral Series," 60 cents each, covering all the principal Cathedrals, will be found very satisfactory for descriptive material. These little handbooks treat each cathedral in detail, giving its history, legends and architectural features with many attractive illustrations.

"An Illustrated Guide to the Cathedrals of Great Britain." P. H. Ditchfield, gives the history and chief architectural features of each Cathedral (some forty-eight in all) with many very effective illustrations.



For students and clubs wishing to make a thorough study of the subject, the following books are recommended. Many librarians will be glad to purchase these books if requested to do so.

"A History of Gothic Art in England," by Edward S. Prior. \$10.00. The best general work on English Cathedral Architecture. A large octavo volume very fully illustrated by means of diagrams and drawings of typical examples of architectural details. The author writes from a point of view which is not prepared to admit that English Gothic architecture is of French origin.

"The Cathedral Builders," \$2.00, a smaller volume also by Mr. Prior, discusses the social and religious conditions which in successive centuries shaped the architectural character of the great English churches.

"The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by Charles H. Moore, \$4.50, is commended to the more advanced student as a very important and critical discussion rather than a description of Gothic architecture. It deals almost wholly with French Gothic, viewing it as the foundation of all western European Gothic architecture.

"Gothic Architecture in England," by Francis Bond, \$12.00, shows its origin and development from the Norman Conquest to the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The illustrations accompanying the text are very fine.



Courtesy of Current Literature.

Watts' Statue of Tennyson, Recently Unveiled in Lincoln, England.

Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies.
I hold you here, root and all. in my
hand,

Little flower—but if I could under-
stand
What you are, root and all. and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.



The Late William
P. Kane,
C. L. S. C. Coun-
selor.



Arthur E. Bestor,
President C. L. S.
C. Class of 1910



Prof. George D.
Kellogg,
President C. L. S.
C. Class of 1907.

THE WASHINGTON CLASS 1907

Latest reports from class committees of 1907 report progress on the class pin and banner and promise full details at an early day. We hope to be able to give definite particulars next month. Members are showing a keen interest in class affairs and a willingness to cooperate in all undertakings.

DR. W. P. KANE

Dr. W. P. Kane, whose death occurred at Hot Springs, Arkansas, in November, was for several years one of the C. L. S. C. Counselors. He was a graduate of Monmouth College and of Newburgh Theological Seminary, held pastorates of Presbyterian churches in New York State, Indiana and Illinois and in 1899 became president of Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana. He was much interested in educational enterprises and entered very heartily into the work of the Winona Assembly. In 1901 at the request of the Winona Assembly the membership of the Winona Reading Circle was transferred to the C. L. S. C. and Dr. Kane was invited to become one of the C. L. S. C. Counselors.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1910

Dear Fellow-classmates :

It is a cause for congratulation that our class promises to be remarkable for its large enrollment as well as for its enthusiasm. The enrollment will become a fixed fact by the end of this year, but the enthusiasm is a variable quantity and upon this depends the size of our graduating class four years hence. It would be a great thing if we, the Gladstone class, should make the record for the largest proportion of graduates of any class up to this time.

The money for our floor tablet in the Hall of Philosophy has been largely pledged. Our Alumni Hall fund, which gives us a permanent class headquarters we shall easily raise in the next three years. Perhaps you would like to help along these two funds, in which case please write to the class treasurer, whose name and address you will find on page 255 of the October CHAUTAUQUAN. Your committee is working upon the class banner and hopes to have as distinctive a permanent banner as the temporary one which was used last summer.

Our studies for the year are being carried on with enthusiasm, as shown by reports from all parts of the country. The Round Table Editor ought to receive occasional reports of your progress so that your classmates may know what you are doing. The "English year" is an opportunity for us to come into close contact with the great men of England whose thinking has influenced the whole world. Let us make the most of this experience, remembering in our study the motto which we have adopted that "Life is a great and noble calling." If need be let us put aside other demands that we may have more leisure for our own thinking.

With best wishes to all members of the class of 1910,
I remain

Cordially yours,

ARTHUR E. BESTOR.

President.

Chicago, Ill., November 10, 1906.

DAILY READINGS FROM TENNYSON.

The plan suggested last month for Wordsworth applies equally well to Tennyson and the following daily readings are therefore suggested. Most of them are longer than those from Wordsworth, so a little daily extension of time may be desirable or some may be omitted. Readers who have favorite poems which they prefer to reread, will of course, revise this list to suit their own convenience.

January 15. The Dying Swan.	January 29. Gareth and Ly-
January 16. Ulysses.	nette.
January 17. Tithonous.	February 1. Geraint and Enid.
January 18. Sir Launcelot and	February 2. Merlin and Vivien.
Queen Guinevere.	February 3. Launcelot and
January 19. Sir Galahad.	Elaine.
January 20. Break, Break,	February 4. The Holy Grail.
Break.	February 5. Pelleas and Et-
January 21. Locksley Hall.	tarre.
January 22. Locksley Hall,	February 6. The Last Tourna-
Sixty Years After.	ment.
January 23. The Princess—	February 7. Guinevere.
Parts I-IV.	February 8. The Passing of
January 24. The Princess—	Arthur and Epilogue.
Parts V-VII.	February 9. In Memoriam to
January 25. Flower in the	Canto XXXI.
Crannied Wall.	February 10. In Memoriam to
January 26. A Dream of Fair	Canto LXXVIII.
Women.	February 11. In Memoriam to
January 27. The Higher Pan-	Canto CVI.
theism.	February 12. In Memoriam to
January 28. Dedication to Idylls	Canto CXXXI.
of the King and The Coming	February 13. In Memoriam
of Arthur.	Epithalamium.



Supplementing the editions of Shakespeare already noted in an earlier number of the Round Table we are glad to commend the new Cambridge edition recently issued by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Company for \$3.00. This attractive volume edited by Professor William Allen Neilson of Harvard University contains in some twelve hundred pages the entire works of Shakespeare, a biographical sketch, glossary, and an introduction to each play and poem, summarizing authorities on dates, sources, etc., and discussing Shakespeare's use of this material. As a piece of book making this volume does great credit to the Riverside Press. The paper is thin yet opaque, and the type clear and black and easily read. The firm, flexible binding makes the handling of such a book a pleasure.

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last, Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Lancashire." First half.
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapters IX and X.

SECOND WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Lancashire," Concluded. "English Men of Fame, John Burns."
 Required Book: "What is Shakespeare?" Chapter VI.

THIRD WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Cheshire."
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapter XI.

FOURTH WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Staffordshire."
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapter XII.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK

Map Review: Characteristics and associations of Lancashire.
 Readings: Some of Hawthorne's experiences at Liverpool (see "Our Old Home"); "The Lincoln Mark" (February CHAUTAUQUAN).
 Paper: John Bright (see books on his life, and articles in *Littell's Living Age*, 181:538, June 1, 1889; *Century Magazine*, 6:439, July, 1884; also Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).
 Roll Call: Quotations from John Bright's addresses on the Corn Laws, The State of Ireland, Irish Church, etc., (see above)

references); or reports on paragraphs in Highways and Byways.

Readings: Tennyson's poems of Ulysses, Tithonus, and Sir Galahad. These poems illustrate particularly Tennyson's skill in portraying historic characters and making each expressive of his time and ideals.

Study of selected poems of Tennyson: Locksley Hall, Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, The Dying Swan, The Higher Pantheism. Let each be assigned to a different member who will report on the characteristics of the poet as shown in these works, time of composition, etc. (A list of reference books will be found in "Literary Leaders" but these are not essential. The poems themselves read in the light of Dr. Dawson's comments will be found very suggestive.)

SECOND WEEK

Oral Reports: For what are the following men famous: Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves, Kay, Arkwright, Stephenson, Robert Peel.

Reading: Review with selections of article on "The Rochdale Pioneers," *Outlook*, 64:533, March 3, 1900.

Paper: Richard Cobden and Free Trade. (See "Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century," by Joy, "Life of Cobden," by John Morley, encyclopedias, etc.)

Discussion: Are there any parallels between the problems, which John Burns faces today and those which Peel, Bright and Cobden worked out? (Let the circle be divided into three groups each of which should select one of these three men for comparison. See Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century, and histories.)

Oral Report: The plot of Shakespeare's "Love's Labours Lost" as compared with that of Tennyson's "Princess."

Study of Tennyson's "Princess": The leader of this part of the program will find very helpful a little volume of the Lake Classics Series 25c, by Copeland and Rideout. It contains very full notes and comments, among them the following:

"The Princess" like most of Tennyson's other works is remarkable for the music everywhere to be heard in words and cadences as well as in metres; for the truth and beauty of its descriptions of nature; for sympathy, much tempered by conservatism, with the intellectual, the scientific and the social movements of the times, for its reverent sense of law as the harmony of the world; and for its still deeper sense of religion as the source of that order."

The poem should be divided into sections for close study and one or more members be assigned to each section.

THIRD WEEK

Short Paper: "The Pilgrimage of Grace" (see the larger histories of England for the times of Henry VIII also Larned's "History for Ready Reference.")

Readings: Wordsworth's two sonnets "At Furness Abbey" and his "Peele Castle."

Book Review with Reading of selections: W. H. Ainsworth's "The Lancashire Witches" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton"

Study of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": A complete list of the Idylls in their order will be found in the Round Table. Let each be assigned to some one member who will present an out-

line of the story; note special characteristics of the poet in dealing with the subject as pointed out by Dr. Dawson and especially fine passages. The leader should guide the discussion adding, where appropriate, references to comments by great critics. Van Dyke's "The Poetry of Tennyson" treats these poems quite fully; other references will be found in "Literary Leaders."

FOURTH WEEK

Map Review: Cheshire and Staffordshire.

Reading: Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee," and Milton's "Lycidas."

Oral Reports: Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." (Each of several persons might be assigned one or more chapters in the book, narrating the chief incidents and giving apt quotations.)

Paper: English Pottery (see articles in Encyclopedia Britannica. Miss Eliza Meteyard's books on "Wedgwood" and any other available works).

Reading: Hawthorne's description of Lichfield Cathedral in "Our Old Home."

Study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam": It would be well to secure a special leader for this poem, one if possible who is a teacher of English. Let different sections of the poem be assigned to several members who will make a detailed study of them, bringing out the characteristics of Tennyson as shown in his treatment of the subject. Each member should be provided with a copy of the poem and have read it beforehand so as to take part in the discussion.



THE TRAVEL CLUB

ELEVENTH PROGRAM

Map Review of Lancashire (see Baedeker and also THE CHAUTAUQUAN 29:107, May, 1899).

Paper: Hawthorne's experiences at Liverpool (see "Our Old Home" by Hawthorne).

Reading: Selections from "Our Old Home."

Oral Reports: Rossetti's picture of Dante's Dream (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN, also available books on Rossetti); Life and work of James Martineau.

Paper: John Bright (see Lives of John Bright and articles in *Littell's Living Age*, 181:538, June 1, 1889; *Century Magazine*, 6:439, July 1884, also the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Roll Call: Quotations from the speeches of John Bright on the Corn Laws, The State of Ireland, The Irish Church, etc., (see Warner Library, various collections of addresses, and *Littell's Living Age* 181:538).

Reading: "The Lincoln Mark" in the February CHAUTAUQUAN.

TWELFTH PROGRAM

Roll Call: For what are the following men famous: Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves, Kay, Arkwright, Stephenson, and Robert Peel.

Paper: How the "Industrial Revolution" affected both the growth of cities and the condition of Agriculture (see Cheyney's "Industrial and Social History of England," Trail's "Social

- England," "The Growth of the English Nation," Coman and Kendall, Green's "Short History," etc.)
- Reading: Review with selections of article on "The Rochdale Pioneers," *Outlook*, 64:533, March 3, 1900.
- Oral Report: Some facts about the Manchester Ship Canal (see *Living Age*, 200:374, February 10, 1894; *THE CHAUTAQUAM* 28:531, March, 1899).
- Paper: Richard Cobden and Free Trade (see "Ten Englishmen of the 19th Century" by Joy; "Life of Cobden" by John Morley; encyclopedias, etc.)
- Discussion: Are there any parallels between the problems which John Burns faces today and those which Peel, Bright, and Cobden worked out? (See article on John Burns in this magazine, also Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century, and histories.)

THIRTEENTH PROGRAM

- Paper: The Pilgrimage of Grace (see the larger histories of England at time of Henry VIII, also Larned's "History for Ready Reference.")
- Oral Report: The history and fate of some great English Abbeys: Bolton, Kirkstall, Netley, Furness, Rievaulx, Fountains.
- Readings: Wordsworth's "Peele Castle" and two sonnets "At Furness Abbey."
- Book Review with reading of selections: W. H. Ainsworth's "The Lancashire Witches;" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton."
- Character Study: George Fox (see lives of Fox, his journals, encyclopedias, and articles in *Littell's Living Age* 199:259, Nov. 4, '93).
- Roll Call: Anecdotes of George Fox.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAM

- Map Review: Cheshire and Staffordshire.
- Oral Reports: Objects of interest in Chester and its immediate vicinity (see Baedeker's "Great Britain.")
- Readings: Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee," and Milton's "Lycidas."
- Roll Call: Quotations from Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" descriptive of the place.
- Paper: Josiah Wedgwood and English Pottery (see books by Miss Eliza Meteyard and encyclopedia articles).
- Readings: Anecdotes of Garrick (see The Library Shelf); selections from Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chapter on Lichfield and Uttoxeter.
- Discussion: The Cathedrals of Chester and Lichfield (see paragraph on English Architecture in Round Table).



ANSWERS TO DECEMBER SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. John George Lambton. Born in London 1792. Died 1840. Member of the House of Commons 1813-28. Made Baron Durham in 1828 and Earl in 1833; took part in preparation of first reform bill. Ambassador to St. Petersburg, to Vienna and Berlin. Governor General of the British provinces in North America 1838. Resigned the same year.
2. The Right Honorable Earl Grey.
3. Hudson's Bay and Northwestern.
4. Born at Reading, England, 1823. Professor of Modern History at Oxford 1858-66 and of

English and Constitutional History at Cornell University 1868-71, when he exchanged his chair for that of a non-resident professor and removed to Toronto. Member of the Senate of University of Toronto. Editor *Canadian Monthly* 1872-74. Founded the *Toronto Week* in 1884. Is author of many important historical works. 5. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a Scottish explorer, who discovered it. 6. A court clique which virtually ruled France in 1733. 7. The radical change in methods of manufacture brought about by the invention of machinery in the last part of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth centuries. 8. Appointed Governor General in 1872. By his wise statesmanship he guided affairs of state with success at a critical period. 9. It was taken by them in the struggle with Napoleon in 1800. 10. Captured by Sir David Baird in 1799, abandoned in 1801 and reoccupied in 1857. 11. Four million pounds. 12. Born in 1841. Educated at Ordnance School, Carshalton. Member of Royal Artillery. Diplomatic services in connection with affairs in Ionian Islands 1861. Jamaica, West Indies, 1865. India 1872-6 and Egypt, where he became Controller General in 1879. 13. An extensive plateau called the "Roof of the World," the central knot of Asiatic mountains from which radiate the Hindu Kush and other mountains.



ANSWERS TO JANUARY SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Monk of Jarrow 673-735 wrote the great "Ecclesiastical History of England," works on grammar, hymns, lives of saints, etc., and taught many hundreds of students. Green calls him "The father of our national education." 2. For his exploits as a daring border warrior. 3. One of those marauders who infested the mossy or marshy marches between England and Scotland during the 17th century before the union of the two countries. 4. A celebrated work on the "Evidences of Christianity" by William Paley, Deacon of Carlisle and afterward Dean of Lincoln. A collection of old popular songs and ballads published under the title "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" by Thomas Percy, Dean of Carlisle and afterward Bishop of Dromore. 5. Uhland, a German lyric poet, 1787-1862. 6. "The good Lord Clifford" of Brougham Castle. 7. A Brownie in Mrs. J. H. Ewing's book with this title. 8. As the author of many beautiful hymns widely used by all religious denominations. 9. *Blackwoods*.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

The members of the Round Table took their seats with a promptness and alacrity which savored of New Year's resolutions. "Will some one tell me," ventured a new member, "who wrote the lines beginning,

"It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so;"

and what follows them? I heard the quotation and have been unable to identify it." "Wasn't it Clough?" responded a delegate just opposite, with a glance at the head of the table. "If you appeal to me," returned Pendragon, "I ought to say both no and yes, 'no' because, though your mistake is a very reasonable one, the poet's

name is pronounced Cluff, and not Clow, if you will pardon my correction, and 'yes' because you are quite right about his authorship. You will find the quotation in the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature and with it a very sympathetic sketch of the poet by Charles Eliot Norton. Clough was a man of rare quality and his life one of those that repay study. Be sure to read his little poem, familiar to many of you, beginning

'Say not the struggle naught availeth.'

You will find selections from his work also in the fourth volume of Ward's 'English Poets.'

"I wish I could remember poetry, but I can't," sadly commented a member from Maine. "Of course I can often recognize a poem when I hear it, but quotations never come to me unsought. I was cheered the other day to hear of a Harvard student who was examined upon Wordsworth and whose best efforts at a quotation resulted in the following:

'A violet by a mossy stone,
A yellow primrose was to him
But oh the difference to me.'

"Fortunately," laughed Pendragon, "ability to quote a poet is not a true test of his value to us. By frequent reading we may absorb a poet, so to speak, so that we unconsciously assimilate his thought and apply it to our philosophy of life a hundred times perhaps when we are not aware of it. It is something to remember also that a certain poem has appealed to us so that we may turn to it with assurance of pleasure." "It reminds me," said a Virginian, "of what John Bright once said,—you see I've been reading ahead,—John Bright and Clough both belonged to Lancashire, you know. Mr. Bright when discussing the merits of great English authors said that it was his habit to select one poet for reading during every session; that when he went home to his lodgings at night after leaving the House of Commons, he was unable to sleep at once and that he sat up reading his selected poet."

"Perhaps a word from Iowa may not come amiss," said the Marshalltown delegate. "We are a circle of twenty members, some have done four years' work and are starting again this year; some have done one, two, or three and some are just beginning. We are the Literature Department of our local Woman's Club and we are enthusiastic, every one. November 7th our department had charge of the program at the public meeting of the Woman's Club. The feature of the afternoon was a lecture on 'The Romantic Poets.' It was very interesting and inspiring. On our other open day we are to have a lecture by our Methodist preacher here on 'The Conscience of Shakespeare.' We are reading 'Cymbeline' and are enjoying it immensely. We do not follow the course

exactly as outlined from week to week, but take up one book at a time. We seem to get better results in that way. We like THE CHAUTAUQUAN so much in its new form. It is so much more convenient. We enjoy the Round Table very much indeed and feel that we almost know the members personally. I am of the Class of 1909—"Tennyson,"—and fully intend to keep right on. Our circle all sent greetings to the Round Table and kindest wishes for the future of Chautauqua."

A member from Wadena, Minnesota, next begged an opportunity to recommend "Fyffe's Seven Thousand Words Commonly Mispronounced." "You don't know how useful it is. We have a critic who takes charge of this part of the work and we have leaders for each of the two books; really our two hours' session is all too short. We intend to have an extra meeting now and then so as to read aloud the plays."

"Did I hear someone asking 'What's the matter with Kansas?'" queried the delegate from Wichita, Mrs. Piatt. "If so, perhaps I'd better report, for we make quite a showing, I'm happy to say. The Sunflower is, you know, our oldest circle and does good work, meeting in the afternoon. The Ingalls, Plymouth, Vincent and Victoria Circles also meet in the afternoon in widely separated parts of the town. The Victoria is a new circle, the members of which have taken hold with such good will that they are having delightful meetings. Another new circle, The Emerson, is connected with the Unitarian church and led by some of our old members. The Epworth seems to be fitly characterized by the Western epithet 'booming.' It is made up largely of bright young people. Alma Circle having had the distinction on two occasions of being the largest circle in the city gives place in size to several others, but its spirits have not yielded. Irving and West Side after brief lapses have revived again, a cheering evidence of C. L. S. C. vitality. The West Side possesses a large membership and a Quaker element which may be said to be a desirable quality anywhere! East Side having strong social proclivities as well as a passion for hard work is as usual on the top of the wave. Then of course we have a sprinkling of individual readers who find attendance upon meetings impossible. I don't know when Chautauqua has seemed more prosperous than right now. We shall ere long express our sense of social responsibility by some sort of public gathering."

"I think we shall all gladly give Wichita the first place," said the Fostoria delegate. "I'm almost dizzy at the thought of an atmosphere surcharged with Chautauqua as the town must be. I don't wonder that they have to relieve the pressure now and then by a sort of public effervescence. We certainly look upon them with envy and admiration. We started our Chautauqua year by

having two separate circles. We follow out the printed programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and find them satisfactory; the lessons are assigned one week in advance and each member has ample time for thought and preparation. We have a critic who serves one month at a time. All the members are doing their best in the circle and all working for extra seals. We meet at the homes of the different members just as we are requested to meet with a certain member. Cymbeline has made a decided hit with us and we are also pleased with the 'English Government.' We give each subject a great deal of study and outsiders have requested our circle to hold an open meeting some evening, for all to attend. We have not decided what we will do yet. Our afternoon and evening circles meet together once a month and the Chautauqua Circle in Fostoria is alive and a power for good."

News Summary

DOMESTIC

November 2.—It is announced that Commander Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy has reached "farthest north," 87 degrees 6 minutes.

6.—Charles E. Hughes is elected Governor of New York; the remainder of the ticket goes Democratic. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives is reduced from 114 to 56. In the Senate a gain of two members gives the Republicans a majority of 28. President Roosevelt orders dismissal from the army of a negro battalion which engaged in a riot at Fort Brown, Texas.

15.—Attorney General Moody files suit for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. Mayor Schmitz and Boss Ruef of San Francisco are indicted for extortion.

22.—New York Central Railroad Company is fined \$18,000 for granting rebates.

23.—Employees of several large corporations including the United States Steel Company are granted an advance in wages.

26.—Federal Grand Jury in Utah returns indictments against several corporations for participation in frauds in Government lands.

FOREIGN

November 9.—Lord Mayor's celebration is held in London in honor of Sir William Treloar, the new Lord Mayor.

11.—Statistics of birth rate in France for 1905 show a further decline.

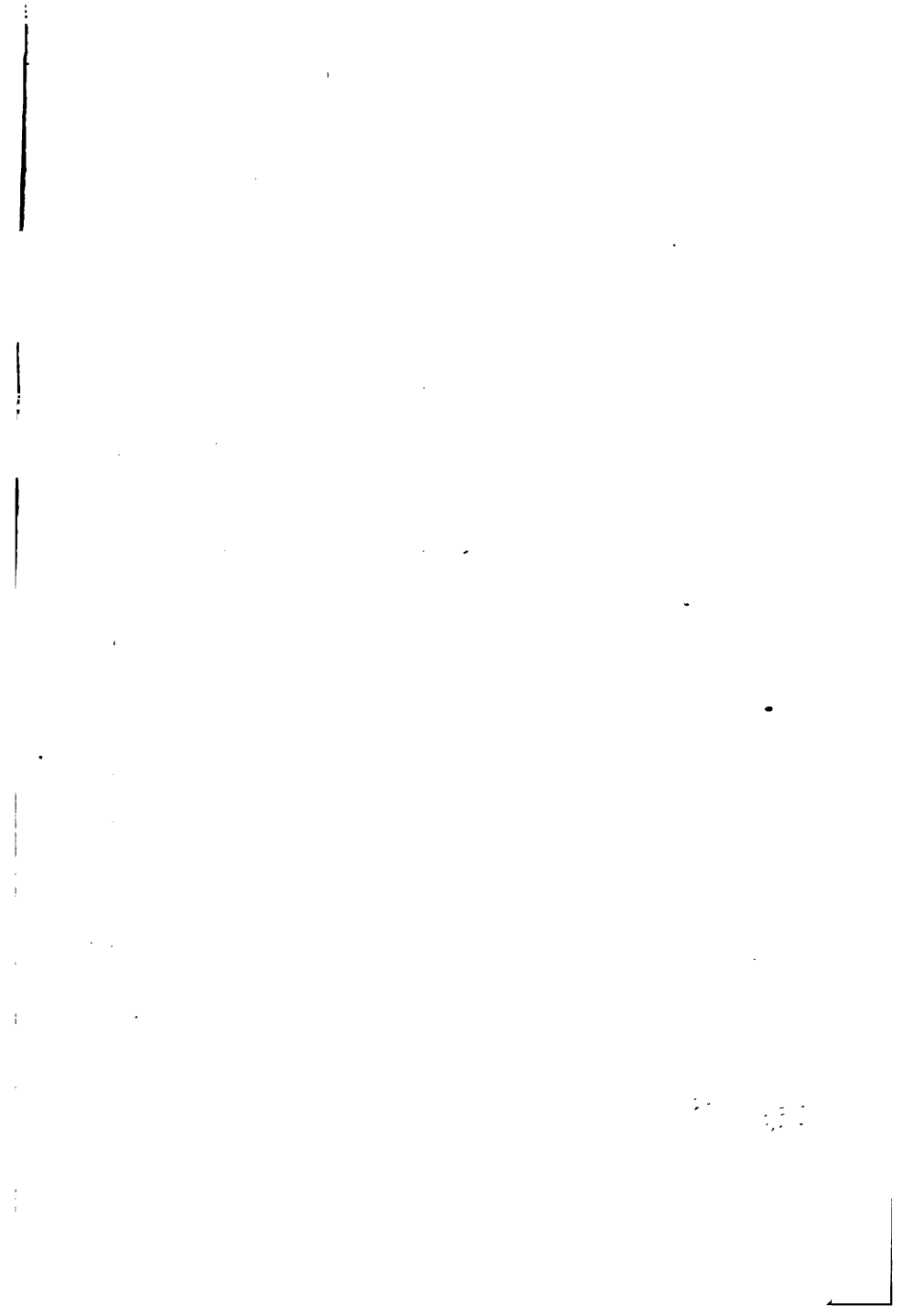
18.—Bomb is thrown in Church of St. Peters in Rome; no damage is caused.

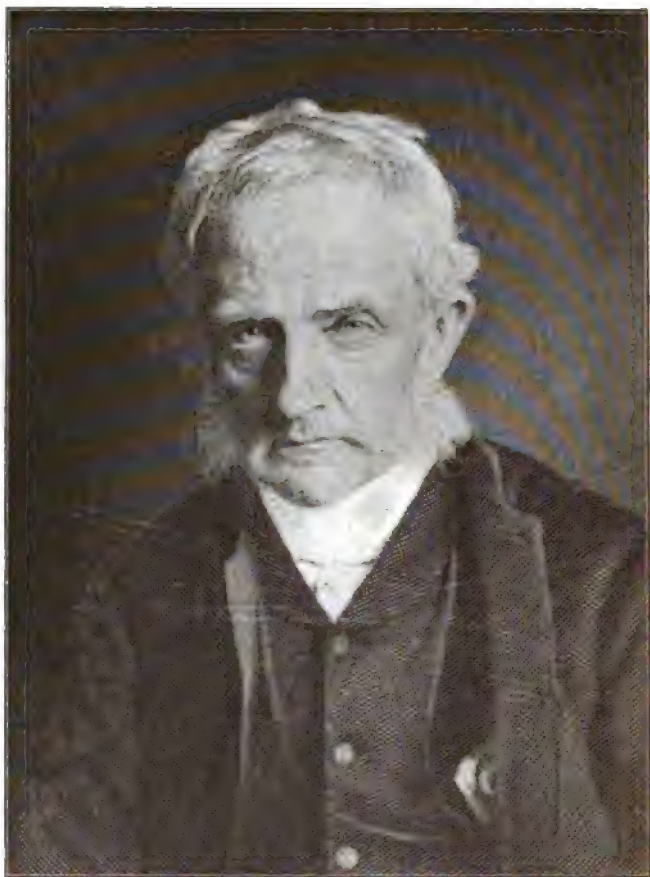
OBITUARY

November 2.—George Herring, English financier and philanthropist.

5.—Fritz Thaulow, famous Norwegian landscape painter.

12.—Major General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired.





Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

(See "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley," by Charles D. Williams,
page 321.)

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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No. 3



IN accordance with the terms of the will of the late Dr. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swede scientist and humanitarian, who left a fortune for the encouragement of science, moral progress and the arts of peace, the Norwegian Storting has the privilege and power to award the annual prize for the promotion of universal peace. Candidates for the prizes are, as a rule, nominated by leading educators, statesmen and peace workers. The candidate for the peace prize of 1906—awarded early in December—was President Roosevelt, several American professors having placed his name before the Storting and several European peace workers having enthusiastically seconded the nomination. The award was made as thus suggested, the President of the United States having been the principal factor in bringing about the cessation of the sanguinary hostilities between Russia and Japan in 1904. It is now well understood that neither of these powers could have carried on the war over Korea and Manchuria much longer, and that both were anxious to conclude a satisfactory peace. But neither was willing to acknowledge the fact and energetic work was necessary to arrange mutual concessions. The President worked hard and displayed great persistence and initiative, and his work for peace in that critical period has been universally commended.

Here is a list of the peace-prize beneficiaries under the Nobel will prior to the award of last year:

Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva and Frederick Passey of Paris, between whom the prize in 1901 was divided; Eli

Ducommun of Berne and Dr. Charles Albert Gobat, also of Berne, who shared it in 1902; William Randal Cremer, the English radical, honored in 1903; and Bertha von Suttner, the author of "Lay Down Your Arms," who won it in 1905—in 1904 it was bestowed upon the Institute of International Law of Ghent.

The amount of the prize is \$40,000, as is that of each of the other four prizes. President Roosevelt promptly announced that he would devote the money to the promotion of industrial peace, which is today fully as important as international peace. He will establish at Washington a permanent industrial peace commission to hear labor controversies and prevent or settle strikes. It is his hope that other contributions and bequests will be made to the fund, and that the commission will be utilized by employers and employed with greater and greater frequency, with resultant benefit to the industry of the United States.



Inheritance and Income Taxation

The President's discussion of the question of taxes on inheritances and incomes as means of securing a more equitable distribution of wealth has stimulated great interest in the economic, political and ethical aspects of the whole subject of wealth and its control. At the annual meeting of the National Civic Federation one of the sessions was set aside for a debate thereon, a debate in which Mr. Carnegie, President Ingalls of the "Big Four" railroad and Mr. August Belmont took part. In press interviews at about the same time Mr. Schiff, the New York banker, and other leading men of affairs freely expressed their opinions on the question. The Civic Federation is to make an investigation and report its conclusions with regard to the proper basis and sources of taxation, including the principle of "graduation" or ability to pay.

Some of the speeches and expressions were notably sig-

nificant of the spirit of the time. Millionaires are now uttering sentiments which only radical leaders of the laboring and poor elements were proclaiming a few years ago. Thus Mr. Carnegie, who is opposed to a tax on income because it involves, in his opinion, "inquisitorial" methods and invasion of personal and industrial liberties, strongly advocates an inheritance tax. He does so on these remarkable grounds:

The subject of wealth distribution will not down. It is obviously unequal, strangely unequal. Let us see for a moment how wealth arises. We will take a farmer with two sons; he says to them, 'I can give you each a farm.' They marry nice ladies, known in the neighborhood, of good kith and kin, and are happily married—thank fortune. They find two farms, one in the northern part of this island, and the other across the river in Harlem, and they are both the same price. They draw lots which shall get the Harlem farm, and which shall get the Manhattan farm. The Manhattan farm falls to the younger. They go on and cultivate their farms with equal ability and assiduity. They are splendid neighbors, very thoughtful of every poor neighbor, by accident or otherwise; helping everybody; public-spirited men, irreproachable citizens. The children of the one become millionaires. The city has expanded. There are large buildings now, from which they draw rents, where once the farm stood. The other farmer keeps along, well doing, in comfortable circumstances, his children having (fortunately for them, I think), an advantage over their cousins; they have to do something in order to justify the world in supporting them.

Go on, generation after generation, and the first are millionaires. Ten to one, from my experience with young millionaires, ten to one they are very far from being the useful, creditable American citizens that the children are of the poorer man. Who made the wealth of the one family? Not ability, foresight, industry, labor. Nothing of the kind. It grew while the man slept—and probably the best thing that the man ever did was to forget he had it, he might have sold it if he had been thinking of it.

Now tell me, my fellows of the Civic Federation, is there anything of equality in that? Is there anything to glorify the one family or to reward the one family against the other? Who made that wealth? The community, the population, the people. Then you tell me that wealth is

sacred. I say that the community was the leading partner that made that wealth. It was hundreds of people settling up there, thousands of people settling around there, and here these millionaires who have toiled not, neither have they spun, they come and they die.

I am not in favor of touching the bee when it is making honey. Let the bee work. But when he passes away, then I say the silent partner, the community that made that wealth should receive its dividend—a large proportion.

Mr. Ingalls holds that high protection, special franchises and other privileges, and railway discriminations, direct and indirect, are responsible for the "swollen fortunes" of our multi-millionaires. He strongly favors a progressive income tax and legislation for equal division of estates of a decedent among his heirs.

Mr. Jacob Schiff is another earnest advocate of a progressive income tax, which he holds to be the fairest of all taxes.

In the press of the country both income and inheritance taxation systems have found remarkable support. The difficulty of equitably enforcing such taxes has been pointed out by some political economists but, on the other hand, it is recognized that the present methods of taxation, federal and local, are unequal and unfair in many respects. A change is inevitable, and as far as the federal phase of the question is concerned, there seems to be no satisfactory alternative to progressive taxation of incomes and possibly, of inheritance.



The State and Inheritance Taxes

In connection with the current tax discussion, an instructive statement has been prepared by the Census Bureau showing the income derived by the several states in the Union from inheritance taxes. The data covers the year 1902, but no complete figures are available for a later twelvemonth.

The states that taxed inheritances in 1902 numbered twenty-five. Here is the list with the respective amounts realized:

California	\$ 290,447	New York	3,304,555
Colorado	269	North Carolina	4,245
Connecticut	334,735	Ohio	13,055
Delaware	988	Pennsylvania	1,231,706
Illinois	523,816	Tennessee	35,639
Iowa	117,336	Utah	1,639
Maine	32,877	Vermont	29,442
Maryland	83,780	Virginia	16,266
Massachusetts	433,710	Washington	1,524
Michigan	164,683	West Virginia	6,346
Missouri	229,854		
Minnesota	6,077	Continental U. S..	\$7,035,910
Montana	36,331	Hawaii	1,393
Nebraska	32		
New Jersey	149,577	Total	\$7,037,303

It is known that the aggregate has increased since 1902. For 1906, in all probability, it would reach \$12,000,000. Even this sum is really insignificant, and some writers have expressed surprise that the states should have failed to utilize to a much greater extent this source of income. There are many explanations of this failure. No argument can be based on the figures with regard to the future of inheritance taxation. It is regarded as certain that the neglect will not continue indefinitely, and it has been suggested that the states rather than the federal government should impose inheritance taxes—first, because they cannot levy tariff duties, and second, because they do more for the citizen than the national government. Justice and the maintenance of order are state functions in the main, while health, fire protection, etc., are functions delegated to the municipal corporations. There would be no uniformity, however, in the tax were it reserved for the states, and they would not be likely to make it an instrument of better distribution of the national wealth.



The Growth of the Federal Power

Secretary Root delivered an address in December which has excited attention, comment and criticism throughout the country. In some quarters it was entirely misunderstood, interpreted as a "threat," or, at least, as a bold announcement of a new policy—a policy of concentration of power in

the federal government and invasion of the rights and sphere of the states. A connection was discovered between it and the President's advocacy of a constitutional amendment giving Congress the authority to deal with marriage and divorce, of federal incorporation of companies engaged in interstate commerce, of federal insurance legislation, and so on. Not only Democrats of the "old school," but even Republicans, hastened to dissent from what they supposed to be Mr. Root's views, and to declare their belief that the time had rather come to check the tendencies toward federal encroachment upon state rights.

But Secretary Root's speech was neither a threat nor a declaration of policy. It was perhaps a warning in one sense, but essentially it was a discussion of observable facts and currents.

The Secretary of State, it is true, spoke of the growing sense of nationality, of the disappearance of state barriers, of the influence of trade and travel and rapid means of communication in fostering unity and homogeneity, and of the growth of federal power and activity. He said, for example, alluding to the meat and pure food legislation, that—

It is plainly to be seen that the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate states, which were adequate for the due and just regulation and control of the business which was transacted and the activity which began and ended within the limits of the several states are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the states, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government.

All this, however, is within the domain of notorious fact. With reference to the future of our dual system of government, the gist of Mr. Root's thoughtful remarks is embodied in the following closing paragraph of the address:

It is useless for the advocates of state rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the Constitutional laws of the United States or against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States them-

selves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct for self government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect any one's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. The Governmental control which they deem just and necessary they will have.

It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.

The true and only way to preserve State authority is to be found in the awakened conscience of the States, their broadened views and higher standard of responsibility to the general public, in effective legislation by the States in conformity to the general moral sense of the country, and in the vigorous exercise for the general public good of that State authority which is to be preserved.

What Mr. Root perceives and seeks to impress upon all is the fact that constitutional restrictions are made for men, not men for constitutional restrictions; that, in other words, needs that are urgent and great must and will be met regardless of charters and legal limitations that were the product of other times, other conditions and other sentiments. Laws and institutions are means to ends. The end is political and social health, justice, opportunity. When given means cease to subserve these ends, the people discard the former and devise new means.

It is a significant fact that when certain Democratic organs attempted to "make an issue" out of Secretary Root's address, and intimated that the next convention of their party should condemn the "new federalism" as a gratuitous and audacious assault on state rights and "old landmarks," the first to rebuke and answer them were other leading Democratic organs. "No," said the latter, "state rights will not be permitted to bar the way to relief from real evils, corporate or other. The people will not be imposed upon by sophistical pleas of vested privileges and 'swollen fortunes'

that find in the doctrine of state rights a convenient shield against proper and effective regulation." The real question is not one of state versus national authority but of individual rights and the general welfare versus monopoly and concentrated wealth oppressively used.

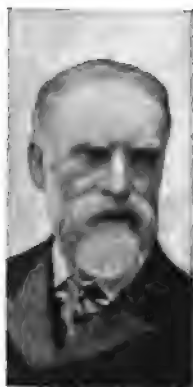


The Lords and Commons in England

From all indications a struggle between the House of Commons and the "irresponsible" upper house is inevitable in Great Britain. The lords have "killed" two of the important measures of the Liberal government, and Premier Campbell-Bannerman has intimated that such summary treatment by a "standing Tory committee" (for the House of Lords is overwhelmingly Tory) of acts passed by the people's elected representatives under a mandate from the voters could not be acquiesced in. He hinted at certain "constitutional means" of vindicating the authority of the Commons, and there is much active speculation as to his intentions and meaning.

One of the bills referred to is the Education bill, the leading measure of the year. The "amendments" the Lords had united on were so far-reaching and so incompatible with the spirit of the government's education policy—one made religious teaching in the schools compulsory, and the other involved a long step toward the re-establishment of denominational teaching—that the government refused to accept them and asked the Commons to reject the "reconstituted bill" without a discussion of details.

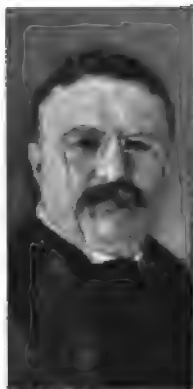
The other bill abolished all plural voting and applied to national elections the principle that had years ago been established in county and other local elections—the principle of "one man, one vote." The Liberals hold that the democratic spirit of the times utterly condemns the privilege of voting in as many constituencies as the voter has property in, and the idea of some men casting ten or even twenty votes in one election is deemed abhorrent. It is true that



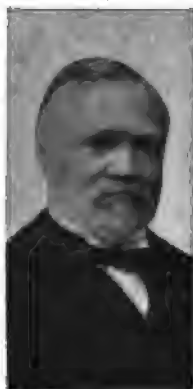
Hon. James Bryce
New British Am-
bassador to Uni-
ted States.



Sir H. Mortimer
Durand,
Retiring British
Ambassador



President Roose-
velt,
Winner of the
Nobel Peace
Prize.



Andrew Carnegie,
Who Advocates a
Heavy Inherit-
ance Tax.



Hon. Elihu Root,
Secretary of State.



The Late Bishop
C. C. McCabe,
M. E.



In the Rubber Coils
Scene: The Congo "Free" State.

—From *Punch*.

three-fourths of the "plural voters" are Tories in politics, and that the abolition of this privilege would be highly advantageous to the Liberal party. This however, is not considered to be a good reason against an effort by that party to get rid of a political anachronism and injustice while it is in power.

The House of Lords thought otherwise and rejected the bill after the Commons had passed it by a decisive majority. This action has offended the laboring classes, and there has been a vigorous protest from their leaders against it. The old cry, "mend or end the House of Lords," has been raised, and some interesting developments may be expected early this year.

At one time it was supposed that the government would dissolve Parliament on the issues in question and "appeal to the country," making the reform of the House of Lords a prominent part of its program. The Cabinet has made it clear that it will not dissolve Parliament forthwith. It will probably introduce another education bill, perhaps one entirely secularizing the public school and give the Lords another chance. An Irish autonomy bill—a step toward home rule—is also to be introduced and piloted through the Commons. This will involve considerable work and the postponement of the conflict with the Lords; but that the conflict can be avoided, no thoughtful observer of events appears to believe.



News Notes From Abroad

Mr. Holman Hunt at Manchester—Mr. Holman Hunt, with Mrs. Hunt, attended the opening at Manchester of an exhibition of his collected works, which has been organized by the Art Gallery Committee of the corporation. Mrs. Holman Hunt having briefly declared the exhibition open, Mr. Holman Hunt delivered an address. Mr. Hunt said that from his infancy the name of Manchester had been with him one to conjure with. In his early days he was in a Manchester warehouse, of which his father was manager. Later in life his interest was extended by the fact that he was in contact with the great Richard Cobden as his clerk and

used to read his speeches on the Corn Laws. His interest remained when, in 1844 or 1845, he had a picture to send to the provinces, and it was quite natural to his feelings to send it to Manchester. It was a boyish effort, but was accepted there, and any one looking in the old catalogues of the institute would find it under the title of "Little Nell and her Grandfather." The memorable exhibition of 1857 contained several of his own works. He was pleased that the works before him ranged from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Alluding at some length to the suggestion which has been made that "The Lady of Shalott" was not painted by him, Mr. Holman Hunt said he could bring many witnesses to show that he began it fifteen years ago. Sir John Millais and Sir Edward Burne-Jones both saw it when it was partially advanced. When his great defect of eyesight came to him he could still see—as he could now—well enough to distinguish the different hues of every colour on the palette close to his eyes, and could also tell the form of things if he looked at them singly. He could still see enough to enable him to act as overseer and to direct men working under him. However, after the difficulty began to show itself he found it desirable to get an assistant, as he wanted always to be sure that his paints had blended before they dried. As Canon Rawnsley had stated, he selected an assistant to enable him to finish the picture, and the gentleman he selected was Mr. Edward R. Hughes, a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society, an accomplished artist. Concluding, Mr. Holman Hunt said the proposal to purchase the picture for the nation had come from people quite outside himself, and he hoped that no one would support the purchase with the idea of obliging him. The people who were interested should decide solely on the question of the picture's suitability or otherwise.—*London Times*.

* * *

Dr. von Lecoq, a scientific emissary of the Prussian Government, has arrived safely at Srinagar after a journey through the most remote parts of Central Asia. He has brought with him a quantity of highly interesting paintings on stucco, the backgrounds in many cases being of gold leaf as in Italian work, and a number of manuscripts in ten different languages and one wholly unknown tongue. Dr. Lecoq's discoveries probably constitute the greatest archaeological find since the days of Layard and Rawlinson.

* * *

The Withdrawal of the Garrison from St. Helena—The *Cluny Castle* arrived at St. Helena on October 25, embarked the troops of the garrison on the 27th, and sailed on the 29th. The embarkation was not marked by many demonstrations of sentiment. The people, having drifted from a state of indignation into a sort of apathy, accepted the withdrawal as inevitable. There is no doubt however, that the departure of the garrison is very keenly felt, for it means the disappearance of the islanders' most tangible source of subsistence. The island is now without means of defence, the six-pounders, the powder, the shell, and the appliances for the six-inch guns having been taken away. For the first time in the history of St. Helena the troops have been withdrawn entirely.



Shooting Stars (Kier Hardie and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman)
Will they destroy one another?

(English cartoon upon the relations of the Labor and Liberal parties.)

* * *

The London County Council is endeavoring to construct a low level sewer under a part of St. Paul's Churchyard. Some opposition has been aroused for the reason that the proposed excavations will, it is feared, injure the cathedral. The Council has been assured by engineers that no damage will ensue. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, wished, at the time of its construction, to run the foundations down to blue clay, but his far-seeing advice was not complied with.

* * *

A proposal has recently been made at Cairo, Egypt, for the founding of a national university modeled on European lines.

* * *

Cecil Rhodes' great project, a railway from Cairo to Cape Town, bids fair to be realized at no very remote day. In North Africa about 1,600 miles has been completed or projected; in South Africa 2,000 miles. In addition there is a long waterway on Lake Tanganyika.

* * *

Under the self-government granted by the new Transvaal constitution which has recently gone into effect, the Boers are endeavoring to become the dominant party in the parliament by securing the support of some of the various British factions.

The authorities of British East Africa have taken measures to encourage immigrants from India to settle on agricultural land in the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza.



FROM PUNCH.

Another Scandal About J. Cæsar—Was He a Bigamist?—"It is generally admitted even in the Radical camp, that the Ides of next March are likely to prove as fatal to the Progressive spendthrifts of L. C. C. as they did to Lady Macbeth's wretched husband."—*London Correspondent of The Liverpool Courier.*

* * *

King Leopold has declared to an American journalist that he is a poorer man because of the Congo Free State. You can get these American journalists to swallow anything. This comes of not being able to understand the humour of any country but their own.

Wellington himself was a stern, though not an over-severe disciplinarian. Some of his hard stand-up fights might be said to have been won by force of discipline. Trafalgar and Waterloo are examples."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

* * *

Another statue has been stolen from the Louvre. Some cities have all the luck. No one steals any of our London statues.

* * *

The late General Shafter weighed 21 stone. This is partially explained by the fact that he had an iron will.





The Heart of England*

Warwickshire

By Katharine Lee Bates

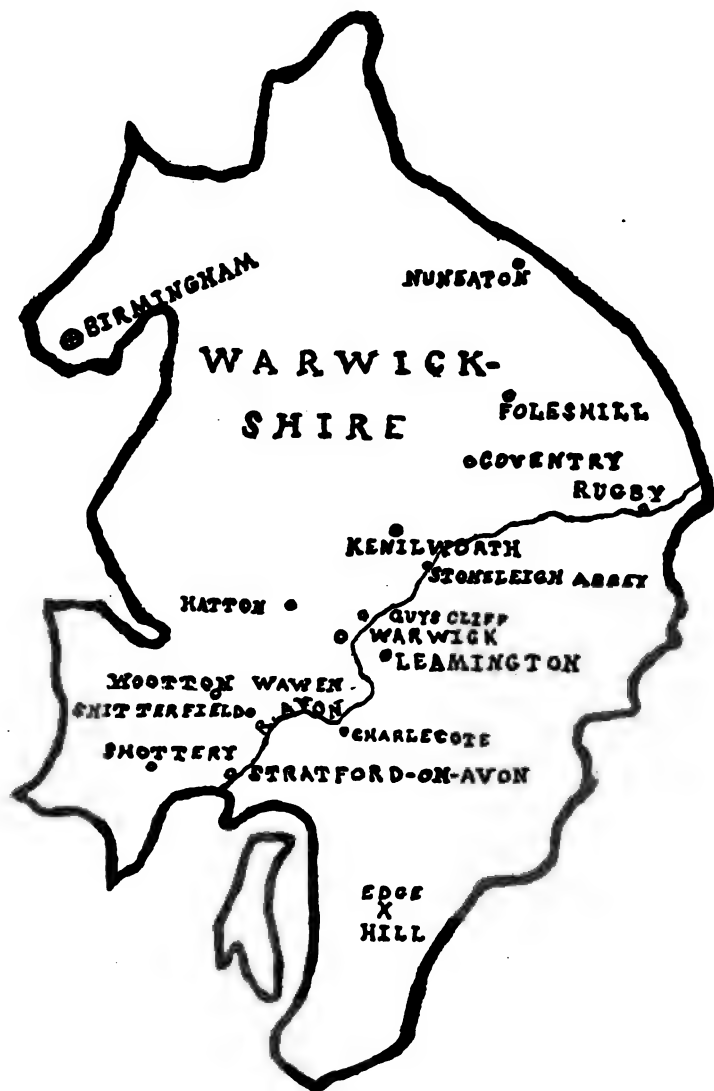
Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

A few miles to the north-west of Coventry lies the village of Meriden, which is called the center of England. There on a tableland is a little pool from which the water flows both west and east, on the one side reaching the Severn and the British Channel, on the other the Trent and the North Sea. "Leafy Warwickshire" is watered, as all the world knows, by the Avon. The county, though its borders show here and there a hilly fringe and though the spurs of the Cotswolds invade it on the south, is in the main a fertile river-basin, given over to agriculture and to pasturage. The forest of Arden, that once covered the Midlands, is still suggested by rich-timbered parks and giant trees of ancient memory. On the north, Warwickshire tapers up into the Staffordshire coal-fields and puts on a manufacturing character. The great town of this district is Birmingham, capital of the hardware industries.

*This is the third of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have already appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January.

It was from Birmingham that we started out on our Warwickshire trip. We had but a hasty impression of a well-built, prosperous, purposeful town, but if we had known at the time what masterpieces of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were to be seen in the Art Gallery we would have taken a later train than we did for Nuneaton. Here we bade farewell to railways, having decided to "post" through the county. Our automobile scamper across Staffordshire had left us with a conviction that this mode of travel was neither democratic nor becoming,—least of all adapted to a literary pilgrimage. We preferred to drive ourselves, but the English hostlers, shaking their stolid heads, preferred that we should be driven. It was only by a lucky chance that we had found, in the Lake Country, a broad-minded butcher who would trust us on short expeditions with "Toby" and a pony-cart. After all, it is easier to adapt yourself to foreign ways than to adapt them to you, and the old, traditional, respectable method of travel in England is by post. The regular rate for a victoria,—which carries light luggage—and a single horse, is a shilling a mile, with no charge for return, but with a considerable tip to the driver. In out-of-the-way places the rate was sometimes only ninepence a mile, but in the region most affected by tourists it might run up to eighteenpence. So at Nuneaton we took a carriage for Coventry, a distance, with the digressions we proposed, of about twelve miles, and set out, on a fair August afternoon, to explore the George Eliot country.

Our driver looked blank at the mention of George Eliot; but brightened at the name of Mary Anne Evans. He could not locate for us, however, the school which she had attended in Nuneaton, but assured us that "Mr. Jones ud know." To consult this oracle we drove through a prosaic little town, dodging the flocks of sheep that were coming in for the fair, to a stationer's shop. Mr. Jones, the photographer of the neighborhood, proved to be as well versed in George Eliot literature and George Eliot localities as he was



Sketch Map of Warwickshire.

generous in imparting his knowledge. He mapped out our course with all the concern and kindness of a host and practically conferred upon us the freedom of the city.

Nuneaton was as placidly engaged in making hats and ribbons as if the foot of genius had never hallowed its soil, and went its ways regardless while we peered out at inns and residences mirrored in George Eliot's writings. The school to which Robert Evans' "little lass" used to ride in on donkeyback every morning, as the farmers' daughters ride still, is The Elms on Vicarage street,—a plain bit of a place, with its bare walls and hard forms, to have been the scene of the awakening of that keen intelligence. We were duly shown the cloak-closet, to reach whose hooks a girl of eight or nine must have had to stand on tiptoe, the small classrooms, and the backyard that served as a playground. The educational equipment was of the simplest,—but what of that? Hamlet could have been "bounded in a nutshell," and here there was space enough for thought. A Nuneaton lady, lodging with the caretaker during the vacation, told us with a touch of quiet pride that her husband had known "Marian Evans" well in their young days and had often walked home with her of an evening from the rectory.

As we drove away toward that rectory in Chilvers Coton, the parish adjoining Nuneaton on the south, we could almost see the little schoolgirl riding homeward on her donkey. It is Maggie Tulliver, of "The Mill on the Floss," who reveals the nature of that tragic child, "a creature full of eager and passionate longing for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away, and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it."

Chilvers Coton, like Nuneaton, has no memories of its famous woman of letters. The only time we saw her name that afternoon was as we drove, two hours later, through



South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire, George Eliot's Birthplace
Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Where George Eliot, as a Little Girl, Attended School, "The Elms,"
Nuneaton
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



George Eliot's Schoolroom, Nuneaton

Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Going to the Fair, Nuneaton

Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Griff House, Nuneaton. George Eliot's Childhood Home
Photograph by F. R. Jones, Nuneaton.



Cedars of Lebanon, Griff House
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Getting in the Harvest, Warwickshire



Old Barn at Wilmcote
[Photograph by Katharine Coman.

a grimy colliery town where a row of posters flaunted the legend:

ASK FOR GEORGE ELIOT SAUCE.

But in the Chilvers Coton church, familiar to readers of "Scenes from Clerical Life," is a window given by Mr. Isaac Evans in memory of his wife, not of his sister, with an inscription so like Tom Tulliver's way of admonishing Maggie over the shoulder that we came near resenting it:

"She layeth her hands to the spindle."

But we would not flout the domestic virtues, and still less would we begrudge Tom's wife,—not without her share of shadow, for no people are so hard to live with as those who are always right,—her tribute of love and honor. So with closed lips we followed the sexton out into the churchyard, past the much-visited grave of "Milly Barton," past the large recumbent monument that covers the honest ashes of Robert Evans of Griff, and past so many fresh mounds that we exclaimed in dismay. Our guide, however, viewed them with a certain decorous satisfaction and intimated that for this branch of his craft times were good in Chilvers Coton, for an epidemic was rioting among the children. "I've had twelve graves this month already," he said, "and there"—pointing to where a spade stood upright in a heap of earth—"I've got another today." We demurred about detaining him, with such pressure of business on his hands, but he had already led us, over briars and sunken slabs, to a stone inscribed with the name of Isaac Pearson Evans of Griff and with the text:

"The memory of the just is blessed."

As we stood there, with our attendant ghoul telling us, in rambling, gossipy fashion, what a respectable man Mr. Isaac Evans was, and how he never would have anything to do with "his sister for years, but after she married Mr. Cross he took her up again and went to her funeral,"—how could we force out of mind a passage that furnishes such strange commentary on that graven line?



Charlecote Park Entrance, Warwickshire
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing. All girls were silly. * * * Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punished her when she did wrong. * * * Tom, you perceive, was rather a Rhadamanthine personage, having more than the usual share of boy's justice in him—the justice that desires to hurt culprits as much as they deserve to be hurt, and is troubled with no doubts concerning the exact amount of their deserts.

It is in this parish of Chilvers Coton that George Eliot was born, in a quiet brown house set among laden apple-trees, as we saw it, with a bright, old-fashioned garden of dahlias, sweet peas, and hollyhocks. The place is known as South Farm or Arbury Farm, for it is on the grounds of Arbury Priory, one of the smaller monasteries that fell prey to Henry VIII, now held by the Newdigate family. We drove to it through a park of noble timber, where graceful deer were nibbling the aristocratic turf or making inquisitive researches among the rabbit warrens. Robert Evans,



Charlecote Park

Photograph by Katharine Coman.

of Welsh origin, was a Staffordshire man. A house-builder's son, he had himself begun life as a carpenter. Adam Bede was made in his likeness. Rising to the position of forester and then to that of land agent, he was living, at the time of his daughter's birth, at Arbury Farm, in charge of the Newdigate estate. Three or four months later, he removed to Griff, an old brick farm-house standing at a little distance from the park, on the high road. Griff House passed, in due course of time, from the occupancy of Robert Evans to that of his son, and on the latter's death, a few years ago, was converted into a Dairy School "for gentleman-farmers' daughters." Pleasant and benignant was its look that August afternoon, as it stood well back among its beautiful growth of trees,—cut-leaf birch and yellowing chestnut, Cedar of Lebanon, pine, locust, holly, oak and yew, with a pear-tree pleached against the front wall on one side, while the other was thickly overgrown with ivy. Gera-



The Clock Tower of War-
wick Castle



Ford's Hospital, Coventry



A Quaint Corner in Coventry



The Alms House Court, Cov-
entry

Photographs by Katharine Coman.

niums glowed about the door, and the mellow English sunshine lay softly over all. This was a sweet and tender setting for the figure of that ardent wonder-child,—a figure imagination could not disassociate from that of the sturdy elder brother, whose presence—if he were in affable and condescending mood—made her paradise.

They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them. They would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. * * * Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of those first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved this earth so well if we had had no childhood in it.

We forgave, as we lingered in that gracious scene, "the memory of the just." For all Tom's virtues, he had given Maggie, though she was her father's darling and had no lack of indulgent love about her, the best happiness of her childhood. Across the years of misunderstanding and separation she could write:

"But were another childhood's world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

We had even a disloyal impulse of sympathy for these kinsfolk of genius, who must needs pay the price by having their inner natures laid bare before the world, but we checked it. Our worlds little or large, are bound to say and believe something concerning us: let us be content in proportion as it approximates the truth.

Our road to Coventry ran through a mining district. Every now and then we met groups of black-faced colliers. Robert Evans must often have driven his daughter along this way, for in her early teens she was at school in the City of the Three Spires, and later on, when her widowed father resigned to his son his duties as land agent, and Griff House with them, she removed there with him to make him a new home. The house is still to be seen in Foleshill road, on the approach from the north; but here the star of George



Feeding the Peacocks, Warwick Castle



The Avon from Warwick Castle
Photographs by Katharine Coman.



Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire



Guild Chapel and Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon
Photographs by Katharine Coman.



The Avon at Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Eliot pales before a greater glory, the all-eclipsing splendor, for at Coventry we are on the borders of the Shakespearean country.

Stratford-on-Avon lies only twenty miles to the south, and what were twenty miles to the creator of Ariel and Puck? Surely his young curiosity must have brought him early to this

"Quaint old town of toil and trouble,
 Quaint old town of art and song."

The noble symmetries of St. Michael's, its companion spires of Holy Trinity and Grey Friars, the narrow streets and over-jutting housetops, the timber-framed buildings, the frescoed walls and carven window-heads, all that we see today of the medieval fashion he must have seen in fresher beauty, and far more; yet even then the glory of Coventry had departed. From the eleventh century, when Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and his Countess of beloved memory, the



Guy's Cliff Hall as Seen Across the Avon
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

Lady Godiva, built their magnificent abbey, of which hardly a trace remains, the city had been noted for its religious edifices. Its triple-spired cathedral of St. Mary—existing today in but a few foundation fragments—its monasteries and nunneries and churches of the various orders formed an architectural group unmatched in England. Coventry was conspicuous, too, for civic virtues. As its merchants increased in riches, they lavished them freely on their queenly town. The Earl in his now crumbled castle and the Lord Abbot had hitherto divided the rule, but in 1345 came the first Mayor. It was while the Rosered Richard sat so gaily on his rocking throne that Coventry celebrated the completion of its massive walls, three miles in circuit, with twelve gates and thirty-two towers. In the middle of the fifteenth century it received a special charter, and Henry VI declared it “the best governed city in all his realm.” It was then that the famous guilds of Coventry were at their height,



Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Interior of Rugby Chapel



Wootton-Wawen Church
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



A View of Rugby from the Football Field



The Road to Stratford-on-Avon



Aston-Cantlow Church, Warwickshire



The Poet of Guy's Cliff



Old Mill, Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire

Photographs by Katharine Coman.

for its merchants had waxed wealthy in the wool-trade and its artisans were cunning at cloth-making.

As we stood in St. Mary's Hall, erected toward the end of the fourteenth century by the united fraternities known as the Holy Trinity Guild, we realized something of the devotional spirit and artistic joy of those old craftsmen. The oak roof of the Great Hall is exquisitely figured with a choir of angels playing on their divers instruments. In the kitchen—*such* a kitchen, with stone arches and fine old timber-work!—another angel peeps down to see that the service of spit and gridiron is decorously done. The building throughout abounds in carved panels, groined roofs, state chairs of elaborate design, heraldic insignia, portraits, grotesques, and displays a marvelous tapestry, peopled with a softly-fading company of saints and bishops, kings and queens.

Among the Coventry artists, that gladsome throng of architects, painters, weavers, goldsmiths and silversmiths who wrought so well for the adornment of their city, John Thornton is best remembered. 'It was he who made—so they say at Coventry—the east window of York minster, and here in St. Mary's Hall he placed superb stained glass of harmoniously-blended browns. We could fancy a Stratford boy with hazel eyes intent upon it, conning the faces of those English kings to whom he was to give new life and longer reigns. Henry VI holds the center, thus revealing the date of the window, and near him are Henry IV and Henry V, Lancastrian usurpers to whose side the partial dramatist has lured us all. It was to join their forces at Shrewsbury that he sent Falstaff marching through Coventry with his ragged regiment, whose every soldier looked like "Lazarus in the painted cloth." Richard II is conspicuous by his absence, but in writing his tragedy the young Shakespeare remembered that Coventry was the scene of the attempted trial at arms between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk. The secret cause of the combat involved the honor of Richard, and he, not daring to trust the issue,

threw "his warder down," forbade the duel and sentenced both champions to

"tread the stranger paths of banishment."

But Shakespeare's Coventry, like Shakespeare's London, was largely a city of ruins. Broken towers and desolate courts told of the ruthless sweep of the Reformation. The cloth-trade, too, was falling off, and even that blue thread whose steadfast dye gave rise to the proverb "True as Coventry blue" was less in demand under Elizabeth than under Henry VIII. Yet though so much of its noble ecclesiastical architecture was defaced or overthrown, though its tide of fortune had turned, the city was lovely still, among its most charming buildings being various charitable institutions founded and endowed by wealthy citizens. That exquisite timber-and-plaster almshouse for aged women, Ford's Hospital, then almost new, may have gained in mellow tints with time, but its rich woodwork, one fretted story projecting over another like the frilled heads of antiquated dames, row above row, peering out to see what might be passing in the street beneath, must have delighted the vision then as it delights it still. I dare say Will Shakespeare, saucy lad that he was, doffed his cap and flashed a smile as reviving as a beam of sunshine at some wistful old body behind the diamond panes of her long and narrow window. For there she would have been sitting, as her successor is sitting yet, trying to be thankful for her four shillings a week, her fuel, her washing and her doctoring, but ever, in her snug corner, dusting and re-arranging the bits of things—cups and spoons, a cushion or two, Scripture texts—her scanty salvage from the wreck of home. That the pathos of the old faces enhances the picturesqueness of it all, those eyes so keen to read the book of human life would not have failed to note.

Coventry would have had for the seeking heart of a poet other attractions than those of architectural beauty. It was a storied city, with its treasured legend of Lady Godiva's

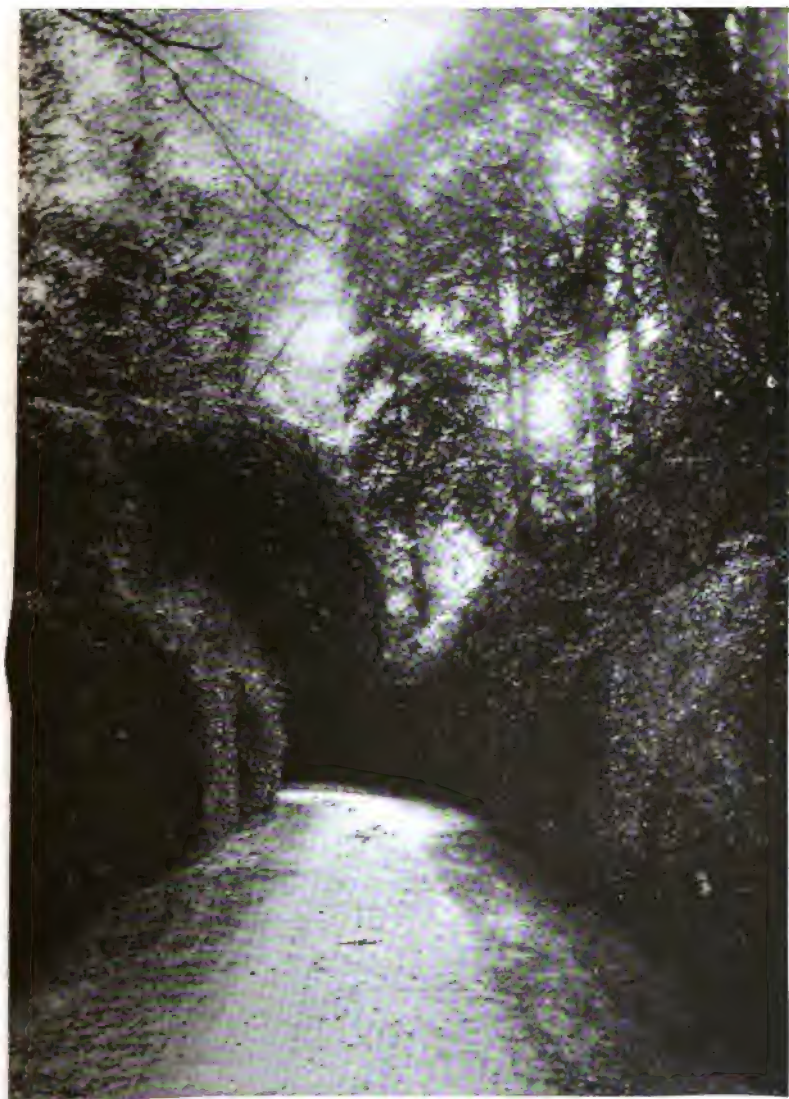
ride—a legend not then vulgarized by the Restoration addition of Peeping Tom—and with its claim to be the birthplace of England's patron saint, the redoubtable dragon-slayer. A fourteenth-century poet even asserts of St. George and his bride that they

"many years of joy did see;
They lived and died in Coventree."

I had a dim memory of some old-time slaughter—perhaps of Danes—commemorated in its play of Hock Tuesday. Coventry was, indeed, a "very reveler" in plays and pageants, and if nothing else could have brought a long-limbed, wide-awake youth to try what his Rosalind and Celia and Orlando found so easy, a holiday escapade in the Forest of Arden, we may be all but sure the Corpus Christi Mysteries would have given the fiend the best of the argument with conscience. It is not likely, however, that it had to be a runaway adventure. That worshipful alderman, John Shakespeare, was himself of a restless disposition and passing fond of plays. He would have made little, in the years of his prosperity, of a summer-day canter to Coventry, with his small son of glowing countenance mounted on the same stout nag. Later on, when debts and lawsuits were weighing down his spirits, the father may have turned peevish and withheld both his company and his horse, but by that time young Will, grown tall and sturdy, could have trudged it, putting his enchanting tongue to use, when his legs, like Touchstone's, were weary, in winning a lift from some farmer's wain for a mile or so along the road. But by hook or by crook he would be there, laughing in his doublet-sleeve at the blunders of the "rude mechanicals"—of the tailors who were playing the Nativity and of the weavers on whose pageant platform was set forth the Presentation in the Temple. Robin Starveling the Tailor, and his donkeyship Nick Bottom the Weaver, were they not natives of Coventry? And when the truant—if truant he was—came footsore back to Stratford and acted over again in the Henley Street garden sweet with June, the "swagger-

ing" of the "hempen home-spuns," did not his gentle mother hide her smiles by stooping to tend her roses, while the father's lungs, despite himself, began to "crow like Chanticleer?"

Foolish city, to have kept no record of those visits of the yeoman's son, that dusty youngster with the dancing eyes! When royal personages came riding through your gates, you welcomed them with stately ceremonies and splendid gifts, with gay street pageants and gold cups full of coin. Your quills ran verse as lavishly as your pipes ran wine. You had ever a loyal welcome for poor Henry VI; and for his fiery queen, Margaret of Anjou, you must needs present, in 1456, Saint Margaret slaying the dragon. Four years later, though with secret rage, you were tendering an ovation to her arch enemy and conqueror, Edward IV. Here this merry monarch kept his Christmas in 1465 and nine years later came again to help you celebrate the feast of St. George. For Prince Edward, three years old, your Mayor and Council, all robed in blue and green, turned out in 1474, while players strutted before the child's wondering eyes, while the music of the harp and viol filled his ears, and the "Children of Issarell" flung flowers before his little feet. His murderer, Richard III, you received with no less elaborate festivities nine years later, when he came to see your Corpus Christi plays. But it was to you that his supplanter, Henry VII, repaired straight from the victory of Bosworth Field, and you, never Yorkist at heart, flew your banners with enthusiastic joy. His heir, Arthur, a winsome and delicate prince, you greeted with unconscious irony, four years before his death, by the blessings of the Queen of Fortune. You summoned the "Nine Orders of Angels," with a throng of "divers' beautiful damsels," to welcome Henry VIII and the ill-omened Catherine of Arragon, in 1510. They were sumptuously entertained at your glorious Priory, for whose destruction that graceless guest, the King, was presently to seal command. But before its day of doom it sheltered one more royal visitor of yours, the Princess Mary,



The Entrance to Warwick Castle



Wilmcote, the Birthplace of Shakespeare's Mother

who came in 1525 to see the Mercers' Pageant. In 1565, the year after Shakespeare's birth, you fêted with all splendor Queen Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, and in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, you spread the feast for King James, the first of the Stuarts. But you have forgotten your chief guest of all, the roguish youngster munching his bread and cheese in the front rank of the rabble, the heaven-crowned poet who was to be more truly king maker than the great Warwick himself.

Our first seeing of the name of Warwick in Warwickshire was over a green-grocer's shop in Coventry. The green-grocer was all very well, but the sewing-machine factories and, worse yet, the flourishing business in bicycles and motor-cars jarred on our sixteenth-century dream. I am ashamed to confess how speedily we accomplished our Coventry sight-seeing and how early, on the day following our arrival, we took the road again. We set out in our sedate victoria with high expectations, for we had been told over and over that the route from Coventry to Warwick was "the most beautiful drive in England." For most of the way we found it a long, straight, level avenue, bordered by large trees. There were few outlooks; clouds of dust hung in the air, and gasoline odors trailed along the way. We counted it, as a drive, almost the dullest of our forty odd, but it was good roading, and the opinion of the horse may have been more favorable.

Five miles brought us to Kenilworth, about whose state-ly ruins were wandering the usual summer groups of trippers and tourists. Its ivies were at their greenest and its hollies glistened with an emerald sheen, but when I had last seen the castle, in a far-away October, those hollies were yet more beautiful with gold-edged leaves and with ruby berries. Then, as now, the lofty red walls seemed to me to wear an aspect, if not of austerity, at least of courtly reserve, as if, whoever might pry and gossip, their secrets were still their own. In point of fact, the bewitchments of Sir Walter Scott have made it well-nigh impossible for any of us to

bear in mind that in the ancient fortress of Kenilworth King John was wont to lurk, spinning out his spider-webs, that Simon de Montfort once exercised gay lordship here, and here, in sterner times, held Henry III and Prince Edward prisoners; that these towers witnessed the humiliation of the woeful Edward II, and that in these proud halls the mirth-loving Queen Bess had been entertained by the Earl of Leicester on three several occasions prior to the famous visit of 1575. On her first coming our poet was a prattler of two—if only Mistress Shakespeare had kept a “Baby Record”—and I am willing to admit that the event may not have interested him. When her second royal progress excited Warwickshire, he was a four-year-old, teasing his mother for fairy stories and peeping into the acorn-cups for hidden elves, but hardly likely to have been chosen to play the part of Cupid while

“the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.”

As a boy of eight, however, a “gallant child, one that makes old hearts fresh,” he may have stood by the roadside, or been perched on some friendly shoulder to add his shrill note to the loyal shout when the Queen rode by amid her retinue; and three years later, I warrant his quick wits found a way to see something of those glittering shows, those “princely pleasures of Kenilworth Castle,” which lasted nineteen days and were the talk of the county. How eagerly his winged imagination would have responded to the Lady of the Lake, to Silvanus, Pomona and Ceres, to the “savage man” and the satyrs, to the “triton riding on a mermaid 18 foot long; as also Arion on a dolphin, with rare music!”* If we did not think so much about Amy Robsart at Kenilworth as, according to Scott, we should have done,

*From the account given by Sir William Dugdale, the celebrated antiquary, who was born at Shustoke, eight miles west of Nuneaton, in 1605, and educated at Coventry: “The Antiquities of Warwickshire” he published in 1656. He died in 1686, and his tomb, with his own inscription, may be seen in the chancel of Shustoke Church. (See the Library Shelf.)

it is because we were unfortunate enough to know that she perished fifteen years before these high festivities,—three years, indeed, before the Castle was granted to Robert Dudley.

Stoneleigh Abbey, with its tempting portraits, lay three miles to the left, and we would not swerve from our straight road, which, however, grew more exciting as we neared Warwick, for it took us past Blacklow Hill, to whose summit, six hundred years ago, the fierce barons of Edward II dragged his French favorite, Piers Gaveston, and struck off that jaunty head, which went bounding down the hill to be picked up at the bottom by a friar, who piously bore it in his hood to Oxford.

We halted again at Guy's Cliff, constrained by its ancient tradition of Guy, Earl of Warwick, he who

“did quell that wondrous cow”

of Dunsmore Heath. My own private respect for horned beasts kept me from flippantly undervaluing this exploit. After other doughty deeds, giants, monsters and Saracens falling like ninepins before him, Guy returned in the odor of sanctity from the Holy Land, but instead of going home to Warwick, where his fair countess was pining, he sought out this cliff rising from the Avon and, in a convenient cavity, established himself as a hermit. Every day he begged bread at the gate of his own castle, and his wife, not recognizing her dread lord in this meek anchorite, supplied his needs. Just before his end he sent her a ring, and she, thus discovering the identity of the beggar, sped to the cave, arriving just in time to see him die. Other hermits succeeded to his den, and in the reign of Henry VI, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, founded a chantry there. Henry VIII made short work of that, and the romantic rocks passed from one owner to another, the present mansion having been built above them in the eighteenth century. Guy's Cliff was termed by Leland “a place delightful to the muses,” and we were pleased to find it still enjoyed

their favor. One of those supernaturally dignified old servants who hang about to catch the pennies struck an attitude on the bridge and, informing us that he was a poet and had had verses in print, recited with touching earnestness the following effusion:

"'Ere you can sit and rest a while,
And watch the wild ducks dive in play,
Listen to the cooing dove
And the noisy jay,
Watch the moorhen as she builds her rushy nest
Swayin' hupon the himmortal Havon's 'eavin' breast."

Warwick, a wide-streeted, stately old town, with two of its medieval gates still standing, was familiar to us both. I had spent a week here, some years ago, and taken occasion, after inspecting the lions, to view the horses, for the autumn races chanced to be on. I remember sitting, surprised at myself, on the grand stand, in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and betting. The bookmakers stood below, conspicuous in green velveteen coats; some had their names on the open money-bags hanging from their necks; all were shouting themselves hoarse. A red-nosed lady in dashing apparel sat on my right, enlightening my ignorance with a flood of jockey English, while on my left a plain-faced, anxious little body would turn from helping her husband decide his bets to urge upon me the superior morality of this to all other forms of English sport. The green below was filled with a bustling crowd of men, women and children, pressing about the booths, the Punch-and-Judys and the show-carts, adventuring upon the swings and merry-go-rounds, tossing balls at gay whirligigs and winning cocoanuts in the fascinating game of "Aunt Sally," or ransacking the "silken treasury,"

"Lawns as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,"

of many a modern Autolycus. The throng was bright with fluttering pennons, red soldier-coats and the vivid finery of housemaids on a holiday. I saw five out of the seven races sweep by and waxed enthusiastic over "Porridge" and

"Odd Mixture," but "good old Maggie Cooper," on which my red-nosed neighbor lost heavily, while the husband of my moral little friend won, put me to such embarrassment between them that I bethought myself of my principles and slipped away.

Eschewing such profane reminiscences, I recalled the Church of St. Mary, with its haughty Beauchamp Chapel where ancient Earls of Warwick keep their marble state, together with the Earl of Leicester and his "noble impe." I recalled the delectable home for old soldiers, Leycester's Hospital, so inimitably described by Hawthorne. Across the years I still could see the antique quadrangle with its emblazoned scutcheons and ornately lettered texts; the vaulted hall with its great carven beams; the delightful kitchen with its crested fireplace of huge dimensions, its oaken settles and copper flagons, its Saxon chair that has rested weary mortality for a thousand years, and its silken fragment of Amy Robsart's needlework. Most clearly of all rose from memory the figures of the old pensioners, the "brethren" garbed in long blue gowns with silver badge on shoulder, stamped, as the whole building is stamped over and over, with the cognizance of The Bear and the Ragged Staff. I had done homage at Warwick to the memory of Landor, who was born there in a house dear to his childhood for its mulberries and cedars, its chestnut wood, and its fig tree at the window. Partly for his sake I had visited Rugby, on the eastern border of Warwickshire,—that great public school which became, under Dr. Arnold's mastership, such a power in English life. Rugby disapproved of my special interest, for it has had better boys than Landor, so wild-tempered a lad that his father was requested to remove him when, only fifteen, he was within five of being head of the school. But the neighboring village of Bilton entirely endorsed my motives when I went the rounds of Bilton Hall as an act of respectful sympathy for the eminent Mr. Addison, who wedded the Dowager Countess of Warwick and here resided with her for the three years

that his life endured under that magnificent yoke.

With so much sightseeing to our credit, we decided to limit our Warwick experiences on this occasion to luncheon and the castle, for although we both had "done" the splendid home of the Earls of Warwick more than once, even viewing it by moonlight and by dawnlight from the bridge across the Avon, it did not seem decorous to pass by without leaving cards—not our visiting cards, but those for which one pays two shillings apiece in the shop over against the gate.

Warwick Castle, built of the very centuries, cannot be expected to alter with Time's "brief hours and weeks"—at least, with so few of them as fall to one poor mortal's lot. From visit to visit I find it as unchanged as the multiplication table. By that same chill avenue cut through the solid rock and densely shaded we passed into the same grassy court lorded over by some arrogant peacocks—who have, however, developed an intemperate appetite for sweet chocolate—and girt about by the same proud walls and grey, embattled towers. A princely seat of splendid memories, one is half ashamed to join the inquisitive procession that trails after a supercilious guide through the series of state apartments—Great Hall, Red Drawing Room, Cedar Room, Gilt Drawing Room, Boudoir, Armory Passage, and so on to the end. We looked at the same relics,—old Guy's dubious porridge pot, Marie Antoinette's mosaic table, Queen Anne's red velvet bed, the mace of the King-maker, Cromwell's helmet; the same treasures of rare workmanship and fabulous cost,—a Venetian table inlaid with precious stones, shimmering tapestries, enameled cabinets and clocks, the same notable succession of portraits in which the varying art of Van Dyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, Lely, Kneller has perpetuated some of the most significant faces of history. How strangely they turn their eyes on one another!—Anne Boleyn; her Bluebeard, Henry VIII, pictured here not only in his rank manhood, but as a sweet-lipped child; Loyola in priestly vestments of gold and crimson; the

Earl of Strafford with his doomful look; Charles I; Henrietta Maria; Rupert of the Rhine; the heroic Marquis of Montrose; the literary Duke of Newcastle; the romantic Gondomar, Spanish ambassador to Elizabeth; and with them—confuting my rash statement that the castle knows no change—Sargent's portrait of the present Countess of Warwick, a democrat of the democrats, enfolding her little son. There remained the walk through the gardens to the conservatory, whose Warwick Vase, said to have been found in Hadrian's Villa, is, for all its grandeur, less dear to memory than the level green branches of the great cedars of Lebanon. But when it came to peacocks and pussycats cut in yew, we deemed it time to resume our journey.

Leamington was close at hand, with its Royal Pump Rooms, swimming-baths and gardens, its villas and crescents and bath-chairs and parades, its roll of illustrious invalids who have drunk of its mineral waters; but we would not turn aside for Leamington. Dr. Parr's church at Hatton could not detain us, nor other churches and mansions of renown, nor the footsteps of the worthies of the Gunpowder Plot, nor Edge Hill where Charles I met the Parliamentarians in the first battle of the Civil War, nor the park of Redway Grange in which Fielding wrote—and laughed as he wrote—a portion of "Tom Jones," nor the Red Horse cut in turf, nor any other of the many attractions of a neighborhood so crowded with memorials of stirring life. Our thoughts were all of Shakespeare now; our goal was Stratford-on-Avon.

Should we drive by the right bank of the river, or the left? The choice lay between Snitterfield and Charlecote Park. In Snitterfield, a village four miles to the north of Stratford, the poet's paternal grandsire, Richard Shakespeare, wore out a quiet yeoman life, tilling the farm that he rented from Robert Arden of Wilmcote, father of the poet's mother. There must have been a strain of something better than audacity in the tenant's son to win him the hand of Mary Arden. Henry Shakespeare, the poet's uncle,

died at Snitterfield in 1596, when the quick scion of the slow blood was in the first fever of his London successes. But we chose the left-hand road and Charlecote Park. For a while the sunny Avon, silver-flecked with such swans as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may have smiled upon together, bore us blithe company; then we passed under the shadow of oaks with "antique root" out-peeping, and of other

"moss'd trees
That have outliv'd the eagle."

Before the Forest of Arden was cut away for the use of the Droitwich salt-boilers and other Vandals, the land was so thickly wooded that tradition says a squirrel might have skipped from bough to bough across the county, without once touching the ground. Now it is rich glebe and tillage. We skirted the broad acres of Charlecote Park and viewed its "native burghers," the deer, but were loth to believe that Shakespeare, even in his heyday of youthful riot, would have "let the law go whistle" for the sake of "a hot venison-pastry to dinner." Yet it is like enough that there was no love lost between the Shakespeares and the Lucys, a family who have held the manor since the twelfth century and, in their Elizabethan representative, laid themselves open to the suspicion of pompous bearing and deficient sense of humor. The *lucres*, or pikes, in their coat of arms, the pun-loving tongue of a "most acute juvenal" could hardly have resisted. "The dozen white louses do become an old coat well." Sir Thomas Lucy entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1572, and if the boys from Stratford Grammar School were not in evidence at the Park Gates on her arrival, it must have been because Holofernes was drilling them for a show of the Nine Worthies later on.

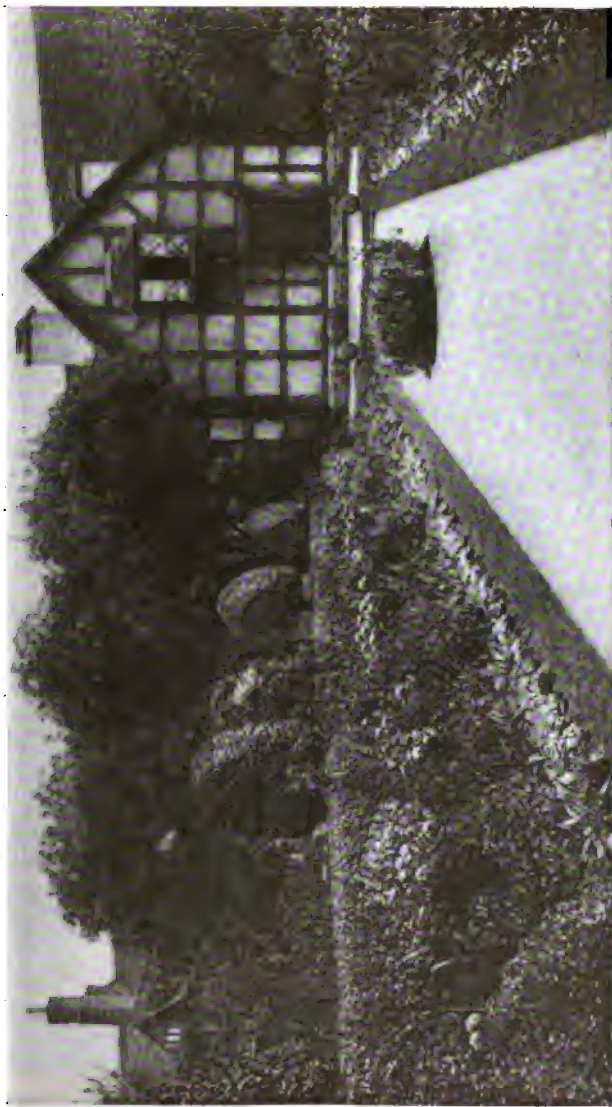
In the fields about the town the pea-pickers, an autumn feature of this neighborhood, were already at work. They held our eyes for a little and, when we looked forward again, there by the river rose the spire of Holy Trinity,



Church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon



Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery



Shakespeare's Birthplace as Seen from the Garden



Edward VI's Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon

keeping its faithful watch and ward. We clattered over the old stone bridge of fourteen arches and were there, between the staring rows of tourist shops, all dealing in Shakespeare commercialized. His likeness, his name, his plays are pressed into every huckster's service. The windows fairly bristle with busts of Shakespeare of all sizes and half a dozen colors; with models of the Henly Street house, ranging in price, with varying magnitude and material, from pennies to pounds; with editions of his works, from miniature copies to colossal; with photographs, postcards, etchings, sketches; with rubbings of his tombstone inscription; with birthday books and wall texts, and with all sorts of articles, paper-cutters, match-boxes, pencil-trays. I dare say bootjacks, stamped with verse or phrase of his. This poet-barter is only a fraction of Shakespeare's endowment of his native town. Inn-keepers, porters, drivers, guides, custodians are maintained by him. Sir Thomas Lucy never dreamed of such a retinue. Hardly did Warwick the King-maker support so great a household. He is not only Stratford's pride, but its prosperity, and the welfare of the descendants of Shakespeare's neighbors is not a matter for the stranger to deplore. Nevertheless, we hunted up lodgings, drank bad tea at one of the Shakespeare Tea Rooms, and were out of those greedy streets as quickly as possible on a stroll across the old ridged fields to Shottery.

On the way we met a sophisticated donkey, who, wagging his ears, asked in Bottom's name for a gratuity of "good sweet hay;" and a bevy of children scampered up, as we neared Anne Hathaway's cottage, to thrust upon us their wilted sprigs of lavender and rosemary. They were merry little merchants, however, and giggled understandingly when we put them off with "No, thank you, William," "No thank you, Anne." We arrived a minute after six and the cottage was closed for the night, though a medley of indignant pilgrims pounded at the garden gate and took unavailing camera shots through the twilight. But we were content with our dusky glimpse of the timber-and-plaster, vine-

grown walls and low thatched roof. In former years we had trodden that box-covered path up to an open door and had duly inspected fire-place and settle, Bible and bacon-cupboard and the ancient bedstead. What we cared for most this time was the walk thither, coming by that worn foot-way toward the setting sun, as Shakespeare would have come on his eager lover's visits, and the return under a gossamer crescent which yet served to suggest the "blessed moon" that tipped

"with silver all these fruit-tree tops"

for a rash young Romeo who would better have been minding his book at home.

The next morning we spent happily in re-visiting the Stratford shrines. Even the catch-shilling shops bore witness, in their garish way, to the supremacy of that genius which brings the ends of the earth to this Midland market-town.

The supposed birthplace is now converted, after a chequered career, into a Shakespeare Museum, where are treasured more or less authentic relics and those first editions which are worth their weight in radium. Built of the tough Arden oak and of honest plaster, it was a respectable residence for the times, not unworthy of that versatile and vigorous citizen who traded in corn and timber and wool and cattle, rose from the offices of ale-taster and constable to be successively Chamberlain, Alderman and High Bailiff, and loomed before the eyes of his little son as the greatest man in the world. The house, whose clay floors it may have been the children's task to keep freshly strewn with rushes, would have been furnished with oaken chests and settles, stools, trestle-boards, truckle-beds and perhaps a great bedstead with carved posts. Robert Arden, a man of property and position, had left, among other domestic luxuries, eleven "painted cloths"—naïve representations of religious or classical subjects, with explanatory texts beneath. His daughter may have had some of these works of art to adorn the walls

of her Stratford home, and, like enough, she brought her husband a silver salt-cellar and a "fair garnish of pewter." Her eldest son, whose plays "teach courtesy to kings," was doubtless carefully bred,—sent off early to school "with shining morning face," and expected to wait on his parents at their eleven o'clock breakfast before taking his own, though we need feel no concern about his going hungry. Trust him for knowing, as he passed the trenchers and filled the flagons, how to get many a staying nibble behind his father's back.

We wandered on to the Grammar School, still located in the picturesque, half-timbered building originally erected, toward the end of the thirteenth century, by the Guild of the Holy Cross. Here once was hospital as well as school, and in the long hall on the ground floor, even yet faintly frescoed with the Crucifixion, the Guild held its meetings and kept its feasts. Henry VIII made but half a bite of all this, and the boy-king, Edward VI, eleven years before Shakespeare's birth gave the ancient edifice back to Stratford. Then the long hall was used for the deliberations of the Town Council, and sometimes, especially when John Shakespeare was in office, for the performances of strolling players,—three men and a boy, perhaps, traveling in their costumes, which, by a little shifting and furbishing, might serve for an old-fashioned morality or a new-fangled chronicle, or, should the school-master's choice prevail, for something newly Englished from the classics, "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." The school, thenceforth known as Edward VI Grammar School, was permanently established in the top story, where it is still in active operation. Here we saw the Latin room in which another William than Mistress Page's hopeful was taught "to hick and to hack," and the Mathematics room where he learned enough arithmetic to "buy spices for our sheep-shearing." He was only fourteen or fifteen, it is believed, when his father's business troubles broke off his schooling, but not his education. Everywhere was "matter for a hot brain." And

he, who, since the days when he "plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, * * * knew not what 'twas to be beaten," would have borne up blithely against this seeming set-back. Nature had given him "wit to flout at Fortune," and these, too, were the red-blooded years of youth, when he was ever ready to "dance after a tabor and pipe" and pay his laughing court to many a "queen of curds and cream."

"But, O, the thorns we stand upon!"

The mature charms of Anne Hathaway turned jest into earnest and sent prudence down the wind. There was a hasty wedding, nobody knows where, and John Shakespeare's burdens were presently increased by the advent of three grand-children. It was obviously high time for this ne'er-do-well young John-a-Dreams—"yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved"—to strike out into the world and seek his fortune.

Next to the Guild Hall stands the Guild Chapel, whose former frescoes of the Day of Judgment must have made deep impression on the "eye of childhood that fears a painted devil;" and over the way from the Guild Chapel is New Place. On this site in the time of Henry VII rose the Great House, built by a Stratford magnate and benefactor, Sir Hugh Clopton,—he who gave the town that "fair Bridge of Stone over Avon." In 1597 Shakespeare, who could hardly have been in London a dozen years, had prospered so well, albeit in the disreputable crafts of actor and playwright, that he bought the estate, repaired the mansion then in "great ruyne and decay," and re-named it New Place. Yet although it was his hour of triumph, his heart was sorrowful, for his only son, his eleven-year-old Hamnet, "jewel of children," had died the year before. At least another decade passed before Shakespeare finally withdrew from London and settled down at New Place with the wife eight years his senior, a plain country woman of Puritan

proclivities. In his twenty years of intense creative life,

"The inward service of the mind and soul"

must have widened beyond any possible comprehension of hers, nor can his two daughters, unlettered and out of his world as they were, have had much inkling of the career and achievements of "so rare a wonder'd father." His parents were dead. Their ashes may now mingle with little Hamnet's in some forgotten plot of the elm-shadowed church-yard. Of two daughters, Susanna, the elder, had married a Stratford physician, and there was a grandchild, little Elizabeth Hall, to brighten the gardens of New Place. As I lingered there,—for the gardens remain, though the house is gone—my eyes rested on a three-year-old lass in a fluttering white frock,—no wraith, though she might have been,—dancing among the flowers with such uncertain steps and tossing such tiny hands in air that the birds did not trouble themselves to take to their wings, but hopped on before her like play-fellows.

The deepest of the Shakespeare mysteries is, to my mind, the silence of those closing years. Were nerves and brain temporarily exhausted from the strain of that long period of continuous production? Or had he come home from London sore at heart, "toss'd from wrong to injury," smarting from "the whips and scorns of time" and abjuring the "rough magic" of his art? Or was he, in "the sessions of sweet silent thought," dreaming on some high, consummate poem in comparison with which the poor stage-smirched plays seemed to him not worth the gathering up? Or might he, taking a leaf out of Ben Jonson's book, have been in fact arranging and re-writing his works, purging his gold from the dross of various collaborators? Or was some new, inmost revelation of life dawning upon him, holding him dumb with awe? We can only ask, not answer, but certainly they err who claim that the divinest genius of English letters had wrought merely for house and land, and

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found his chief reward in writing "Gentleman" after his name.

"Sure, he that made us with such large discourses
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unus'd."

Shakespeare had been gentle before he was a gentleman, and had held ever—let his own words bear witness!—

"Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches."

The gods had given him but fifty-two years on earth—had they granted more, he might have probed and uttered too many of their secrets—when for the last time he was "with holy bell * * * knell'd to church." It was an April day when the neighbors bore a hand-bier—as I saw a hand-bier borne a few years since across the fields from Shottery—the little way from New Place down Chapel Lane and along the Waterside,—or perhaps by Church Street—and up the avenue, beneath its blossoming limes, to Holy Trinity.

Here, where the thousands and the millions come up to do reverence to this

"Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,"

I passed a peaceful hour, ruffled only—if the truth must out—by the unjustifiable wrath which ever rises in me on reading Mrs. Susanna Hall's epitaph. I can forgive the "tombe-maker" who wrought the bust, I can endure the stained glass windows, I can overlook the alabaster effigy of John Combe in Shakespeare's chancel, but I resent the Puritan self-righteousness of the lines,—

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall,
Something of Shakespeare was in that but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse."

Yes, I know that Shakespeare made her his heiress, that she was clever and charitable, that in July of 1643 she entertained Queen Henrietta Maria at New Place, but I do

not care at all for the confusion of her bones when "a person named Watts" intruded into her grave fifty-eight years after she had taken possession, and I believe she used her father's manuscripts for wrapping up her saffron pies.

We spent the earlier half of the afternoon in a drive among some of the out-lying villages of Stratford,—first to Wilmcote, the birthplace of Shakespeare's mother. We dismissed a fleeting thought of "Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot," and sought only for "Mary Arden's Cottage." Gabled and dormer-windowed, of stout oak timbers and a light brown plaster, it stands pleasantly within its rustic greenery. Old stone barns and leaning sheds help to give it an aspect of homely kindliness. Robert Arden's will, dated 1556, is the will of a good Catholic, bequeathing his soul to God "and to our blessed Lady, Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven." He directed that his body should be buried in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist in Aston-Cantlow. So we drove on, a little further to the north-west, and found an Early English church with a pinnacled west tower. The air was sweet with the roses and clematis that clambered up the walls. It is here, in all likelihood, that John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married.

We still pressed on, splashing through a ford and traversing a surviving bit of the Forest of Arden, to one village more, Wootton-Wawen, with a wonderful old church whose every stone could tell a story. Somervile the poet, who loved Warwickshire so well, is buried in the chantry chapel, and the white-haired rector told us proudly that Shakespeare had often come to service there. Indeed, Wootton Wawen may have meant more to the great dramatist and done more to shape his destinies than we shall ever know, though Shakespeare scholarship is beginning to turn its searchlight on John Somervile of Edstone Hall, whose wife was nearly related to Mary Arden. Papist, as the whole Arden connection seems to have been, John Somervile's brain may have given way under the political and religious

troubles of those changeful Tudor times. At all events, he suddenly set out for London, declaring freely along the road that he was going to kill the Queen. Arrest, imprisonment, trial for high treason, conviction, and a mysterious death in his Newgate cell followed in terrible sequence. Nor did the tragedy stop with him, but his wife, sister and friend were arrested on charge of complicity, and not these only, but that quiet and honorable gentleman, Edward Arden of Park Hall in Wilmcote, with his wife and brother. Francis Arden and the ladies were in course of time released, but Edward Arden, who had previously incurred the enmity of Leicester by refusing to wear his livery—a flattery to which many of the Warwickshire gentlemen eagerly stooped—suffered on December 20, 1583, the barbarous penalty of the law,—hanged and drawn and quartered, put to death with torture, for no other crime than that of having an excitable son-in-law and a sturdy English sense of self-respect. A sad and bitter Yule it must have been for his kinsfolk in Wilmcote and in Stratford. There was danger in the air, too; a hot word might give Sir Thomas Lucy or some zealous Protestant his chance; and there may well have been graver reasons than a poaching frolic why young Will Shakespeare should have disappeared from the county.

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Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

By Charles D. Williams

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born at Alderley Rectory, Cheshire, on June 15, 1819. Coming of ancient lineage on both sides and of "noble" ancestry on one, he was an aristocrat by birth. This inherited disposition was fostered and fixed by a life-long association with the intellectual and social aristocracy and particularly by his close intimacy with royalty. Stanley was no democrat. While personally genial to the humblest and lowliest, while intensely interested in and sympathetic with the wrongs and sufferings of individual cases among the poor, there is no record of his ever having taken part in any of the great social reforms of his day. It is probable that his birth and training made him practically oblivious to the social problems of his age.

A strand of Welch ancestry on his father's side seemed to have endowed him with certain characteristics of the Celtic temperament, a mobile, almost volatile mind, an intense and excitable disposition, an incredibly lively imagination, and an insatiable intellectual curiosity.

From his father he inherited directly a certain wide-ness of mind and broadness of view which made the after-

*This is the third in a series of studies of famous Englishmen, which will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey.

ward Bishop of Norwich a frequent object of suspicion and criticism to his narrower-visioned brethren. Beyond this the father seems to have had little to do with the formation of his gifted son's mind and character.

But, as in the case of most great men, the mother was preëminently the formative, if not creative, personal influence in his life. From her he inherited what has been aptly called "a porcelain intellect," delicate, translucent, sensitive, of the finest grain and texture. Under her tender care and solicitous culture, he grew up like a fair flower. Her perfect sympathy, intellectual as well as affectional, was the sunlight of his mental, moral, and spiritual growth. Until the day of her death, every purpose in its incipency and every work in its completion were submitted to the tests of her subtle, keen but sympathetic judgment. The son's life, mind, and heart were ever wide open to the mother.

Born and living always in affluence, he never knew the struggle for existence. With just enough of a body to house mind and soul, absorbed in purely intellectual interests all his life long to the extent of forgetfulness of all else, living apart from the hurly-burly in an almost exclusively academic and literary existence, he practically never met the "temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil." His was the life of untried innocence rather than of moral conquest. The result was a singularly transparent purity of both mind and heart.

His environment from start to finish was a veritable hothouse of intellectual culture. Relatives, friends, associates, all belonged to the aristocracy of the mind. His mental appetency was insatiable; his reading omnivorous; his travels (all quests for knowledge, never for mere change, novelty, or scenery) covered the fields richest with the lore of the past. To these travels he gave his whole spare time and from them he always returned laden with literary spoil. His historical imagination was vivid and keen to a superlative degree; his power of labor inexhaustible. Consequently his

mind became a veritable store-house of information, especially in his favorite field, legend, tradition, and history.

We see him first a shy and delicate boy with a mind and soul that fairly shine through the fragile little body. At school he tried conscientiously to take part in athletics and manly sports, but soon gave up the effort as a bad job. And yet he was never scorned by his school-mates as a "Miss Nancy." His vigour of intellect and purity of soul won for him the respect which physical prowess won for other boys. Indeed they surrounded him with a kind of reverence and awe which kept him in a place apart. Even in rough Rugby, at the height of its "fagging" and hazing period, the days described in "Tom Brown at Rugby," Stanley was never subjected to its rude discipline. In after years he learns of it with absolute surprise. "Little Stanley," as he was affectionately called, was the pride of the school. The boys let him alone to win the prizes and maintain the scholarship of the school.

At Rugby he met another personal influence which ranks second to his mother's in the shaping of his mind and character, the great Dr. Arnold, then Head-Master. That intensely virile intellect quickened the boy's sensitive mind. But above all, Arnold's broadness of intellectual sympathy, his wideness of vision and comprehensiveness of grasp were caught as by contagion by the lad's susceptible and congenial disposition. Stanley was by nature a hero-worshipper; and Arnold remained to the end of his life his preëminent hero. His admiration amounts to adoration. And yet withal, love was not blind. In his private letters, and in his "Life of Arnold," he sees with singular clearness and criticises with unsparing yet affectionate severity his great man's great defects. He caught his master's spirit of breadth and comprehensiveness, but he permeated the bitterness which sometimes characterized Arnold's polemics with his own all pervading "sweetness and light."

At Oxford his undergraduate career was brilliant. He won the same respect and reverence from his fellow-students

which he had won from the boys at Rugby. His influence spread beyond the bounds of the university. While still an undergraduate, he was consulted by ministers of state as to an important appointment.

Upon graduation he was elected a fellow of one of the colleges, a position corresponding to that of tutor or sub-professor in an American university. For fifteen years he was not only the illuminating instructor and lecturer, but the inspiring friend and leader of his pupils. Now he is delicately suggesting, rather than offering, financial help to some poor fellow to enable him to pursue his studies or take a needed holiday. Now he is patiently laboring over some dullard; now enthusiastically guiding some congenially brilliant mind in some special course, perhaps in a spurt to win a prize. His rooms were frequently thrown open to his students; and although the boys knew that Stanley's suppers were sure to be scanty in quantity and poor in quality, because through his own utter indifference to food, he was the common prey of unprincipled caterers and servants, yet an invitation was a coveted prize. For it offered an intellectual feast of rarest richness, an evening of contact with a flaming yet gentle mind. Whatever topic was started, their host could lead them into "fresh fields and pastures new," into unsuspected by-paths and delightful nooks off the dusty and beaten paths of familiar knowledge.

In 1839 Stanley took orders in the English Church, after a long debate over the terms of subscription to the 39 articles and particularly the Athanasian Creed, a debate which inspired a life-long fight for simplicity and liberty in doctrinal requirements.

The Oxford of Stanley's days was the storm-center of the fiercest controversies which have shaken the English Church in modern times. It was the period of the great Oxford Movement, so called, *i. e.*, the High Church revival. Newman (the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," afterward a Roman Catholic cardinal) the subtle master mind of the movement, the "golden-mouthed" preacher, the intellectual

wizard who enthralled men's minds in spite of themselves, was at the height of his power; Keble, the poet and saint of the party, was professor of poetry; and Pusey, the scholar and authority of that school, was university preacher and professor. The very atmosphere was tense with theological strife; subtleties of doctrinal difference which today would not be discerned, then stirred up hurricanes and cyclones. Poor Hampton, appointed professor of Divinity and afterwards a Bishop, was furiously trampled in the mire because his English was so muddy and his brain so muddled that neither he nor any one else could make out what he meant in his lectures or his books. Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, became the target of virulent denunciation by the saints for the utterance of what would today be innocent platitudes. Pusey was silenced and Newman was attacked.

In these controversies Stanley acquired the temper and took the position which characterized his whole after life. Although a pronounced Broad Churchman himself and afterwards the recognized leader of his school of thought, he never sank into the mere partisan. He tried always and passionately to find the syntheses and sympathies that underlay all superficial differences and to show the combatants the great fundamental unities on which they all stood. Above all he stood resolutely for fairness, "the square deal." Now he is the champion of the misunderstood and muddled Hampton, now of the alleged latitudinarian and rationalist Temple, now of the Romanizing Pusey and Newman, and now of the evangelical and low-church Gorham.

In 1853 Stanley reluctantly left Oxford, which was always the home of his heart, to become a Canon of Canterbury. And while utterly unfitted for the business details of his new position, he found in the ancient Cathedral a rich field for that antiquarian and historical research which was ever his chief delight. Into his "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" he gathered the abundant lore of these years of labor.

Back to Oxford he came in 1858 as professor of Ecclesiastical History, a most congenial position. These were years of monumental labor. Studying, lecturing, devouring libraries, scouring Sinai, Palestine, Greece, Italy, France, Germany and Russia for the spoils of the past, he gathered his results into his great historical volumes, "Sinai and Palestine," "Lectures on the Jewish Church," and "Lectures on the Eastern Church." None of them are profound works; none give any deep insight into new principles or reveal any comprehensive philosophy of history. But in them all are vast and rich stores of material, gathered from every possible source and all played upon, illuminated, made brilliant and fascinating by one of the most extraordinary historical imaginations ever possessed by a human being. The old places start into reality before the eye; the old scenes live; the old stories reenact themselves with dramatic vividness; and the old characters walk the earth with human feet.

In 1863 Stanley received his coronation. He could not be a Bishop. He was not a "safe man." Tea-kettles are safe; steam engines are not always. But as Dean of Westminster he was in some respects higher than any Bishop. In the first place, he was independent of all Episcopal control, his own master for life. And in the second, he was made guardian of that shrine where the history of all England is embalmed, where state and church meet in indissoluble union, the center of national and ecclesiastical life, and the spot where he could enjoy to the full the society he loved best, the companionship of the great, living and dead. Here the remaining eighteen years of his life were spent in intense but ecstatic activity; preaching from the greatest pulpit in the world to every class,—court, parliament, learned societies, common people, working-men, children; offering the hospitality of that pulpit to whomsoever had a message which he thought ought to be heard, Churchmen of all schools, non-conformists, laymen; illustrating thus practically his favorite principle of comprehensiveness; boldly shutting out from his abbey the whole body of the Anglican

Episcopate in council assembled when he thought they intended to make wrong controversial use of it; inviting into it the despised heretic Colenso, because he thought he had not had a fair show or due appreciation; throwing open his deanery now to the Company for the Revision of the Bible, now to distinguished visitors of international significance, and now to working-men and little children; preaching and lecturing from one end of Britain, ay, of the world, to the other; flinging off from his prolific pen with astounding rapidity sermons, addresses, lectures, tracts, controversial and otherwise, letters to the newspapers on every subject, articles for periodicals, books. He plunged into every doctrinal and ecclesiastical controversy of the day and always on the side of the "under dog." He reveled in the historical treasures of his shrine and set them forth to the public in his charming volumes on the Abbey; and finally he opened its hospitality of sepulture to such of England's great as he thought worthy of that high honor. Truly this was Stanley's sphere. Through twelve of these years he had by his side as his stay and inspiration the third personal influence which made him what he was, his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley; a soul like unto his own, too like perhaps, as one of his closest friends remarked. But no union of souls was ever more perfect or ideal.

After her death in 1876 there were spurts of his old joy and energy. But he was a broken man and gradually withered until on July 18, 1881, he passed on into that perfect peace for which he fought so strenuously, even so fiercely sometimes, all his life long.

What manner of man was he and what was his chief significance?

Physically slight, fragile, a brilliant mind and flaming soul shining through a tenuous body; with certain senses, such as taste and smell, all but atrophied; forgetting to eat in his intellectual absorptions unless watched and reminded by his faithful friends; careless of personal appearance. The story is told of his appearing at a Duchess' dinner one night

with both ends of his collar flying loose; and when apprised of the fact in a whisper by his thoughtful hostess, he answered naively, "Yes, I know. I could not find my collar-button. You don't mind? Well, then, I don't." And his conversation flowed on with complete self-unconsciousness. He had little or no appreciation of art or music; caring for scenery scarcely at all for its beauty but intensely for any historic associations connected therewith.

The business affairs connected with his high positions were his despair. He was not sure of himself even in simple arithmetic. A friend once told him a humorous story about his servant. The man had won a lottery prize on a ticket numbered 27 and told his master with great seriousness how he came to choose the number. "Three nights running I heard a voice in my dreams saying, 3 times 7, 3 times 7."

Stanley's face was puzzled and blank for a minute and then he said with a gentle smile, "Oh, I see, I suppose 3 times 7 do not make 27."

"Two things I cannot do," he once remarked. "Take care of myself and understand arithmetic."

Mentally intense, brilliant, but diffuse; synethetical but not analytical; broad but not deep; with vast grasp on facts, particularly human and historical facts, he had but little insight into or concern about abstract principles.

As a preacher, eloquent on special occasions, especially when dealing with historical events or great careers which fired his imagination; but on commonplace occasions often commonplace; not prophetic; simple, pellucid, vigorous, in the enforcement of plain and practical lessons, but with little apparent insight into profound principles or deep experiences.

His religion was a religion of life, conduct, character, not of dogma. He was sometimes fierce in his denunciation of dogma. Once, at the end of one of these tirades, the subtle Disraeli dryly remarked, "Ah, Mr. Dean, remember no dogmas, no deans."

As to character, singularly pure in heart and mind, widely sympathetic, utterly humble and self-unconscious, entirely gentle and genial. It is significant that his last sermon, preached when already seized of death, was on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The theme of his life is set forth in the Apostle's words, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

But the chief significance of his life and work lies in his master passion for comprehensiveness, his chosen ministry of reconciliation and mission of peace.

He strove incessantly and unweariedly, undaunted by any opposition, criticism or failure to find the great fundamental harmonies that should bind together into practical unity and Christian love all good men, whatever "great gulfs" or superficial divergencies might yawn between them. And yet just because he did stand for peace, it was his fate to occupy the storm-center of every controversy of his day. That most inveterate of all hatreds, the "odium theologicum," concentrated itself upon his devoted head. He might well have made his own the words of the psalmist, "I have long dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace. I labor for peace; but when I speak to them thereof, they make ready for battle." But his name, his memory, his influence, his words and works, will live as a never-ceasing irenicon, a perpetual "pax vobiscum."

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. What is the general character of Warwickshire? 2. For what is Birmingham famous? 3. How are Nuneaton and Chilvers Coton associated with George Eliot? 4. What attractions has Coventry? 5. On what occasions did royalty visit Coventry? 6. What are some of the associations of Kenilworth Castle? 7. What is the legend of Guy's Cliff? 8. What gives Warwick Castle its importance? 9. What places of interest are in this neighborhood? 10. What are the chief objects of interest in Stratford? 11. What connection with Shakespeare has Wootton Wawen?

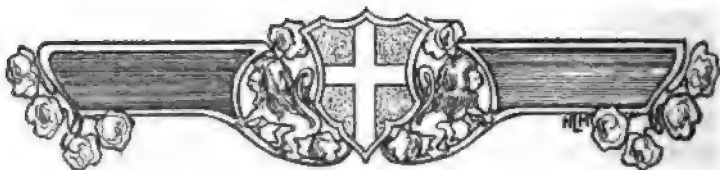
STANLEY

1. How did Dean Stanley's inheritance influence his attitude toward social problems? 2. What personal characteristics had he? 3. How was his mother's influence felt? 4. How was his intellectual growth stimulated? 5. How was he influenced by his life at Rugby? 6. What was his attitude toward Dr. Arnold? 7. How was his character shown in his life at Oxford? 8. Give some particulars of the Oxford Movement. 9. What was Stanley's attitude towards it? 10. What were the literary results of his five years as Canon of Canterbury? 11. What were his chief historical works and in what consists their value? 12. Why was the Deanship of Westminster peculiarly adapted to his temperament? 13. What characteristic use did he make of his opportunities? 14. What were his distinguishing mental traits? 15. What was the chief significance of his life?

SEARCH QUESTIONS

1. Who was the Rose-red Richard? 2. In what play do Starveling and Nick Bottom figure? 3. Who was the Warwick known as "king maker?" 4. For what was the Earl of Stratford famous? 5. Where was Shakespeare's Forest of Arden, and in what play? 6. In what plays does Shakespeare present Falstaff? 7. Who said, and on what occasion, "My kingdom for a horse?" 8. Who was Amy Robsart? 9. What is a chantry? 10. Who was Autolycus? 11. For what achievement is Rowland Hill remembered?

End of March Required Reading, pages 275-330



The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

VI. Some Effects of Elizabethan Stage Conditions upon Shakespeare's Method.

By Carl H. Grabo

THE time consumed in the performance of the average Elizabethan play is an interesting matter for speculation. In the modern theater a play is usually from two and one-half to three hours in length inclusive of all waits between acts. A play of greater length runs considerable risk of disfavor and a discreet stage manager endeavors to suit his entertainment to the expectations of his patrons. In the Elizabethan theater, free from weary waits, a greater amount of dramatic material must have been presented than in a modern performance of equal length. The proof of this is self evident when we consider modern presentations of Shakespeare, which are invariably long even in the acting versions, and acting versions involve "cuts" from the plays as Shakespeare composed them.

In the prologue to "Romeo and Juliet" a line reads,

"Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage."

This cannot be taken as conclusive evidence but it is certainly worthy of consideration. Two hours or thereabouts must have been deemed a satisfactory length for a dramatic performance. This fact in view of our modern productions of Shakespeare raises some interesting questions. We have seen that the Elizabethan stage had a great advantage over the modern stage in the elimination of waits between acts but this gain alone does not account for the difference in the time required. A modern manager would find it impossible to give "Romeo and Juliet" uncut in two hours of acting time. Some difference in methods of presentation must have arisen since Shakespeare's day to account for the incongruity.



Edward Alleyn, the most famous Actor of Shakespeare's Time

This is to be found, I think, in the modern use of stage business. A modern actor places his whole emphasis upon the action and studies carefully the minutiae of "business" which will convey to an audience his conception of the character. From various evidences we must incline to the view that in Shakespeare's day the emphasis was upon the spoken word, that the actor gave his lines with greater rapid-

ity than does the modern performer. The words, in short, have not now the chief place in a play; the situation, the details of action, the "stage business" are more important. An actor interpreting Shakespeare today, therefore, takes more time to his lines than the old-time performer, who doubtless spoke his lines effectively but rapidly, depending in his interpretation upon vocal inflection, gestures, and appropriate facial variation.

There is much evidence to support such a belief in the oratorical character of the Elizabethan stage. The long poetical passages, descriptive of scenery or mental conflict, the soliloquies which give so much pleasure to the reader of Shakespeare's plays are, we must feel, a little out of place upon the acting stage. The modern dramatic reader makes more effective use of such passages than does the actor.

We must not jump to the conclusion that Shakespeare was guilty of a dramatic weakness in the creation of undramatic passages. A safer explanation is that they suited the stage conditions of his time. The value of long descriptive passages is particularly evident in a drama which, as we have seen, was innocent of scenery. Such properties as were used were required by the action, and did little to create a picturesque illusion. It remained for the poetry of the spoken lines to supply the deficiencies of the stage setting and so in Shakespeare we find the beautiful and elaborate passages by means of which he casts a glamour over the crude realities of the Elizabethan theater. Instances will occur to any reader of Shakespeare, such, for example, as the balcony scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" with their many memorable lines:

"Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," etc.

That Shakespeare felt the limitations of the theater is directly evidenced by several passages in the choruses of Henry V. An instance occurs in the chorus preceding the first act:

" But pardon gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dared

On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object; can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance;
 Think when we talk of horses that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour glass; "

Here we find a direct appeal to the spectators to exert their imaginations and overlook the crudities inevitable to the stage presentation of a pageant.

The Chorus prologue to Act II contains a like appeal:

" and well digest
 The abuse of distance while we force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
 And then to France must we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; "

Again:

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
 Play with your fancies and with them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold



David Garrick (1717-1779), as Macbeth. From an Old Engraving.

A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur
 Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind."

Again:

"And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

In these passages we find a plain apology for the deficiencies of stage-setting and as well for the stage conventions of time and place. In his more artistic work

Shakespeare avoids such appeal to his audience, but he none the less endeavors to overcome the limitations which he felt keenly, by passages of great descriptive power and beauty skilfully introduced.

The humorous attempt of Bottom, Quince and their companions to rehearse a play has been taken by some critics as an expression of Shakespeare's satirical contempt for realistic stage setting.

Quince:—"One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or present, the person of moonshine. Then there's another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyhamus and Thisby, says the story did talk through the chink of a wall."

Snug:—"You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?"

Bottom:—"Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper."

It is not a far fetched conclusion that such a passage is a satire upon stage methods which aimed at a bold realism. But we must also remember that the passage was primarily designed to entertain a popular audience. Would not the humor of it be more evident if it were taken at its face value as a travesty upon good stage management? Would not the audience appreciate the joke better if, as may have been the case, it was accustomed to a satisfactory realism in the use of stage properties? The question is an open one and the passage may be quoted as a defense of either of two contradictory positions.

Constant reference has been made in these articles to the traditional use of the stage to represent at one time and within small space two widely distant points. This custom we have seen originated in the Mystery Plays. Effective use of this traditional convention is made by Shakespeare in at least one instance, Scene 3, Act V of "Richard III." In this scene the ghosts of Richard's victims appear before Richard and Richmond, prophesying ill to the one and good fortune to the other. The tents of the two generals are pitched both upon the stage and the apparitions appear first



Thomas Betterton (1635-1710), Famous Shakespearean Actor



John P. Kemble (1757-1823) as Hamlet

before one and then the other. The contrast is certainly effective.

That Shakespeare used his stage to present in rapid sequence scenes in widely remote places is evident from our study of *Macbeth*. A similar freedom in the use of place is apparent throughout all his work, notably in "*Julius Caesar*," and "*Antony and Cleopatra*." We, with our modern respect for the unity of place, find this freedom something of a tax upon our artistic sense when a play is represented upon a stage. In reading a play we are not so troubled, however, and doubtless on the rapidly moving Shakespearean stage there was also little difficulty arising from this cause. Mr. John Corbin's insistence upon the stage as a stage rather than as a representation of place cannot too constantly be borne in mind.

Shakespeare's adoption of the dramatic custom of his time in the use of comic scenes to diversify serious or tragic action has been mentioned several times. A study of Shakespeare's contemporary dramatists reveals the same use of comedy, but nowhere does Shakespeare shine more than by contrast in this respect to his fellow craftsmen. Marlowe's great play, "*Dr. Faustus*," is a seemingly impossible combination of profound tragedy and broad farce. The result is extremely inartistic. In Shakespeare the comic parts are used to good effect and are usually a legitimate part of the drama. Particularly is this the case with the Court Fools, such as Touchstone, and the Fool in "*Lear*." Comedy is here used to heighten the effect of serious and tragic action and from the lips of the irresponsible Fools fall many wise and pertinent sayings. In the comedies the farce element such as the Dogberry and Verges scenes in "*Much Ado*" is often the most effective part of the play. Such development of traditional dramatic technique shows Shakespeare at his best.

Minor modifications in the structure of Shakespeare's plays due to the requirements of his stage are revealed upon a detailed study. Perhaps a few instances will serve to in-

dicate the nature of such problems which the practical playwright of all times is obliged to consider.

"Hamlet" concludes not with the death of the hero but with the entrance of Fortinbras who bids the bodies of the slain be carried from the stage. The conclusion is a noble one, more in keeping we like to think, with a high conception of life than would be a drop curtain falling dramatically upon the scene. Shakespeare's tragedies do not close with death. The thread of life is picked up by the survivors and we see the story, so to speak, concluded in a human perspective. This noticeable characteristic of all the plays is conspicuous in "Hamlet." Yet the necessity back of the dramatic expedient is no more than the clearing of a stage which lacked a drop curtain. The instance is a striking one, for it illustrates the artistic use that can be made of a mechanical limitation.

A second instance illustrating another modification of structure due to stage conditions may be cited from Scene I, Act III of "Antony and Cleopatra." This scene follows immediately upon the elaborate galley scene which concludes Act II and precedes a scene in Cæsar's house at Rome. It is of no importance in itself and the theory has been advanced that it is merely a stop-gap which permits any necessary alteration of stage properties to be made on the back stage. A better explanation is that it serves to break the suddenness of the transition from Misenum to Rome. A sharp change of place is not in itself incompatible with Shakespeare's method but a change of scene which involves the presentation of the same characters in widely remote places has to be artistically managed. At Misenum and at Rome some of the same characters appear. Their exit from Misenum followed immediately by their entrance at Rome would certainly be rather confusing. The discordant note is softened by the scene of Ventidius. It is possible, too, that a little time was required for the actors to change costumes. Whatever reason is assigned the conclusion is the same that Shakespeare felt obliged to pad his play either to get an



Edmund Kean (1787-1833), the Celebrated Shakespearean Actor, as Shylock.

artistic effect or to avoid a mechanical complication. The instance is a good one in that it shows the limitations of the Elizabethan stage and the effort which Shakespeare made to overcome them. Similar examples can be found in other of his plays.



Mrs. Siddons (1755-1831), Shakesperean Actress, Whose Most Famous Rôle Was Lady Macbeth.

What effect the use of boy actors for women's parts may have had upon Shakespeare's treatment of female characters, seems a matter of dubious speculative value. It is not probable that the custom affected his conception of character at all. But it in all probability influenced him in his construction of plot, for the use of boys' costumes for feminine disguise was undoubtedly stimulated by the custom of

boy actors. The Elizabethan drama contains many instances of such feminine masquerading, and the familiar instances of Rosalind, Viola, and Imogen come to mind at once. Doubtless the boy actors found skirts an impediment and rejoiced in their own male attire. Doubtless, too, they made very good looking boys when but indifferent maidens. A successful dramatist no doubt bore these points in mind while writing his plays.

To conclude this brief consideration of the influence of stage conditions upon Shakespeare's construction of plays we may summarize the results of our discussion:

The Elizabethan stage, itself the descendant of the mediæval stage, retained certain characteristics of the cruder drama. The use of men and boys as actors of women's parts, the peculiar convention of stage distance, and the intermingling of serious and comic elements in plays are the most important traditions exerting an influence on the Elizabethan drama. The peculiarities of the Elizabethan playhouse had also their influence on dramatic structure. In this connection the lack of a drop curtain, and the scantiness of equipment, particularly the lack of scenery, are the most important points to bear in mind.

Shakespeare was influenced by these various traditional and contemporary stage conditions. A study of his plays will reveal the effects, good and bad, which they had upon his dramatic technique. Our conclusion must be, therefore, that Shakespeare was not merely a great poet but also a practical playwright who strove to make his art fit the stage conditions of his day. This he did excellently, for the most part. If we would understand his success we must bear in mind, constantly, the effect at which he aimed, and the difficulties which he was obliged to overcome.

Work of the London County Council

By Milo R. Maltbie

THE government of London is a queer intermingling of ancient and modern, of aristocratic and democratic institutions, of conservatism and radicalism. The City Corporation, which governs approximately a square mile of area in the heart of the metropolis, has a history of centuries, freighted with traditions and outgrown customs. Great upheavals in the political life of the nation have eddied about it, making almost no impression. Radical movements have gained a foothold elsewhere, but the "City" still remains as a monument to a past age and past theories of governmental organization.

The newest additions to the long list of local authorities are the twenty-eight borough councils which first saw the light of day in 1900. They succeeded to the powers of many scores of petty bodies which had cumbered the ground for generations. These borough councils naturally have no traditions; they breathe the air of the locality in which they live, and certain of them are as radical and as "socialistic" as any public bodies in England. Besides these borough councils, there are over 260 authorities with varying functions, organization and utility. American legislators would sweep them all into the rubbish heap and substitute new and simpler machinery, but the conservative, slow-going Britisher hates novelty and distrusts new methods.

It was with great reluctance that Parliament in 1888 began to reform London administration and created the first representative body with a large area and large powers—the London County Council. But even this step was taken halt-

*This is the third in a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January). Other articles which have been engaged are "Child Labor in England," by Owen R. Lovejoy; "The Garden City Movement," by John H. Whitehouse, Secretary of Toynbee Hall, London, and another article by the same author, the title of which will be announced later.

ingly because of the dislike for radical changes. The new body was to have jurisdiction only over the County of London and not over the whole Metropolis, although all the densely populated areas are within its bounds. Greater London has a population of about 7,000,000, the area presided over by the County Council about 4,700,000.

Inasmuch as the County Council is but one of some three hundred authorities that govern the metropolis, or one of ten public bodies which look after the welfare of each individual citizen, its functions in certain directions are curtailed. The police, for example, are under the control of the national government. The care of the poor and the sick belongs to special authorities. The recently municipalized water system is in the hands of the Metropolitan Water Board; likewise the conservancy of the Thames River. The borough councils have to do with public baths and wash-houses, free libraries, municipal tenements, electric lighting, street paving and cleaning, food inspection, sanitary administration and the enactment of by-laws to protect the health and safety of the public. With these important eliminations, it is evident that the range of activity of the County Council is somewhat prescribed; but there still remain elementary education, sewage disposal, parks and playgrounds, fire protection, street improvements, tramways, and several matters such as housing, public health, and highways, concerning which the county as well as the boroughs has certain duties.

The Council consists of 118 members elected by the voters and 19 aldermen elected by the councillors. When the first election was held in 1889, the question of the proper scope of governmental activity at once became the principal point at issue. Two municipal parties were formed, a thing which has not been done anywhere else in England. The Progressives came out for increased municipal functions, a collectivist policy. The Moderates pinned their faith to "that government is best that governs least" and said that all matters except the well-known and long-exercised governmental duties should be left to private initiative.

At the first trial of strength, the Progressives won by a considerable margin, electing a majority of 28 out of 118. In the five elections that have since been held—the entire council is elected every three years—the Progressives have secured a majority every time but one; in 1895, the two parties split even, and for three years the balance swung first one way and then the other. But surveying the whole period from 1889 to 1906, the increase in municipal activity stands out clearly, for even the Moderates have felt the effect of continued defeats and have supported measures which would be dubbed “socialistic” by the ultra-conservatives. For example, the steamboat service upon the Thames which had been run by private companies from the beginning, was taken over by the Council about two years ago at the request not only of the Progressives but of the Moderates. The service had been abominable and although it was hardly expected that the boats could be made to pay, they were sure the service would be greatly improved under municipal management. Financially the steamboats have been a failure, but many of the Moderates have been as firm in defending the change as the Progressives.

Probably the subject which aroused most discussion was the taking over of the street railways. Under a general act passed in 1870, local authorities have the right to purchase lines twenty-one years after the granting of the franchise. The grants began to fall in 1891, and the Council, with the Progressives in the saddle, decided to buy up the lines and operate them. There was a dispute over the price to be paid, and the case passed through several courts, finally reaching the House of Lords, which decided in the main in favor of the Council. As other franchises have terminated, the policy has been continued, although not all of the lines have been operated at once because the rights were acquired piecemeal and disconnected sections could not be worked by the Council to advantage. Upon April 1, 1906, the Council began operation of practically all of the lines north of the Thames within the County of London. With the southern

system which had been municipalized earlier, the Council now owns and operates all of the surface lines within the County, except a few small sections still in the hands of private companies. Before acquisition, the horse car dragged its weary length throughout the Metropolis, but as soon as the Council took hold, electrification began and as rapidly as new lines have been turned over, the change has been extended. The overhead trolley was repudiated, and the more attractive and safe, but expensive, conduit system has been installed. There is also a short line of subway under the new Aldwych street, which is to be extended under the Strand, down the Embankment and over one of the bridges possibly.

All of this work has been carried out in spite of much opposition in Parliament. The Progressive party is largely composed of Liberals. The national government has been controlled by the Conservatives from 1889 to the present, who have opposed the increasing activity of the County Council. Consequently, it has been difficult to get the necessary authority to construct an adequate system of street railway transportation. For example, Parliament has steadily refused until recently—the Liberals are now in power—to give the Council the right to run cars over any of the bridges, or even to connect their lines with omnibuses. Consequently, the tramway passenger who wanted to go from his home south of the Thames to his office in the center of the city had to change at the bridges, get into a private omnibus and pay another fare.

Yet in spite of all these difficulties the department has reduced fares—over one-third of the passengers ride for one cent—improved the service by running more cars, well lighted and cleaned, has raised wages, reduced hours of labor and paid considerable sums to reduce taxation. When one remembers that these satisfactory results have been attained during the reconstruction of the lines and that traffic drops to a negligible quantity while the work is under way although fixed charges go on as before, the credit to be given to Mr. A. L. C. Fell, the general manager of the system, and to

the wisdom of the Council in adopting municipal operation becomes very evident.

No one who has visited the poorer districts of London will deny the imperative demand for better housing facilities. Neither will anyone deny that conditions have greatly improved within the past ten years. The County Council has contributed largely towards this result through the condemnation and removal of insanitary dwellings, the erection of new buildings, contributions to other local authorities to aid them in their work, and inducements to laborers to move out to the suburbs. The Council has completed or has in process of construction housing accommodations for over 85,000 people, covering areas of nearly 400 square miles and to cost nearly \$21,000,000. The largest scheme embraces 225 acres outside of the county in a suburban district, where accommodations will be provided for 42,500 persons at a cost of upwards of \$10,000,000. The cottages will be two stories in height, containing from three to five rooms each, with a garden, sanitary conveniences, etc., at rents ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per week probably. This district alone will have a population equal to that of a good sized city.

A large proportion of the work of the London County Council is devoted to the development of good citizens. Not only has the park area been nearly doubled in the last ten years, but the number of amusements and attractions has been very greatly increased. Forty-one special gymnasia for children have been provided in addition to generous facilities for cricket, golf, football, bowling, tennis and other games. During the past summer band concerts were given in upwards of a hundred places, and many were in the central part of the city during the noon hour so that the workers employed in the office buildings could enjoy the music at luncheon time. One of the most popular moves of the Council has been the reduction of prices in the park restaurants so that everyone could make use of them—a suggestion which might well be copied in the United States.

The most important function recently handed over to the Council is education, transferred in 1904, which hitherto had been administered by a special board. America has little to learn from England in popular education. The schools have so long been under the guidance of the Church, and sectarian questions have so long hindered proper development, that America has taken long strides while England has marked time. However, the schools are quite as good as those of the provincial towns and do contain some very excellent features. There are schools—"centres"—for cooking, laundering, housekeeping and manual training. Special schools have been provided for the mentally and physically defective and polytechnics for advanced students. Penny banks are maintained to encourage thrift, and loan libraries to stimulate reading. Meals are given to underfed children, and in a few instances vehicles convey crippled children to and from school. The newer buildings are equipped with gymnasiums, and public baths are being urged as a necessary part of the equipment. There is systematic medical inspection of school children to determine who are mentally and physically defective and to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. Out of school hours, the buildings are rented to various cultural associations at modest charges, the aim being to make the school a powerful factor in the development of good citizenship in every direction.

The attitude of the Council towards its employees is that of a model employer. They are paid the standard rate of wages and required to work only the standard number of hours. That the same treatment shall be given to employees of private contractors, "fair wages clauses," clauses requiring the contractor to pay trade union rates and to work under trade union conditions, are inserted in all contracts. The attempt throughout is to avoid on the one hand "sweating" and inadequate wages, and on the other the creation of a privileged class of employees by over-payment and under-work.

In order that the working man might be fairly treated

and that the taxpayer might get the worth of his money in public work, the Council established in 1892 the "works department." By this means the Council became its own contractor, employing workmen, buying supplies and directing the work through its own staff of engineers. The procedure is as follows: When the engineers' estimate of the work to be done by any committee of the Council is referred to the Works Department, it reports whether it can do the work for the estimated amount or not. If it says it can, the job is assigned to the Department. If it says it cannot, the work is given to private contractors. From this point on the Department is treated as a contractor and its work supervised as if it were a contractor in reality. During the first years of its history, many difficulties were encountered and the question is still an open one whether the practice paid; but in view of the unsatisfactory work done by certain contractors, the difficulty of obtaining honest work where inspection was difficult, e. g., sewers and underground construction, the high prices that were charged, and the collusion said to exist among a ring of contractors, it is now generally believed to have justified its existence. Whether it saves any large sum for the Council may be a question, but it tends to keep the contractors within bounds by the competition it affords. During the year 1904-5, the average number of employees was 3,382 and the total cost of the work performed nearly \$1,200,000.

Measured according to the standard of municipal expenditures in American cities, London gets off very easily. New York with about three-fourths the population spends much more than London. The budget of the County Council taken alone is about one-quarter of the total, approximately \$27,000,000. Its indebtedness in the Spring of 1905 was about \$375,000,000, but a good proportion of this was incurred to raise money to loan to other public bodies, for which the Council acts as banker. The Council also owns several revenue producing undertakings, such as tramways and tenements, so that still another portion does not impose

a burden upon the taxpayers. One of the most interesting cases of successful financial management is the new avenue cut through from the Strand to High Holborn. The principle adopted was to acquire every piece of property of which a portion was taken for the avenue, to then rearrange the odds and ends left and to rent good sized plots for 50 to 99 years. As a result, the interest on the money loaned to put through the scheme will be paid by rents from the remaining property if all the property is rented upon the terms fixed, as now seems to be likely.

One ought not to close this brief review of the functions of the County Council without reference to the men who direct the machinery. Nearly all are elected by the people and serve without salary; I almost said without pay, which would not be strictly true, for while there is no financial remuneration there are rewards which attract the most able men. Public service is regarded almost everywhere in England with the greatest reverence. Honor, dignity, and social prominence attach to public office, and the belief is general that the successful man owes the community a debt which can be discharged only through gratuitous service for the public welfare.

The members of the Council come from every class of society. There is the labor leader, the capitalist, the titled peer, the university professor, the barrister, the doctor and "the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker." The successful business man who has retired from active work in the business world, is probably the most numerous. All give generously of their time and labor, for the work of the County Council is heavy and exacting. Indeed, there are instances where men have been elected from active life and have relinquished their business obligations in order to serve the public. Where there is such civic patriotism it is not surprising that government is wisely and efficiently conducted.

The Lincoln Mark*

By James Edmund Holden

I USED to meet a man in the Cotton Exchange, in Manchester, England, on Tuesdays and Fridays, the market days, who had a wide, red scar on his left cheek, across the cheek bone and extending partly over the bridge of his nose. Usually it was red, but when he got at all excited the scar would take on a purple tint. We got used to it, and seldom noticed it after the first few times we met, but strangers would ask us now and then about the man. Every young fellow of us had, in his school days, been instructed by parents and teachers to avoid the gentleman, ostracize him, hold him in abhorrence, as an enemy of the common good. It all grew out of a quarrel long years ago. He was rich and somewhat of an aristocrat, a large employer of labor. Any inquiry only called forth the answer, "Oh, that scar on his face? That is the Lincoln mark." And thereby hangs a tale, as the saying goes.

In the workhouse of Burnley, in the same county with Manchester, is an old, crippled pauper, who sits around the gates of the grounds, waiting presumably for the final human release. If you get into conversation with him, he will, after a little, whisper to you the startling intelligence that "the 'Merica war will now soon be over, and then raw cotton will not be grown at the price of blood." This leads to the same story as the other. It is an untold story of the American Civil War.

When southern cotton fields were turned to battle fields and master and slave neglected everything but the war, these weavers and spinners of the American cotton in Lancashire, and there were over two millions of them all told, were interested in the struggle to the extent of their daily bread. This was before the pitiful attempts of the English government to raise cotton in India and thus be independent of

*This highly original and interesting article was by mistake announced as a part of the January CHAUTAUQUAN.

the States. It was before the great development of the cotton manufacturing interests in New England. The world depended on these Lancashire weavers for cotton cloth then, and the weavers depended on New Orleans for raw material. Long before the war the Lancashire sky had been dark with other clouds than native coal smoke, and when the war broke out at last, they knew they were in for it.

The bales of cotton arriving at Liverpool became fewer every day. The great mills were put on short time. Then they began to close entirely, first for a month, then three months. But they stayed shut down for six months, then for a year, then another. And so the long drawn out sorrow came slowly but surely.

Savings banks and coöperative societies, the redeemers of latter-day poverty were in their infancy then. The wages of these factory workers averaged only \$4.10 a week per adult for an eleven and one-half hour day. Working at these starvation wages what preparation could they make for the coming storm? Many firms crippled themselves trying to keep their hands at work as long as possible. Soon hundreds of half-famished men and women were walking the hard paved streets, wondering where tomorrow's dinner was coming from. The Manchester *Examiner*, the only daily paper, was scanned and passed around to find out any news of the 'Merica war.

Hopeless days were spent guessing the possibility of immediate settlement. Mills closed, stores closed, banks closed. The only interest that was aroused in town and county was when some member of Parliament would announce a speech on the present condition of things. It is an interesting study to follow the attitude of the leaders of the Lancashire people at that time. Mr. Gladstone without looking too closely at the American trouble had committed himself to a policy and course which he was man enough to condemn in himself in after life. He was a Lancashire man, from Liverpool. John Bright, the Quaker of Rochdale, was a cotton merchant himself, but his nature and re-

ligion revolted against slavery, and with voice and pen he urged the people of his county to stand by the Northern cause, through it meant long drawn out starvation. He mortgaged his mill to the last cent for relief work. Some say the family never recovered it.

The sacrifices that were made by Richard Cobden, another leader, will never be known. Since I have known America and the closer history of that war, together with some of the men who were up near the "colors and the music," I still doubt whether any greater sacrifice, personal and real, was made in contribution to the cause of union and freedom, than was made by that plain but wonderful tribune of the Lancaster people. Cobden got Henry Ward Beecher to his Free Trade Hall in Manchester and you who have read the story of Beecher's experience will recall the vast difference, the revulsion, that came to him as he looked into the faces of seven thousands of starving cotton weavers, in contrast to his experience amongst the aristocrats in Exeter Hall, London.

My father used to tell us stories of the war time, which he called the cotton panic, as we sat round the winter fire. He said that when I made my advent into the world there was little or nothing in the house to eat. He said, too it would be queer if I never became an American. Many of the neighbors had gone into other counties, taking with them a sack or poke, for picking up their bread from door to door. People that were ashamed to beg sang in companies in the streets of the midland towns while one or two carried the bag. When a Lancashire man loses his place now they speak of him as "having got the sack."

Hopeless starvation meetings were held in the towns and thousands would gather because they had nothing else to do. The Bread Riots had already taught the authorities of Lancashire the temper of the native when once aroused. One poor mother having had nothing for her children or herself for three days, took them and flung the three of them into the canal and jumped in after them. They were all

drowned. These were the family of my friend I introduced you to at the head of this calamity story, our friend of the workhouse. He never regained his reason, and always reverts to the point where he lost it.

I wonder sometimes how many poor wretches there were in the crowd who agreed to commit a wholesale suicide if the war was not settled by the 19th of October, 1862. There was a general funeral next day and starvation meetings were prohibited after that.

The question on every pallid lip, even of prematurely old-looking children on the street, was, "Has Lee surrendered yet?" Who Lee was they knew not, nor cared, but they knew that their lives, their daily bread depended on raw cotton, which somehow did not come.

A certain bridge in Burnley bears to this day the marks of a riot that was throttled by the soldiers. A mill, a grist mill, takes its name from an incident of the panic times. It is called Boggart Mill. The term meant ghost. The mill was rifled one night by white-caps and nine hundred sacks of flour were baked and eaten in two days.

My acquaintance of the Exchange was a manager of one of the cotton mills, and was at that time seeking to gain the good graces of his employer's daughter. Most of the manufacturers were in favor of the South, for they argued that the North could not possibly help us in furnishing cotton. This young man, one of the people, one whose sympathies should have been with the workers, either from conviction, or, as his people believed, from "love's blind policy," took up the side of the manufacturer, the government and the aristocracy.

At a meeting in the cattle market, after several strong speeches from the advocates of union and freedom, the foolish fellow essayed to argue the matter with the speakers on the platform. He claimed that the weavers were standing in their own light and that the wealthy would help them to work and food if they were not so rabid in their denunciation of the cause of slavery. He went on to hope

"that the time would speedily come when all fool politicians from the backwoods would be taught a lesson, and that Lincoln and all his tribe would be knocked into cocked hats." Before he could turn his head, a missile hit him in the face and he will bear "the Lincoln mark" to his grave.

The name of the great Liberator is to be seen on the top of the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, writ there by some homesick American globe-trotter. Within ten miles of the city of Florence, Italy, is an old couple who have three children in Minnesota, and having got a chromo picture of the first American from their son, are under the impression that this great man must be the patron saint of the great west land, and so every morning prayer is offered for the Minnesotans in the name of St. Abraham Lincoln.

But it is amongst the dwarfed, eager, hungry-looking and yet sharp, shrewd cotton workers of the county of Lancaster, England, that one is impressed with the influence and history of Lincoln's "far-flung battle line." The Lancaster school has a personality all its own. Lincoln's proclamation of liberty is the best known document outside the weary list of "our kings and queens."

In my own day, next to the Almighty, the government inspector of schools was the terror of our lives. But we found his limitations once, and that relieved the pressure. He desired to make a few remarks to the school, ending with the question, "Who is the greatest man in British history?" Without a waver, sharp as the crack of a whip, came the universal answer, "Abraham Lincoln." He hesitated, and then turning to the master, asked, "Who in the world is Abraham Lincoln?" The master quietly suggested that this was a Lancashire school, as if that were the explanation needed. Need I tell you that every fiber of American cotton, and it is the best, weaves into this people the lesson of liberty for which their fathers and mothers suffered?

On the Exchange again, and you will see in one corner a miniature bale of cotton under a glass case, with the legend:

"Part of the first bale of free cotton, shipped from West Virginia, U. S., to Liverpool, 1865. FREE COTTON IS KING. BUT WHAT DID IT COST?"

The story of that bale of cotton is soon told. People from all over Lancashire came to Liverpool. Getting a flat wagon and trimming it with flowers, they placed the cotton in the middle and children around it, and over it the flag that I was born under and with it the flag that I expect to die under, the flag that you know so well; on these two flags the picture of the greatest man of his age, one that you love, that my people loved, and that appeals to plain people everywhere — ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Through the streets they went singing "The Battle-cry of Freedom," on to St. George's Square, where it served as an altar for the Bishop of Manchester to preach his sermon on civil liberty.

No such thing could occur again. England and America have outgrown it. Along the walls of my old school, on the Free Library stairs, in the great savings bank building, in the chamber of commerce, everywhere the Lancastrian hangs his pictures of noble men—for England has noble men and noblemen—there you will find side by side with the faces of Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Peel, Pitt, and Palmerston the dear familiar face of the great American, Abraham Lincoln.



The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

MAKE religious thought and motive the basis of your whole life. Live sanely on all sides of your nature: Take care of your body and keep it in health by work, by exercise, by wholesome food, by regular hours, by recreation of a wholesome sort, by social life full of cheer and good will. Be at your physical best. Enjoy life. And let all your gladness be hallowed by large thoughts concerning God, his love, his wisdom, his presence and the infinite resources he places at your command. Make it a part of your religion to take care of your *manners* that according to the measure of your gifts, you may be attractive and interesting to others. Cultivate the art of conversation. Be as valuable a member of the social circle as possible and in all social life be magnanimous, generous and full of cheer. Be a reader and a student whatever your sphere in life may be. If you are a blacksmith try to be as nearly like Elihu Burritt as possible. If you are a farmer boy study the life of Lincoln. If you are a tradesman full of enterprise and ambition and with business tact study the life of Peter Waldo. But why attempt to call the long list? Study Biography. It is like being introduced to and becoming intimate with worthy men and women whose lives demonstrate the excellency of faith in God, good will to men, self-sacrifice in order to develop larger usefulness, diligence in study and in business in order to succeed in life and in the service of men. Make biography a specialty and fill your memory and heart with the lives that have made the world worth something. Read the lives of such men as Gladstone, Benjamin Franklin, the English Havelock, Luther, John Howard, Phillips Brooks, the successful business men, the brave reformers,

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the January CHAUTAUQUAN, of which the general subject was "How to Begin to be Good."

the noble women of our Christian civilization. The more worthy people you *know* the more elements of power you have if you put your heart and will into your knowledge.

9. And try to avoid all superstition. Don't be afraid of God. He is the last being in the universe to be afraid of. Out of His infinite heart all our best human loves come. He is more gentle than any mother. He is patient and forbearing. You can trust Him and lean on Him. You can breathe Him into your soul until His strength becomes your strength. Think of Him as the *Sun*. He is the Sun of Righteousness. If you want to kindle a fire in your soul take your lens of real faith, and thinking of God and His promises resolve firmly and steadily, and both light and heat will come to you.

10. It is a great thing to have a constant and unchanging faith in the permanent realities of this universe. Nothing goes by mere chance or impulse. You wake up in the morning from a sound or troubled sleep. The world has gone on in its usual fashion while you slept. You have not been conscious of responsibility. Now when you wake the world will continue to go in the same fashion. The vital energy in vegetable and animal kingdoms is still at work. Gravitation is still holding its own. The atmosphere continues to enfold the earth. The electric currents are ready for use. Everything necessary to life and activity continued during your sleep, is ready for use when you awake, and holds in reserve, subject to human command, all that is necessary for the service of man.

In the same way the invisible, the living and the loving God fills the universe with His presence. Whether you sleep or whether you wake the forces that make for life, for comfort, for character are in evidence. It is for you to use them; to adjust yourself to them; to accept and apply them. It is morning! You don't need any special interposition in your case. Here is the water—wash! You have already been using the fine fresh air of the morning that filled your room even while you slept,—breathe it in! You need

no miracle—there is the Sun—shining an hour before you awoke, and shining far beyond the hills while you slept in the darkness—raise the curtain and let it flood your room! You need no “revival” of Nature’s energies. You need no new baptism of physical power. Here they all are, here before you awoke they all were. Use them. They are exhaustless. Use them. They are to be depended upon as to their way of acting. Know the laws and yield to the forces of Nature. As in matter so in Spirit. As in Nature so in Grace. As in the physical air so in breathing the Spirit of the living God. As in the natural Sun so in the Sun of Righteousness. Everything is ready for you. Everything was ready for you before you awoke. Use the ever present and boundless provision of God in Nature for your body. Use the ever present and boundless provision of God in Grace for your soul and body. Wait for nothing. The natural sun slips out of sight as the earth turns. Your sun-glass is worth nothing now. But the Sun of Righteousness never leaves the spiritual horizon, you may use your lens of prayer at midnight! Don’t ask or wait for any miracle. The whole system of Matter and Mind, of Nature and Grace is a perpetual miracle. Don’t *ask*—accept. Don’t wait—use! Get up, O sluggard, and live in both worlds in which ample provisions have been made and simply await your acceptance—the world of good for the body and the world of grace for the soul. Take long deep draughts of the fresh air: take as long and deep draughts of the encompassing and all pervading Spirit of God. Lift the curtain and by that act you pray “O Sun of Righteousness shine upon me!”

Just as the provisions of what you call Nature (I call it God) anticipate all your needs and demand only your acceptance so with the needs of your soul. God works for you and *in* you, in grace as in nature. Accept Him. *Use* His provided resources. The Sun has light-rays and heat-rays. Take either or both as you choose. You may have the actinic ray by conforming to the law of its creation. Ask for what you want and remember that as in nature there are

protective and adaptive agencies, so in grace the divine energy of wisdom and love is ever operative. Work out your own salvation for it is God who works in you. God has his plan as He has his resources for you. It is a precious reflection that for each *unit* in this universe of innumerable souls God cares, and that the rays of the Sun play as directly and as perfectly on the tiny flower as on the giant tree, on the babe in its cradle as on the king on his throne.

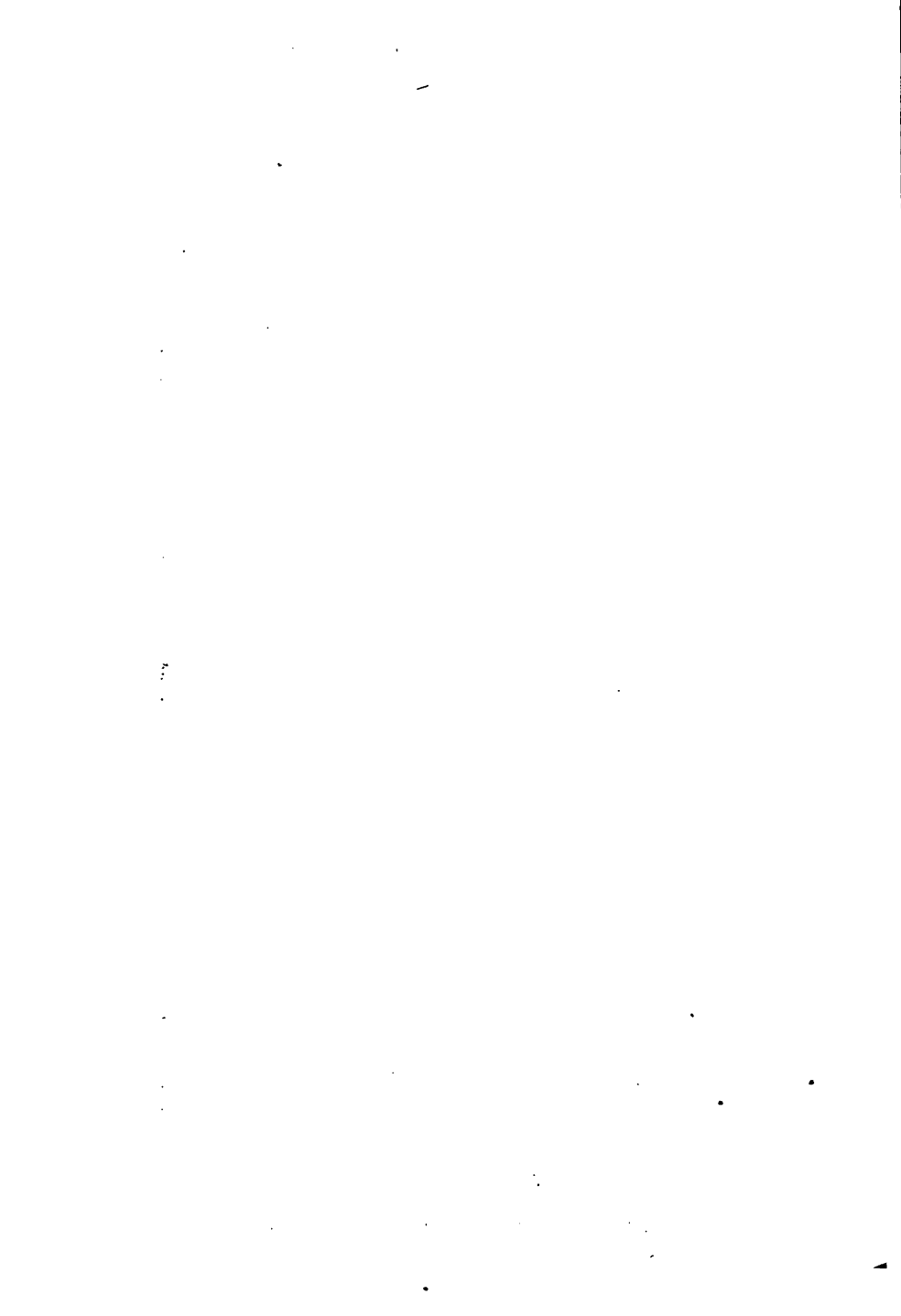
God knows the units. He knows, he loves and he *cares* for you and for you and for *you*. He turns over all things for your individual use—all the sun—the whole sun is yours. All the enwrapping atmosphere is yours. The force of gravitation is for you. It is not hard for me to believe that God knows and cares for and loves and comforts and leads the smallest child, the poorest, feeblest representative of the race—"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." "The very hairs of your head are numbered."

I go further than to acknowledge this recognition of the individual; I believe that each individual is subject to the divine supervision. God not only knows all and each but He *adapts* Himself to the individual. It is safe to say to every *one*—God knows and plans for and leads *you*. His omnipresence is the active agency of Wisdom and Love applied to each personality. Here is a young life—ill-taught, neglected, possibly abused by early associates—by father or by mother or, lacking both, by guardian or employer. But God cares for that ill-used unit. He knows. He loves. He leads. At fifty he is a sympathetic friend, a philanthropist, a true servant of God. Out of his own lack he learned to love and to help. God led him that way. So God leads every one of us by paths not of our own choosing. His wisdom often outreaches our folly. What seems hard and cruel in the experience proves to be the very thing that goaded us to effort or that taught us self-control or that filled us with the spirit of patience. Horace Bushnell has a sermon on "Every man's life a plan of God." I wish

everybody could read it. Your life, little and unknown by most people, discouragingly insignificant as it occasionally seems to you—your life is in the plan of God. Your life is, as far as you will allow it, a part of the plan of God. You see the wrong side of it now. But there is a *right side* where every thread of every shade, every flower, leaf and tendril are beautiful and harmonious.

Here is a man whose weakest point of character is his love of human praise. He is contented when men commend. He is wretched when popular opinion condemns. The praise of men is his *idol*. How often God takes such a man in hand and schools him by processes that smart and sting and humiliate! He loves praise and gets adverse criticism and censure and sometimes contempt. He is defeated in his policies, laughed at for sensitiveness, snubbed, ignored or repudiated by the very circles whose praise he coveted. And all this drives him to despair or draws him to God. Shut out from the things in the world that he most covets he comes to find rest and peace as he is shut in with the love and strength and peace of God. Thus God's gracious providence works for us, all unsought by us, all unrecognized by us until we stand purified, refined as by fire in the presence of saints and angels—the self expurgated, and love enshrined in the very center of a once selfish heart.







"The Light of the World." By William Holman Hunt

Representative English Paintings

"The Light of the World."

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[William Holman Hunt was born in London in April, 1827. In 1845 he became a student of the Royal Academy much against the wishes of his parents. He is known chiefly as a religious painter and as the only one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood who, in later life, did not abandon the early principles of that society.]

Between the years 1840 and 1850 the English school of painting was, almost without exception, mediocre. To be sure, Turner was still alive, but he was past his prime and his influence counted for little. The most skilful draughtsmen of the period had completely lost touch with nature and had lapsed into a commonplace conventionality and dependence on precedent. Disgusted by the affectation and narrow horizon of their older contemporaries, three young men formed a society that had for its aim the regeneration of English art. These three painters, William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Sir John Millais, together with four like-minded, young artists and writers were the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood whose first pictures so utterly amazed the English art world.

This little circle made it their duty to nurse their national art back to health. Few would be bold enough to say that English painting would never have regained itself without their aid, but it is certain that they were the means of a sure and speedy recovery. But what were the definite purposes of the Pre-Raphaelites? Mr. William M. Rossetti, writer and brother of the painter, himself a member of the society, sums them up in this fashion: "To be a Pre-Raphaelite it was necessary, (1) to have definite ideas to express; (2) to study nature attentively so as to know how to express the ideas; (3) to sympathize with previous art to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and, (4) most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues."

William Holman Hunt stands unique among the three

founders of the Brotherhood for the reason that he has kept to these principles with unwavering faithfulness. The study of nature has been his absorbing passion and in all of his pictures he has painted religiously the most minute details. Both Rossetti and Millais drifted away from their early ideals but Hunt has preserved them to the letter.

"The Light of the World" is a sermon, complete in itself. No one can fail to appreciate the tremendous power of this representation of the Saviour. It is, moreover, a picture that can be enjoyed quite as well in reproduction as in the original, Hunt's colors are not always pleasing and this is especially true of "The Light of the World." The picture was suggested by the beautiful verse in the twelfth chapter of Revelations: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me."

The majestic figure of Christ stands before us in a long white robe over which is a richly embroidered mantle; on His head rests a crown of thorns. These things are emblematical of His offices of Prophet, Priest and King. At the left of the picture is a door, representing the human soul. Old, rusty, and over-grown with ivy, it is apparent that the door has seldom been opened. The lantern in the left hand of Christ is commonly called the "light of conscience," which displays, first, past sin and afterwards the light of peace and the hope of salvation. The picture is full of spiritual feeling and a carefully worked-out symbolism.

The critics tell us that Holman Hunt is not a great painter. But he is a good story teller, preacher—whatever you will. Shall the painter tell stories or must he leave that for the writer and aim to please simply the senses? Somewhere in our minds we have an axiom that tells us that painting is wholly unfit for story-telling—that its mission is vastly different. But we are surely forgiven if we forget that before William Holman Hunt's incomparable conception of our Blessed Lord and Saviour.



The Princely Pleasures at Kenilworth Castle

IN July, 1575, as Queen Elizabeth was upon one of her progresses, she made the Earl of Leicester a visit at his castle of Kenilworth. The manor and castle, which had formerly belonged to the crown, had been granted to the Earl of Leicester and his heirs in the fifth year of her reign. After obtaining this noble seat it is said "he spared for no expense in the enlarging and adorning it." Sir William Dugdale relates that the charges bestowed by the earl on the castle park, and chase amounted to no less than £60,000. Here, it is related in the life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, he entertained the queen and her court in the summer of 1575 "for seventeen days together with all imaginable magnificence."

"At her first entrance a floating island was discerned upon the pool, glittering with torches, on which sat The Lady of the Lake attended by two nymphs, who addressed her Majesty in verse, with an historical account of the antiquity of the owners of the castle; and the speech was closed with the sound of cornets and other instruments of loud music. Within the base-court was erected a stately bridge twenty foot wide and seventy foot long, over which the queen was to pass; and on each side stood columns, with presents upon them to her Majesty from the gods. Silvanus offered a cage of wild fowl, and Pomona divers sorts of fruit; Ceres gave corn, and Bacchus wine; Neptune presented sea fish; Mars the habiliments of war and Phoebus all kinds of musical instruments. During the rest of her stay a variety of sports and shows were daily exhibited. In the chase was a savage man with satyrs; there were bear baitings and fire works, Italian tumblers, and a country bridal, running at the quintin and Morris-dancing, and, that no sort of diversion might be omitted, hither came the Coventry men and acted the ancient play, so long since used in that city, called Hocks-Tuesday, representing the destruction of the Danes in the reign of King Ethelred; which proved so agreeable to her Majesty that she ordered them a brace of bucks and five marks in money to defray the charges of the feast. There were besides in the pool a Triton riding on a mermaid 18 foot long and Arion

upon a dolphin. . . . An estimate may be found of the expense from the quantity of ordinary beer, which was drunk upon this occasion, with amounted to three hundred and twenty hogsheads."

George Gascoigne has given an account of the princely pleasures upon this memorable occasion. He seems to have arranged many of the entertainments and to have composed much of the verse which was inflicted upon her Majesty. Everywhere the Queen turned she was met by various personages representing the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology and characters famous in Arthurian legend. There is a charming incongruity in this mixture of classical and English mythology. The Lady of the Lake, Diana and her nymphs, King Arthur and his knights, Echo, Satyr, etc., mingled in an un-historic democracy.

Upon the lake in the castle grounds fire works were offered in the evening and various water shows of an allegorical significance. Of these it is said :

"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water; and among others Harry Goldingham was to present Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to performe it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham: which blunt discovery pleased the queen better, than if he had gone through in the right way." "Yet," the footnote adds, "he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

Upon the Queen's departure the Earl commanded Master Gascoigne to devise some farewell worth the presenting; whereupon he himself, "clad like Sylvanus, god of the woods, and meeting her as she went out hunting, spake extempory as followeth." Then comes a long address, after which her Majesty proceeded, and Sylvanus pursuing continued his discourse at even greater length. After a time "her Majesty stayed her horse to favor Sylvanus, fearing lest he should be driven out of breath by following her horse so fast. But Sylvanus humbly besought her Highness to go on, declaring that if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue this tale to be twenty miles long."



George Eliot

Library Shelf

Brother and Sister

GEORGE ELIOT.

I.

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath.
Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

II.

Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now,
When we two wandered toward the far-off stream,

With rod and line. Our baskets held a store
Baked for us only, and I thought with joy
That I should have my share, though he had more,
Because he was the elder and a boy.

The firmaments of daisies since to me
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
The bunched cowslip's pale transparency
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
From those blest hours of infantine content.

* * * *

VI.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought;
And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view
Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime
With some Unknown behind it, whither flew
The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time,

The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours,
With white robe sweeping-on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me
My present Past, my root of piety.

VII.

Those long days measured by my little feet
Had chronicles which yield me many a text;
Where irony still finds an image meet
Of full-grown judgments in this world perplex.

One day my brother left me in high charge
To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange new light
And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone
Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

VIII.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow,
Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
Upon the imperilled line, suspended high,

A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,
Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich
Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
Until my triumph reached its highest pitch

When all at home were told the wondrous feat
And how the little sister had fished well.
In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
I wondered why this happiness befell.

"The little lass had luck," the gardener said:
And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

IX.

We had the self-same world enlarged for each
By loving difference of girl and boy:
The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
"This thing I like my sister may not do,
For she is little and I must be kind."

CLASS PIN FOR 1907.

The Committee on the Class pin for the 1907's report a design which they think will prove acceptable to members of the class. The class numerals '07 will be in white and the letters C. L. S. C. in red, suggestive of the Scarlet Salvia, the class emblem. The triangular background for these letters and figures will be encircled by a wreath of laurel which is fitting, since it is emblematic of the honors due to Washington, for whom the class is named. The pin will be furnished in two styles, in silver for seventy-five cents and in gold for a price not exceeding two dollars. Members of the class who wish to secure pins are asked to notify the secretary, Miss Rannie Webster, Oil City, Pa., which style they prefer. This will enable her to order with some definite idea of what the demand is likely to be, and she will arrange to have the pins on sale by the first of April. The money need not be sent until the pins are ready, but a postal card to the secretary stating the kind desired will be of great assistance.



The Class of '96 which celebrated its decennial last summer is laying plans for a decade of useful activities which may properly lead up to its vicennial in 1916! All members are asked to send to the secretary, Miss Emily E. Birchard, 28 Penrose avenue, Cleveland, O., their names and addresses, as many changes have taken place since the class graduated, and a revised list is being made.

TO THE CLASS OF 1896.

Your president wishes to send to you Christmas and New Year's Greetings, through the medium of the Round Table, and to express his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him.

The value of the officers to an older class is largely in their presence and influence during the Recognition Week observances, to arrange reunions and to foster new inspiration that will be felt not alone while at Chautauqua but at home. The Decennial observance on August 10 was well attended and encouraging addresses were made by Bishop Vincent, Prof. George E. Vincent, Miss Kate Kimball, Dr. Hickman and also by Rev. Dr. Peck and Mr. Henry W. Sadd, both members of the class. Kindly words of appreciation were spoken in loving memory of the late beloved

president, Mr. John A. Seaton, a loyal and aggressive Chautauquan, and his work for the class and for Alumni Hall. The Class, with its membership of over 1300, should be proud of its past record. The sum of \$250 has been paid for a pillar in the New Hall of Philosophy, our allotted share for the year given to the Alumni Hall association, and a substantial balance remains in the treasury.

The motto "Truth Seekers," is significant of the ideals of the class, fittingly applying to every day life, and if the Greek Lamp, the class emblem, was sufficient for past ages, modern equipment should mean the attainment of large results in study and thought.

Let all members endeavor to be present during Recognition Week each year and especially at the double decennial, ten years hence.

Cordially,
FRANK D. FRISBIE, President.



BIBLICAL ALLUSIONS IN TENNYSON.

Some years ago a well-known college president becoming skeptical as to the average student's knowledge of the Bible, selected twenty-two extracts from Tennyson's poems and asked each of the thirty-four students to explain the Biblical allusions. The result was startling. Out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers only three hundred and twenty-eight were given. Twenty-three of the young men had never heard of Arimathæan Joseph, twenty-eight were vanquished by Jonah's gourd. Twenty-seven could not cope with "A whole Peter's sheet," and eighteen were bewildered by "Pharaoh's darkness." Our readers may be interested to see this test which resulted so disastrously. The list was taken from the appendix to Dr. Van Dyke's "The Poetry of Tennyson."

"My sin was a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow."—*"Supposed Confessions."*
"As manna on my wilderness."—*Ibid.*

"That God would move,
And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence."—*Ibid.*

"Like that strange angel which of old
Until the breaking of the light
Wrestled with wandering Israel."—*"To—."*

"Like Hezekiah's, backward runs
The shadow of my days."—*"Will Waterproof."*

"Joshua's moon in Ajalon."—*"Locksley Hall."*
"A heart as rough as Esau's hand."—*"Godiva."*

"Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baal."—*"Aylmer's Field."*

"Ruth amid the fields of corn."—*Ibid.*

"Pharoah's darkness."—*Ibid.*

"A Jonah's gourd
Up in one night and due to sudden sun."—*"The Princess."*

"Stiff as Lot's wife."—*Ibid.*

"Arimathæan Joseph."—*"The Holy Grail."*

"For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine—
"*The Last Tournament.*"

"Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last."—*"The Holy Grail."*

"And marked me even as Cain."—*"Queen Mary."*

"The Church on Peter's rock."—*Ibid.*

"Let her eat dust like the serpent, and be driven out of her Paradise."—*"Becket."*

"A whole Peter's sheet."—*Ibid.*

"The godless Jephtha vows the child.
To one cast of the dice."—*"The Flight."*

"A Jacob's ladder falls."—*"Early Spring."*

"Follow Light and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."

"Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."



BROWNING.

Some persons are overcome with a sense of hopelessness when confronted with a Browning poem. They give up the battle before it is begun, with the assurance that they have no "poetic faculty," and they are content thereafter to read only what other people say about the poet. But these same people are often keen observers and clever in conversation. They enjoy analyzing people's motives and working out the human puzzles which surround them. They really ought to know Browning for he is not only a past master in human problems but dignifies the process of linking together the human with what we call the supernatural. If you need a little pressure to bring you into the atmosphere of the poet, try some Browning readings during this New Year. Here is a plan:

March 1. "Hervé Riel."

March 2. "Incident of the
French Camp."

March 3. "The Patriot."

March 4. "The Boy and the
Angel."

March 5. "One Way of Love."

March 6. "Another Way of
Love."

March 7. "The Guardian Angel."	March 19. "The Lost Leader."
March 8. "Love in a Life; Life in a Love."	March 20. "Saul."
March 9. "Christina."	March 21. "Instans Tyrannus."
March 10. "Evelyn Hope."	March 22. "Cleon."
March 11. "The Statue and the Bust."	March 23. "An Epistle."
March 12. "The Last Ride Together."	March 24. "Christmas Eve."
March 13. "Apparent Failure."	March 25. "Christmas Eve."
March 14. "In a Balcony."	March 26. "Easter Day."
March 15. "In a Balcony."	March 27. "Easter Day."
March 16. "By the Fireside."	March 28. "A Death in the Desert."
March 17. "Andrea del Sarto."	March 29. "A Death in the Desert."
March 18. "Abt Vogler."	March 30. "Rabbi Ben Ezra."
	March 31. "Prospice."



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	
ADDISON DAY—May 1.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MARCH.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Warwickshire" to page 303.
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapters XIII and XIV.

SECOND WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Warwickshire" concluded.
 Required Book: "What is Shakespeare?" Chapters VII and VIII.

THIRD WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "English Men of Fame: Dean Stanley."
 Required Books: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapter XV. "Rational Living." Chapter I.

FOURTH WEEK.

Required Books: "Literary Leaders of Modern England." Chapter XVI. "Rational Living." Chapters II and III.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK.

Map Review: Warwickshire showing its relation to surrounding counties and to the topography of England.

Brief Paper: Leading events in the Life of George Eliot. See Bibliography, also article in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.

Reading: Selections from George Eliot's "Brother and Sister" (see the Library Shelf).

Book Review: "Adam Bede."

Paper: George Eliot's Characteristics as a Writer.

Reading: Chapter in Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn," describing a visit to George Eliot's home.

Roll Call: Quotations from "Scenes from Clerical Life."

SECOND WEEK.

Review of Life of Shakespeare in required book.

Book Review: "Master Skylark," John Bennett (Shakespeare's boyhood), or "Judith Shakespeare," William Black.

Paper: The Origins of Shakespeare's plays, especially the immediate sources (see the introductions to the several plays in the Cambridge Shakespeare or in single copies of the plays).

Roll Call: Responses by recitation of one of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Numbers 18, 27, 29, 30, 33, 91, 104, 106, 116 are suggested.

Paper: Allusions to local customs in Shakespeare's plays (see "Shakespeare's England," by William Winter, "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," etc.).

Song: "Hark, Hark the Lark," from Cymbeline. Schubert's rendering of this can be secured for 20 cents from The Chautauqua Press. It is published in three forms, Soprano, Mezzo Soprano and Alto.

Circles which prefer to substitute for this Shakespeare program one covering various points in the Reading Journey will find numerous suggestions in the Travel Club Programs.

THIRD WEEK.

Review of Article on Dean Stanley or reports on further incidents in his life (see Life and Letters by Prothero and other available books).

Paper: Thomas Arnold as a teacher (see his life by Dean Stanley).

Book Review: "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby."

Reading: Selection from "Rugby Chapel" by Matthew Arnold.

Studies in the poetry of Browning: Certain poems may be assigned for each member to read in advance such as "The Last Ride Together," "My Last Duchess," "One Way of Love," "The Statue and the Bust," "In a Balcony." These poems present views of life and love; or a group of poems concerned with art and music may be chosen: "Abt Vogler," "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Old Pictures in Florence;" or a group having to do with heroic action: "The Patriot," "Incident of the French Camp," "The Lost Leader," "Hervé Riel."

Let the leader bring out the following points: 1. The story of the poem. 2. Browning's skill in making the situation real. 3. His ability to portray character. 4. The views of life or the ethical ideas brought out. 5. The problems, if any, which are presented.

Roll Call: Quotations from the poems studied.

FOURTH WEEK.

Study of words used in required chapters on "Rational Living."

Oral Reports: Useful proverbs based upon common toil (see Dictionaries).

Review of Chapters I-III in "Rational Living."

Roll Call: Memorized thoughts from Chapters I-III of "Rational Living."

Studies in some of Browning's religious poems: "Christmas Eve." "Easter Day." "Rabbi Ben Ezra." "An Epistle" (see suggestions above).



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

FIFTEENTH WEEK.

Map Review of Warwickshire showing its relation to surrounding countries and to the topography of England.

Brief Paper: Leading Events in the life of George Eliot (see Bibliography also articles in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Reading: Selections from George Eliot's "Brother and Sister" (see the Library Shelf).

Book Review: "Adam Bede."

Paper: George Eliot's Characteristics as a Writer.

Reading: Chapter in Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn" describing a visit to George Eliot's home.

Roll Call: Quotations from "Scenes from Clerical Life."

SIXTEENTH PROGRAM.

Oral Report: Holman Hunt (see article in this magazine. One of the treasures of the Birmingham Art Gallery is his "Two Gentlemen of Verona." See for particulars of his life "The English Preraphaelite Painters" by Percy Bate, encyclopedia articles, etc.).

Roll Call: Reports on Birmingham as a model City: See "An Object lesson in Municipal Government," *Century* 31:71; "Best Governed City in the World," *Harper's Magazine* 81:99, and other magazine articles on Birmingham. See also Elihu Burritt's "Walks in the Black Country."

Readings: Selection from Richard II,—trial of arms at Coventry; also Henry IV, first part, Act IV, Scene II, Falstaff's ragged regiment; each of these readings should be preceded by a brief statement of the story of the play.

Brief account of Walter Savage Landor with reading of "Leofric and Godiva," in his "Imaginary Conversations," and Tennyson's "Lady Godiva."

Book Review: Scott's "Kenilworth."

Reading: Selections from "Kenilworth" (see also Library Shelf in this magazine.)

SEVENTEENTH PROGRAM.

Reading: Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chapter About Warwick.

Oral Reports: Other Historic associations of Warwick.

Roll Call: Brief reports of characteristics of the great English Schools: Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, etc. (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN 28:427 Feb., 1899, and other magazine articles, encyclopedias, etc.).

Book Review: "Tom Brown's School Days."

Paper: Dr. Thomas Arnold (see his life by Dean Stanley).

Reading: Selection from "Rugby Chapel" by Matthew Arnold.

Character Sketch: Dean Stanley (see article in this magazine, "Stanley's Life and Letters" by Prothero and other available books).

Reading: Hawthorne's description of Leamington Spa in "Our Old Home."

EIGHTEENTH PROGRAM.

Paper: Shakespeare's Life (see Life of Sidney Lee; "What is Shakespeare?" Sherman; "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," by Hamilton Mabie, and other available books.)

Book Review: "Master Skylark" by John Bennett (Shakespeare's boyhood); or "Judith Shakespeare" by William Black.

Paper: Allusions to local customs in Shakespeare's plays (see "Shakespeare's England," William Winter. "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," etc.)

Oral Report: 1. The Roman plays of Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," etc. How do they compare in details with the facts as given in Plutarch's Lives? Are there allusions in these plays which are English rather than Roman; or, 2, English History in Shakespeare's plays. How far are they to be depended upon for historical accuracy? (See all available books on Shakespeare.)

Paper: The Origins of Shakespeare's plays especially the immediate sources (see the introductions to the several plays in the Cambridge Shakespeare or in single copies of the plays).

Roll Call: Some of Shakespeare's Sonnets: Numbers 18, 29, 30, 91, 104, 106, 116, etc.



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON FEBRUARY READINGS.

1. James Martineau was a celebrated theologian and philosopher. He was the author of books upon ethics, theology, and philosophy. 2. At St. Peter's Field, Manchester, August 16, 1819, a large assembly of the laboring classes which had met to advocate social reform was charged by the troops. Many persons were killed and wounded. The word "Peterloo" was formed in imitation of "Waterloo". 3. Milton's poem of that name. 4. "Rochdale Pioneers" is the name given a successful workingman's cooperative association founded in 1844. 5. Mrs. Felicia Hermans is the author of "Casabianca," "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and several famous hymns. 6. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882, was a celebrated poet and painter. He was also one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. 7. Bishop Reginald Heber is chiefly celebrated as a writer of hymns among which are "From

Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Brightest and Best," and "Holy, Holy, Holy." 8. For information upon "The Cheshire Cat" see "Alice in Wonderland." 9. Karl Marx, 1818-1883, was a celebrated German socialist. His most famous work is "Das Kapital." 10. The Positivists are followers of Comte, the celebrated French philosopher. He held that the study of society may be made as scientific as the study of the positive sciences of Astronomy and Physics. 11. Frederic Harrison is the author of "Social Statistics," "The Choice of Books," "The Meaning of History," and various books upon philosophy, history, etc. 12. Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht *The Sunbeam* is celebrated in the book of the first Lady Brassey entitled "The Voyage of the Sunbeam." 13. Sidney and Beatrice Webb are two of the most famous students of and writers upon social topics in England. They are the authors of, among other books, "The History of Trade Unionism," "Problems of Modern Industry," etc. 14. The dock workers struck for better pay, a shorter working day and particularly for more regular employment.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"As my contribution to the Round Table today," remarked a member from New York City, "I want to commend this charming new book by W. D. Howells which richly deserves its name 'Certain Delightful English Towns.' I hope all of you got it for Christmas, but for the benefit of those who did not I would say that it is published by Harper & Brothers, and the price alas! is three dollars. However, that is by no means prohibitive for public libraries even if it is for some of our individual pocket books and you will be doing a service to your community if you can persuade the library to secure it. Howells has such a keen and yet a genial way of hitting off people and things, as when he says,

"I have always liked to believe everything I read in guide-books, or hear from sacristans or custodians. In Chester you can believe not only the bleak Baedeker, with its stern adherence to fact, but anything that anybody tells you; and in my turn I ask the unquestioning faith of the reader when I assure him he will find nothing so medieval-looking out of Nuremberg as that street—I think it is called Eastgate Street—with its Rows, or two-story sidewalks, and its timber-gabled shops with their double chance of putting up the rates on the fresh American. Let him pay the price, and gladly, for there is no perspective worthier his money."

"I am constantly struck with the way in which no matter what I am studying I am sure to run across sidelights upon it in my reading," said a Nebraskan. "Did you notice in Hawthorne's 'Our Old Home' what he says about the tradition that King Cymbeline founded Warwick?"

"Perhaps it was in the landscape now under our eyes that Posthumous wandered with the King's daughter, the sweet, chaste, faithful and courageous Imogen, the tenderest and womanliest woman that Shakespeare ever made immortal in the world. The

silver Avon which we see flowing so quietly by the gray castle may have held their images in its bosom," "I really hadn't exactly localized 'Cymbeline' as I read the play, but Hawthorne's suggestion gives it a new picturesqueness."



"May I ask without any disposition to criticize," ventured a member from Tennessee, "if Warwick shouldn't be pronounced Warick?" "The intricacies of English pronunciation I am sure rob us all of the critical spirit," responded Pendragon, "and we are ready for light from any quarter. Yes, Warwick is Warick and Beauchamp is Beecham and Cholmondeley is Chumley in the speech of our British cousins and when we're in England and even sometimes when we're out of the country it is well to do as the English do! We've become so used to leaving out a syllable in Leicester and Gloucester and Worcester which we take quite as a matter of course that we can't be harsh with our neighbors over the sea. The moral of all this is that you'd better have a committee on pronunciation in your circles and be sure that these innocent looking names are just what they seem to be!"

"Let me say," he continued, "that I learn from the secretary of 1910, Miss Harris, that she is getting letters from members which show that the class spirit is strong. One member sends a postal from England and an individual reader writes from Tennessee. Other letters ask to be put in touch with circles or, if individual readers, express their delight in the course."




"While you are on the subject of individual readers do let me read this letter," said a Virginia member, "from a young friend of mine, who has been a Chautauqua reader for three years and expects to graduate in 1907. I think you will agree with me that she represents a plucky type of which we may all be proud. I asked her to write a note to the Round Table and report progress. Here is the letter. You will see how she has caught the spirit of our Chancellor's interpretation of the letters C. L. S. C.:

"Yes, I am a lone reader. But when I realize that the privilege of being even an individual reader could be taken from me, I fully appreciate the advantage. I do make a sacrifice, I feel, by taking the course. Of course, I mean financially. I couldn't mean any other way. I am a rural school teacher, and in this section of the country we are paid very poorly. I hold a first grade certificate, and have never received a salary over \$20.00 per month. Out of this I pay my board and help support my dear mother. Still I am thankful that I am fortunate enough to give even this support. It is for this reason that I am never able to begin my work early in the year.


"The Chautauqua work has helped me in my school work as nothing else could do. By the articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN I have interested my little scholars in civic improvements. My school has

no library, so THE CHAUTAUQUAN has served as one for the scholars. I also use the books of the course when they will give light on the subjects they are studying. Let it not be thought though I am an individual reader that I am not trying to disperse the light that I can receive from my work. It has given me 'Courage' caused me to fall in 'Love' with my work, however humble it may be, given me 'Strength' for the many conflicts and worries of a country school teacher, and above all things taught me 'Contentment'."



"We want to hear today," said Pendragon, "from the new Y. W. C. A. Circle in St. Louis. This idea of circles in the Y. W. C. A. hasn't been half developed. There ought to be one in every Y. W. C. A. in the country. It would seem an ideal place for a circle, for a small library could be established there always ready for use by the girls at odd times and once a week if one or two bright people from some graduate circle could go and take charge of the circle it would be the greatest possible help and pleasure to many a busy young woman who, tired with a long day's work, needs just this little outside stimulus to encourage her to read." Mrs. Bolt, the president of a very strong circle in St. Louis, then told with enthusiasm of the modest beginnings. "We have started with seven members," she said, "and we meet every week. The girls are taking hold earnestly and we feel sure that the circle is going to be a success. It took time and persistence to get it started but when I realize what splendid work our own and Christ Church circles have been doing these past years, I feel that there is an equally promising outlook in this field. Let me add to what Pendragon has said my suggestion to some of the older circles to find leaders and help start these Y. W. C. A. circles. It is a great opportunity which we ought to improve."

The delegate from the Whitney Circle of New Haven, Connecticut, reported an attendance of twenty-six. "We have several new members," she added, "who are very enthusiastic and make our circle very much alive. The interest in the study of Shakespeare is very strong. The New Haven S. H. G. is also holding regular meetings and our 'Union' held its annual outing in October, which was very much enjoyed."



The Robert Browning Circle of Warren, Ohio, was the next to report. "Our Circle," said the delegate, "has grown from nine to seventy-five members in six years, so I am sure any of the new circles need not be discouraged when they contemplate our present proportions! Our members are all working hard and our weekly meetings are most interesting. Two nights in the month are devoted to study, one night to a public lecture, and one night to a

social gathering. Our president conducts the lessons with the able assistance of the instruction committee. We are reviewing the general periods of English history so as to freshen up our background and it is a pleasure to see how the various features of our study fit into place as we make more clear to ourselves the main developments of English life and thought."



"I should like to report an intensely loyal circle of Chautauquans," gently remarked one of the younger members of the Round Table from Jefferson, Indiana. "There are twelve of us, all but one being recent graduates of our high school. Six are now teachers. We study and recite by the use of the questions in the Membership Book. We are enthusiastic over the books and approve of the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"May a circle of three report?" inquired a New Jersey member from Camden. "I'm told we are only a triangle, but I believe in the days when I studied geometry three points could establish a circle so I shall claim the privilege! We are using one set of books between us and meeting every Monday evening to discuss the readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and take up Cymbeline, studying the notes at the end of each scene. We are delighted with the course and as the first twenty years of my life were spent in England, I serve in some sort as teacher because of my advantages in this respect, though having only three members we dispense with officers!"



"In your study of John Bright, whose home was at Rochdale," said Pendragon, "let me urge you to read with care the article oneers.' If you haven't the *Outlook* in your library you can easily get a copy by sending ten cents to the *Outlook*, New York City. It is the story of a very remarkable coöperative movement and is a cheering record as well as a prophecy in the midst of our present day industrial confusion. It was John Bright who said when our country sent help to the starving Lancashire weavers,

"The peoples are drawing together and beginning to learn that it never was intended that they should be hostile to each other but that every nation should take a brotherly interest in every other nation in the world."

"Let me also give you my annual reminder," he continued, "that you keep a dictionary within reach and use it. Cultivate the habit of thinking clearly. Have you a definite idea of what a *veredos* is when it is mentioned as a prominent feature in church buildings? If you were pressed for a definition of *accolade* could you give it? Such words are a part of what Dr. Hale calls the

language of our time. Our authors use them assuming that we understand English and one element in our education is that of being at home with our own English speech."

The delegate from the Washington Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., laid a list of books on the table, saying, "We are very much indebted to Miss Donaghy, the librarian of our Flatbush Branch of the public library, for she has taken special pains to secure all of these books bearing on the course for this year. Other circles in Brooklyn who find any difficulty in getting these books can readily secure them from our library because of its connection with the central library system."

"You will remember," said Pendragon, as he glanced over the list, "that we sent to all circles last spring, a printed list of some sixty books relating to the course for this year. Nearly all of these on the Brooklyn list were included in those which we announced and if any of the newer circles would like copies, I think they can still be secured by writing to the Office at Chautauqua. The Washington Circle is to be congratulated upon its success and I hope all the circles will plan to present similar requests to their librarians in the spring when the C. L. S. C. Office sends out its list. You are not only benefiting yourselves but also the community when you enable the librarian to buy such books knowing that a public demand for them is assured."



"I wonder if other circles got identified with the characters in Shakespeare as we did," said the delegate from Maysville, Mo. "We should have considered it rather hard on those members who portrayed Cloten and Iachimo and the Queen, but for the fact that they had a chance for a change of heart when we came to the next play. Our president assigned topics on the play and different ones looked up such subjects as dramatic aspects, parallelism, development of characters, prose and poetry, etc. We all look forward to our semi-monthly meetings with delight."



"I notice in a newspaper clipping," said Pendragon, "that our prison Circle at Stillwater, Minnesota, is holding steadily on its way, furnishing articles nearly every week, and very creditable ones, to the little prison publication *The Mirror*. The motto of the paper, 'it is never too late to mend,' is right in line with the work of the Chautauquans. The C. L. S. C. has always been a close ally of the Y. M. C. A. and I see the delegate from a new Y. M. C. A. Circle in Troy, N. Y., is present; you must hear from him." "We have felt very strongly," replied the secretary, "that our work is so exacting in certain lines that we ought to have some definite plan

to keep us from getting into a rut so our circle is made up of the employed officers of the association and their wives and we fortunately were able to secure one of our ministers to serve regularly as our teacher and leader so he keeps us up to the work. We've tried several lines of reading but from the present outlook the Chautauqua course is going to be just what we want."

"At the other end of the state in Rochester we use the Y. M. C. A. rooms for our meetings but we have a very large circle," explained a member. "There are about fifty-five on our roll and some who are reading outside of the circle. One of our public school principals, Mr. Allen, has led the circle a number of years. We review the lessons by questions and suggest and criticize very freely the various topics brought up for discussion. We find that an occasional social function is a great benefit. It promotes the spirit of the circle and attracts new members. Occasionally we meet at a private house and in the summer have an out-of-door reunion."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

December 4.—President Roosevelt in message to Congress advocates income and inheritance tax, and fair treatment to aliens. Pacific coast is stirred by the President's insistence upon the rights of Japanese residents under treaty obligations.

13.—Congress passes a resolution putting the ban on "reformed spelling."

14.—Congress raises salaries of cabinet members, vice-president and speaker of house to \$12,000.

24.—Serious race disturbances are reported from Meridian, Mississippi.

31.—John D. Rockefeller makes gift of nearly \$3,000,000 to University of Chicago.

FOREIGN.

December 10.—The Nobel peace prize is awarded to President Roosevelt for his mediation between Russia and Japan.

11.—Contest between Church and State in France becomes more acute; Mgr. Montagnini, secretary of the papal nunciature at Paris, is expelled from France.

13.—German Reichstag is dissolved when government appropriation for German Southwest Africa is rejected.

14.—Chamber of Deputies accepts King Leopold's bequest of Congo Free State to Belgium.

19.—House of Lords refuses to reconsider its amendments to the Education Bill.

OBITUARY.

December 14.—Jeremiah Curtin, distinguished linguist and translator.

19.—Bishop C. C. McCabe of the M. E. Church.

30.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts, London, philanthropist.

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THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

**Tapestry in Exeter Chapel, Oxford, woven by William Morris after
a design by Burne-Jones.**



THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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No. 1



A STRONG protest has been made by several distinguished members of the Advisory Board of the Jamestown Exposition against what they characterize as the "perversion" of that interesting enterprise, or its "diversion to the service of militarism." The exposition will be held to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, the first English colony in America. Virginia originated the idea, and the whole country, including Congress, responded sympathetically. No one thought that the exposition would be—what the directors now say it will be—"primarily a military and naval" display. The literature of the company contains this statement:

The genius of the great American Republic having always been one of peace, it is peculiarly fitting that the celebration of the event from which the nation has grown should be dignified by this mighty convocation of fighting men and material; for the close intermingling of the forces which make for war, the *camaraderie* which obtains on such occasions, and the friendships made are potent and, it may be, determining factors in avoiding international complications in the future.

In the published list of attractions and spectacular features nearly one-half bear on military and naval subjects. The protestants—and among them are Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Edward E. Hale, Dr. Carroll D. Wright, Miss Jane Addams, Edwin L. Mead—declare that this is incompatible with the spirit of Americanism and with the idea of many of those who accept membership on the Advisory Board. The document they published says in part:

That an international naval and military celebration

was to have conspicuous place in the exposition's program, as provided for by Congress in granting aid for that purpose in 1905, was well known, and was conventionally proper; but the purpose to make this great exposition primarily a naval and military spectacle, to intoxicate the American people for six months by a "great living picture of war with all its enticing splendors," encouraging the notion that war is a thing of splendor, a pageant and a game, instead of a horror, and today almost invariably crime, was not known, was not avowed and has clearly been a gradually evolving purpose, whose carrying out, as now advertised, can only work immense mischief to the country. We solemnly protest against it.

We wish to say, quite independently of any general feeling about all this extravagant militarism, that the reproduction in Hampton Roads on such an occasion of one of the tragic battles of our Civil War, as a spectacle to attract and amuse a crowd of careless spectators, is a thing greatly to be deprecated. These are not memories which it is wise to freshen in the minds of our people. We trust that the recent intimation that this feature of the program will be abandoned is warranted. This, however, is a comparatively trivial thing. The thing of moment is that the whole general character and proportion of the program for this great exposition have undergone a thorough transformation, from a central purpose which was fitting and inspiring to a dominant end which is not fitting and is a menace to the true interest of the Republic.

The protest has elicited a few favorable comments in the daily press, but the majority of the newspapers cannot be said to be in sympathy with the signers. Some distinctly evade the issue, and others attempt to minimize the importance and moral effect of the military features—naval parade, reproductions of famous battles, and so on. It is plain, however, that these are not really opposed to militarism and would offer no objection to what most lovers of peace would consider as an unquestionable perversion of the exposition. The notion that magnificent military displays tend to promote peace and sentiments of good will and amity is decidedly novel and curious. Most psychologists, educators and moralists think it utterly paradoxical and contrary to all experience.

Reform in Politics and Legislation

Secretary Root's impressive warning to the states with reference to the inevitable extension of the power of the federal government, in the event of the states failing to exercise their powers and to perform their duties toward the people, is still under general discussion. In connection with it it is natural to study with attention the gubernatorial messages to the legislatures now in session, the legislation proposed or pending, and the problems recognized as demanding solution by state action.

An examination of these things shows that the spirit of reform is abroad in all the states of the Union. Even the most conservative governors and legislatures have been proposing and debating changes of an "advanced" character in a number of directions. Some have to do with elections and campaigns and party organization; others with taxation, corporate activity and wealth-making, and still others with moral and social questions.

It is hardly necessary to set forth in detail the recommendations of the state executives; a few will serve as illustrations of the prevailing tendency and spirit.

The Governors of New York, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Minnesota and some other states favor state railroad legislation modeled upon the new federal "railroad rate" act. They would prohibit and guard against in state commerce what the federal law prohibits and guards against in interstate commerce.

Several governors advocate reduction of railroad fares to the two-cent a mile basis, legislation against lobbying, restriction of child labor, prohibition of passes by transportation companies, etc. Two of these favor progressive taxation of incomes and inheritances—this being the most radical of the current proposals.

Primary law reform is a live issue in several states. The tendency is more and more to do away with conventions—too often controlled by machines—and substitute direct nomination by the people, either at primaries properly

regulated by law, or by petition. Greater simplicity in ballot laws is urged by Governor Hughes and several other executives. The aim is to do away entirely with the "circle" at the top, which gives the unthinking, narrow partisan a great advantage over the independent or the discriminating partisan, and print the names of candidates alphabetically under the designation of the office for which they stand.

Marriage and divorce reform, suppression of gambling, better regulation of banking to prevent fraud and embezzlement, pure food, prison reform, are among the other recommendations of the executives. Scores of bills have already been introduced on these classes of subjects, and doubtless not a few of them will be enacted into law. Governor Hughes has made a deep impression on the whole country by the character of his utterances, and much excellent work is expected of him. He has announced that in the event of any difficulty with the legislature he will "appeal to the people" directly, stating his position and that of the legislature and asking the public to judge between them. This is better than private conferences with legislators, party leaders and bosses, and the use of patronage.

Governor Cummins, of Ohio, one of the progressive and active executives, in addition to a number of state reforms, advocates certain important federal changes. A lengthy discussion of the general political and industrial situation leads him to conclusions which he briefly sums up as follows:

I, for one, stand clearly and unequivocally for amendments to the Constitution of the United States; for an amendment that will give the voters a chance to say, directly, who their senator shall be; for an amendment that will give the voters a chance to say, directly, who their President and Vice-President shall be; for an amendment that will give the interstate commerce clause scope enough to enable Congress to control and regulate things which the developments of commerce have nationalized; for an amendment that will allow Congress to unify our marriage and divorce laws.

Railroads, Labor and Commerce

The whole question of federal control and regulation of railroads engaged in interstate commerce—that is, of the limit of the power of Congress in the premises and the definition of commerce—is involved in two cases which have been decided against the government by District Court judges. The cases turned on the constitutionality of the “employers’ liability act,” passed at the last session of Congress.

That act made the railroads, as employers, responsible for accidents to employes when caused by the inefficiency of officers or other employes or by defective equipment. It is regarded as one of the most important pieces of legislation of the notable session of 1905-6. It is based on the theory that the power to regulate commerce includes the power to regulate the relations between the employers and men engaged in such commerce or operating the instrumentalities of it.

But the two judges alluded to decided almost simultaneously that the act was invalid—that is, that Congress had no authority under the commerce clause of the Constitution to enact an employers’ liability law. The reasoning is the same in both opinions. Judge McCall of the District Court for Kentucky wrote as follows:

I am unable to bring my mind to the conclusion that the liability of a common carrier to its employes for injuries is interstate commerce or commerce of any character within the meaning of the commerce clause of the Constitution. My conclusion is that Congress is not authorized under that clause to enact this legislation, for the reason that the relation of common carriers engaged in interstate trade or commerce to their employes, and their liability to them in damages for injuries sustained in their employment as the result of the negligence of any of its officers, agents or employes or by reason of any defect or insufficiency due to its negligence in its cars, engines, appliances, machinery, track, roadbed, way or works, is not commerce within the meaning of the Constitution. But if it were, the act does not undertake to regulate this relation or liability, but simply announces

a new law on torts, limited to a special class of those engaged in interstate commerce.

What, it is asked, would be the effect of this decision, if upheld by the Supreme Court, on the pure food act and the meat inspection act and on the proposed national child labor laws? The decisions have been attacked in several newspapers as "reactionary," and the Department of Justice will strenuously combat them on appeal.



A New German Reichstag and New Tendencies

A dispute between the German emperor and the majority of the Reichstag over a colossal war budget led the emperor to exercise his constitutional prerogative and dissolve the Reichstag. The issue, on the surface, was insignificant. The government asked for some \$7,000,000 for the maintenance of a force of 12,000 troops in Southwestern Africa, where the natives have rebelled against German authority, while the Reichstag thought \$3,000,000 sufficient and demanded a reduction of the garrison. After a long and breezy debate the government suffered defeat, the majority against it being made up of the Center (the Catholic party), the Social Democrats, the Poles and a minor group. There was nothing common between the Center and the Social Democrats—except for the moment, their opposition to the government. The latter have always been a thorn in the emperor's side, while the former party has for years given the government valuable and indispensable support.

The Center was not, at bottom, opposed to the emperor's naval expansion, colonial and foreign policies. Its action on the colonial military estimates was surprising to many as was the government's apparent eagerness to part company with it and order new elections. The explanation is said to be this—the government, nationalist and Protestant, was weary of the influence and power wielded by the Cath-

olic party, the strongest in the Reichstag, and was determined to bring about a readjustment of forces. The time seemed opportune and on the issue of anti-clerical domination all the liberal and nationalist groups would stand with the government.

There were eleven groups in the Reichstag, and all but two were weak and heterogeneous. The Center and the Social Democrats (the two exceptions) together controlled the new Reichstag and this fact compelled the government to dissolve that body and appeal to the country. It needed a new majority. How was one to be obtained; how formed? Since the elections of 1903 the Socialists had made new converts and improved their organization. The Liberals had steadily lost ground, as their platform was devoid of attractive features from the standpoint of labor and the lower middle classes

The government feared the Social Democracy more than it did the Center, and, in order to win supporters, it made vague promises of economic and political reform. It manifested unusual friendship for the Liberal and Radical parties, and declared that the changed conditions in the empire rendered it possible and desirable that these parties should combine with the Conservatives and espouse the patriotic and moderate policies of the government. Chancellor von Buelow and the colonial director, Herr Dernberg, took an active part in the campaign, defended naval and colonial expansion, and declared that opposition to such expansion was opposition to national prosperity and progress. Toward the close of the contest, which was rather uneventful, the fire of the government was concentrated on the Socialists.

The result of the elections appears to have justified the government's course. The Center party held its own, but the Socialists, for the first time in a decade, actually lost ground instead of making the further gains which they fully expected. Their reverses surprised everybody, even the government, and apparently the Liberals and Radicals gained what the Socialists lost. In short, there has been,

it would seem, something of a Liberal revival in Germany, and the government is hoping to profit by it. The new Reichstag, at least on colonial and "world-politics" questions, will have a majority without the Centerists, and if a split in that party occurs, as is probable, the government's position will be much strengthened. But whether the government is prepared to make material concessions to liberal sentiment along political lines, only time can tell.



The Church-State Conflict in France

In the words of Clemenceau, the premier of France, that Republic is passing through a crisis that can be compared only with the crisis of the terrible days of 1870, the days of the war with Germany and the Commune. The Vatican and the French government are at war, and while the Pope is without temporal power, his hostilities are none the less to be feared. They involve the danger of civil strife in France, attacks on the government by the clergy and the faithful Catholic lay elements, and perhaps attempts to undermine the existence of the Republic.

The conflict is the direct result of the law passed in 1905 for the separation of church and state. The terms of that law were not satisfactory to Rome, but the present French ministry, unlike that of Emil Combes, the aggressive anti-clerical, interpreted it in a sense favorable to religious liberty and toleration, and hoped that the Vatican would finally accept it.

On the eve of its taking full legal effect the Vatican startled France and the world by declaring that it could not recognize such a law and would forbid all French priests and lay Catholics to submit to its regulations and restrictions or accept any of its privileges (such as the state pensions for the clergy, the use of buildings, etc.). More, the Vatican enjoined general resistance to the law,—the resistance, however, to be passive. The government, though startled and disappointed, admitted the right of the Vati-



John Mitchell,
Member of the Industrial Peace
Commission.



Marvin Hughitt,
Member of the Industrial Peace
Commission



Hon. Herbert K. Smith,
New Commissioner of Corporations.



Mohammed Ali Merza,
Who Has Succeeded to the
Throne of Persia.



Late Baroness Burdett-Coutts,
English Philanthropist.



The Late Frank W. Higgins
Ex-Governor of New York.



Locking Up the Tower
The Nightly Ceremony in the Citadel of London
—From the *Illustrated London News*.

can to reject the law of 1905 so far as it related to the regulation of the property interests of the church and public worship. It pointed out that the Vatican could avoid friction by availing itself or permitting the French Catholics to avail themselves of an earlier and general law in regard to public meetings. By the terms of that law, two citizens, lay or clerical, might apply for permission to use the churches for religious services, and such application was sufficient for a year. The government made it clear that it had no intention of making war on religion or interfering with free worship. It did not wish to close the churches.

But the Vatican promptly vetoed even this *modus vivendi*. Neither priests nor laymen, it said, could be permitted to make humiliating applications under a law dealing with ordinary public meetings. This made the situation serious, and threatened to precipitate disorder and violence. The government could not tolerate defiance of law at the command of "a foreign power," yet, on the other hand, it was unwilling to act the part of a persecutor of devout men and women. New legislation was necessary to meet the unforeseen developments.

A bill amending the separation law has since been passed by Parliament. It is no more satisfactory to the Vatican than the other statutes, and the dead-lock has not been relieved.

How the great controversy will finally be adjusted it is impossible to foretell. The Pope is ready to accept the "American" policy of "a free church in a free state." To disestablishment he is no longer opposed *in principle*. What he continues to oppose is lay supremacy in church matters, non-recognition of the church hierarchy, and the imposition by the state of certain restrictions upon the use of the property that has belonged to the church. The government, on its part, fully accepts the principle of freedom of conscience and worship, but it insists that Church property should be held and used in strict conformity to French law.

Many of the Catholics sympathize with the government

and believe that the Vatican has gone too far and taken an untenable position. In England, Italy, Germany and the United States the feeling among impartial observers is that the French government has acted with moderation and prudence. In all probability, however, certain further concessions will be found necessary, and the American treatment of church property offers an example that may eventually be followed in France. At present, unfortunately, the reactionary parties identify the policy of the Vatican with hostility to the principle of Republicanism.



The Jamaica Earthquake and Anglo-American Relations

It is unfortunate that the calamity which overwhelmed Kingston and brought so much suffering, loss and misery should have threatened, even for a brief space of time, to cause misunderstanding between the British and the American peoples. That the misunderstanding has been averted is one of the clearest and strongest proofs of the radical improvements which have taken place, in a decade or so, in the relations between these two great nations, bound together by so many moral, social and historic ties.

It is not difficult to imagine the strain, the caustic remarks, the angry and bitter comments, that such an incident as the Swettenham-Davis exchange of notes would have provoked a dozen years ago. Today public opinion in both countries is anxious to obliterate the unpleasant impression of the "closed episode." Indeed, there is abundant cause for congratulation in the sanity, good sense and good humor which the press and the leaders of public opinion so naturally and spontaneously displayed.

The facts admitted of little doubt or controversy. The need for relief was so great in stricken Kingston after the earthquake that Rear-Admiral Davis, with no other thought than humanity, hastened to land American marines for the purpose of protecting life and property, preventing looting

and crime, and relieving distress. The form and ceremonial preliminaries of ordinary diplomatic intercourse could not be vigorously observed. But Governor Swettenham of Jamaica saw fit to resent the prompt action of the American admiral and requested him to re-embark his marines. The letter in which this singular request was made was flippant and offensive; but the British government and press were the first to deplore the Governor's blunder, apologize for it and assure the United States that Swettenham misrepresented the feelings of the British people.

In continental Europe some injudicious newspapers indulged in foolish quasi-humorous references to American "arrogance," to Admiral Davis' alleged attempt to apply the Monroe Doctrine to Jamaica under the guise of humanitarian service. These far-fetched observations were treated in England with the contempt they merited.

On the whole, therefore, the regrettable incident served to emphasize the mutual confidence, sympathy and respect which the two nations feel. The Kingston disaster continues to appeal to American sympathy, and the narrow-mindedness of a few persons in office temporarily has not checked the generous response of our people to the great need of the victims of nature's disturbances.



England and a Channel Tunnel

A bill has been introduced in the British Parliament authorizing the construction of a "channel tunnel," or a submarine passage connecting Calais and Dover. The project is a magnificent one, and revives one that was discussed in the years 1882-3 of the last century. At that time military opinion in England was a unit in opposition to the scheme. A tunnel, it was held, would destroy the "insularity" of Great Britain and expose her to the risks and dangers of invasion by French troops, or by the troops of other nations who might conquer France and plan a like

conquest of England. This opinion prevailed, and the project was abandoned.

Today the situation from a military point of view is different from what it was in 1882. France and England are no longer "traditional enemies," but good friends. The relations between them are excellent, and many believe that England would support France in a war of the latter with Germany. The danger of invasion is admitted to be purely theoretical and remote.

Yet the project is even now encountering vigorous opposition in the military circles and in the press. It is argued that the advantages of a tunnel would not be great enough to outweigh its risks, small as they seem to be at present. Commerce and trade might be stimulated by a tunnel; there would undoubtedly be a gain in tourist and other passenger traffic, since the expense would be reduced, time saved and the comfort of travel increased by the elimination of seasickness. It is admitted further that international intercourse, a liberalizing and cultural influence is promoted by everything that facilitates travel and communication. But national security, the objectors say, is paramount, and a country which has no great standing army and depends entirely upon her navy, should not, for the sake of material gain or comfort, weaken her defensive power in any degree whatever.

There are, however, military men of high rank who, while agreeing with this view, contend that a channel tunnel—a narrow passage, artificially ventilated and twenty-six miles long—cannot be considered as any possible factor in war. There would be fortifications at each end; the destruction of either terminal would be an easy matter; the tunnel could be flooded "by the pressing of a button," or deprived of ventilation. For these reasons these authorities are disposed to support the scheme as a great technical and commercial undertaking and a credit to the age. Financial and industrial interests are backing it strongly, and it has many champions in Parliament. The outcome of the

debate, however, is uncertain. Defeat for the scheme seems probable, but success is by no means impossible.



News Notes from Abroad

The income for 1905-6 of charitable institutions with headquarters in London is estimated at £7,533,252.

The Lord Mayor recently entertained 1,400 poor children in the Guildhall.

Teaching of Welsh.—In respect of the controversy as to whether teaching of Welsh should be made compulsory in the public schools of Cardiff, a plebiscite of the ratepayers of the city was taken recently, when there voted—Against compulsory teaching, 7,187; for, 3,776. The counting of the votes was conducted by representatives of the Cardiff Cymmrodorion Society and the British League of Cardiff, who hold antagonistic views on the subject. Fewer than two-fifths of the ratepayers voted, and in not a single ward was there a majority for compulsory Welsh.

Saturday, December 29, was the anniversary of the birth of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone and the statue in the Strand was decorated with floral tributes.

The Anglo-American Executive Committee for the Keats-Shelley memorial recently purchased the house in Piazza di Spagna, Rome, where Keats died. The price paid was £2,400, besides £240 already paid for the purchase option. A further sum of £1,600 must be raised in order to free the house from mortgage. King Edward, the King of Italy, and President Roosevelt heartily supported the scheme. It is hoped that within six months the books, manuscripts, portraits, and all mementoes of Keats and Shelley will be lodged in the house. The committee has also undertaken the perpetual care of the graves of the poets.

Some Curious Information Desired by the English Courts.—The relations are wanted of Edith Goddard, who married in 1722; of Ann Mason, wife of James Mason, who died in 1776, and of Joseph Mason who is said to have been in London in 1751; while information is sought as to the death of Matthew Gibson, of London, in 1792, and who was interested under the will of John Croger. Marian E. Dennis can hear of a bequest to her by a deceased friend and inquiry is made for Frances H. Fausset, who left her home twenty years ago. The descendants are wanted of Sarah Geary, or Geery, wife of Simon Bateman, who died in 1809; and 50,000 Austrian crowns are due to the descendants of G. C. Reithammer, who left Austria for England in 1839.

The Salvation Army and Emigration.—The annual gathering in connection with the Salvation Army's Emigration Department was held recently at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon

street. In the past year about 13,000 persons have emigrated to Canada under the Salvation Army's auspices, and in the year now opening the total will probably not fall short of 20,000 and may be considerably higher. "Colonel" D. C. Lamb, chief officer of the department, who presided, said he would concern himself not at all about the quantity but much about the quality of the people to be sent out. "Commissioner" Cadman, who last year took out three parties of 1,200 or 1,300 people each in the specially-chartered steamer Kensington, said that when folk decried emigration and cried "back to the land," he replied that that only meant "into the land on your back" for most people. Emigration was a good thing, if only for the change of climate and mingling of populations which it involved. Some complained that the people leaving for Canada were the cream of the country, but it was better to take away the cream than let it turn sour. If they took off the top they let the bottom come up. People talked "bosh" about these things. There were a few millions of people here more than in present circumstances the country could support; while God had plenty of land elsewhere for these people to live and prosper on. Systematized, Christianized, Salvationized emigration was something to thank God for—not the old way of picking people up and dumping them down where they did not know what to do. The Government officials in Canada were delighted with the samples the Salvation Army had sent out and wanted more.—*From the London Times.*

* * *

The Great Men of France.—The *Petit Parisien* has taken a *plébiscite* on the pre-eminence of great Frenchmen of the last century. Fifteen millions of answers have been received, and the results have indicated the following preference:

1. Pasteur. 2. Victor Hugo. 3. Gambetta. 4. Napoleon. I.
5. Thiers. 6. Lazare Carnot. 7. Curie. 8. Dumas *père*. 9. Dr. Roux.
10. Parmentier. 11. Ampère. 12. Brazza. 13. Zola. 14. Lamartine.
15. Arago. 16. Sarah Bernhardt. 17. Waldeck-Rousseau.
18. MacMahon. 19. President Carnot. 20. Chevreul.
21. Chateaubriand. 22. de Lesseps. 23. Michelet. 24. Jacquard.
25. Jules Verne. 26. President Loubet. 27. Denfert-Rochereau.



From Punch

There is no doubt, a correspondent points out, that the Lords are now really frightened, and, in support of his contention, he mentions how few of them are now to be seen walking about in their coronets and robes. They are skulking in mufti.

* * *

We are sorry to have to record a grave set-back to Humour. President Roosevelt's order making Comic Spelling compulsory has been revoked.

* * *

Lord Turnour, the eldest son of the Earl of Winterton, upon arriving at New York, announced that he was not looking for an American heiress. At this, we understand, the long *queue* of heiresses outside his Lordship's hotel slowly broke up and went quietly home.



I. The Cotswolds*

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

LATE in the afternoon we started out from Stratford for a peep at the Cotswolds, swelling downs that belong in the main to Oxfordshire, although, as our drive soon revealed to us, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire and even Worcestershire all come in for a share of these pastoral uplands. It is in the Cotswolds, not far from the estuary of the Severn, that the Thames rises and flows modestly through Oxfordshire, which lies wholly within its upper valley, to become the commerce-laden river that takes majestic course through the heart of London.

We were still in the Shakespeare country, for his restless feet must often have roved these breezy wilds, famous since ancient days for hunts and races. "I am glad to see you, good Master Slender," says genial Master Page. And young Master Slender, with his customary tact, replies: "How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Costol." Whereupon Master Page retorts a little stiffly: "It could not be judged, sir," and Slender chuckles: "You'll not

*This is the fourth of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have already appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January; "Warwickshire," February.

confess; you'll not confess." Why could it not be judged? For one of the delights of the Cotswold hunt—so hunters say—is the clear view on this open tableland of the straining pack. Shakespeare knew well the "gallant chiding" of the hounds,—how, when they "spend their mouths,"

"Echo replies
As if another chase were in the skies."

Here he may have seen his death-pressed hare, "poor Wat," try to baffle his pursuers and confuse the scent by running among the sheep and deer and along the banks "where earth-delving conies keep."

Still about our route clung, like a silver mist, Shakespeare traditions. In the now perished church of Luddington, two miles south of Stratford, the poet, it is said, married Anne Hathaway; but the same bridal is claimed for the venerable church of Temple Grafton, about a mile distant, and again for the neighboring church of Billesley. Long Marston, "Dancing Marston," believes its sporting-ground was in the mind of the prentice playwright, a little homesick yet in London, when he wrote:

"The Nine-Men's Morris is filled up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable."

At Lower Quinton stands an old manor-house of whose library—such is the whisper that haunts its folios—Will Shakespeare was made free. A happy picture that—of an eager lad swinging across the fields and leaping stiles to enter into his paradise of books.

We were well into Gloucestershire before this, that tongue of Gloucestershire which runs up almost to Stratford-on-Avon, and were driving on in the soft twilight, now past the old-time Common Fields with their furlongs divided by long balks; now over rolling reaches crossed by low stone walls, of sheep-walk and water-meadow and wheat-land, with here and there a fir plantation or a hazel covert; now through a strange grey hamlet built of the native limestone.



Sketch Map of Oxfordshire

Our road was gradually rising, and just before nightfall we came into Chipping Campden, most beautiful of the old Cotswold towns. We had not dreamed that England held its like,—one long, wide, stately street, bordered by silent fronts of great stone houses, with here and there the green of mantling ivy, but mainly with only the rich and changeful coloring of the stone itself, grey in shadow, golden in the sun. Campden was for centuries a famous center of the wool trade; the Cotswolds served it as a broad grazing-ground whose flocks furnished wool for the skilful Flemish weavers; its fourteenth century Woolstapler's Hall still stands; its open market-house, built in 1624 midway of the mile-long street, is one of its finest features; its best-remembered name

is that of William Grevel, described on his monumental brass (1401) as "Flower of the Wool-merchants of all England." He bequeathed a hundred marks toward the building of the magnificent church, which stood complete, as we see it now, in the early fifteenth century. Its glorious tower, tall and light, yet not too slender, battlemented, turreted, noble in all its proportions, is a Cotswold landmark. As we were feasting our eyes, after an evening stroll, upon the symmetries of that grand church, wonderfully impressive as it was, towering in the faint moonlight above a group of strange, pagoda-roofed buildings, its chimes rang out a series of sweet old tunes, all the more poignantly appealing in that the voices of those ancient bells were thin and tremulous, and now and then a note was missed.

The fascinations of this lonely old town held us the summer day long. We must needs explore the church interior, which has suffered at the hands of the restorer; yet its chancel brasses, wrought with figures of plump wool-staplers, their decorous and comely dames, and their kneeling children, reward close survey. I especially rejoiced in one complacent burgher, attended by three wimpled wives, and a long row of sons and daughters all of the same size. There is a curious chapel, too, where we came upon the second Viscount Campden, in marble shroud and coronet, ceremoniously handing, with a most cynical and unholy expression, his lady from the sepulchre. There was a ruined guild-hall to see, and some ancient almshouses of distinguished beauty. As we looked, an old man came feebly forth and bowed his white head on the low enclosing wall in an attitude of grief or prayer. We learned later that one of the inmates had died that very hour. We went over the works of the new Guild of Handicraft, an attempt to realize, here in the freshness of the wolds, the ideals of Ruskin and Morris. We cast wistful eyes up at Dover's Hill, on whose level summit used to be held at Whitsuntide the merry Cotswold Games. "Heigh for Cotswold!" But it was the hottest day of the summer, and we contented ourselves with the phrase.

Other famous Cotswold towns are "Stow-on-the-Wold, where the wind blows cold;" Northleach in the middle of the downs, desolate now, but once full of the activities of those wool-merchants commemorated by quaint brasses in the splendid church—brasses which show them snugly at rest in their furred gowns, with feet comfortably planted on stuffed woolpack or the fleecy back of a sheep, or, more precariously, on a pair of shears; Burford, whose High Street and church are as noteworthy as Campden's own; Winchcombe, once a residence of the Mercian kings and a famous shrine of pilgrimage; Cirencester, the "Capital of the Cotswolds," built above a ruined Roman city and possessing a church of surpassing richness. How we longed for months of free-footed wandering over these exhilarating uplands with their grey settlements like chronicles writ in stones! But Father Time was shaking his hour-glass just behind us, in his marplot fashion, and since it had to be a choice, we took the evening train to Chipping Norton.

I regret to say that Chipping Norton, the highest town in Oxfordshire, showed little appreciation of the compliment. It was not easy to find lodging and wellnigh impossible to get carriage conveyance back to Campden the next day. It is a thriving town, ranking third in the county, and turns out a goodly supply of leather gloves and the "Chipping Norton tweeds." The factory folk were, many of them, having their holiday just then; their friends were coming for the week-end and had one and all, it would seem, set their hearts on being entertained by a Saturday drive; the only victoria for hire in the place was going to Oxford to bring an invalid lady home; altogether the hostlers washed their hands—merely in metaphor—of the two gad-about who thought Chipping Norton not good enough to spend Sunday in. Before we slept, however, we had succeeded in engaging, at different points, a wagonette, a gaunt horse and a bashful boy, and the combination stood ready for us at nine o'clock in the morning.

Meanwhile we had seen the chief sights of this ancient

town, whose name is equivalent to Market Norton. Its one wide street, a handsome, tree-shadowed thoroughfare with the Town Hall set like an island in its midst, runs up the side and along the brow of a steep plateau. A narrow way plunges down from this central avenue and passes a seven-gabled row of delectable almshouses, dated 1640. Indeed, no buildings in these Midland counties have more architectural charm than such antique shelters for indigent old age. The abrupt lane leads to a large grey church, square-towered and perpendicular, like the church of Chipping Campden, but with a few Early English traces. Its peculiar feature is the glass clerestory,—great square windows divided from one another by the pillars of the nave. The sexton opened the doors for us so early that we had leisure to linger a little before the old altar-stone with its five crosses, St. Mary's banner bordered with her own blue, the warrior pillowed on his helmet and praying his last prayer beside his lady whose clasped hands, even in the timeworn alabaster, have a dimpled, chubby, coaxing look; and those characteristic merchant brasses, the men in tunics with close sleeves and girdles, one of them standing with each foot on a woolpack, the women in amazing head-dresses, "horned" and "pedimented," and all the work so carefully and elaborately wrought that the Cotswold brasses are authorities for the costume of the period.

One of the main objects of this expedition, however, was the drive back over the hills with their far views of down and wold to whose vegetation the limestone imparts a peculiar tint of blue. We deviated from the Campden road to see the Rollright Stones, a hoary army with their leader well in advance. He, the King Stone, is across the Warwickshire line, but, curiously enough, a little below the summit which looks out over the Warwickshire plain. This monolith eight or nine feet high, fantastically suggests a huge body drawn back as if to brace itself against the fling of some tremendous curse. The tale tells how, in those good old times before names and dates had to be remembered, a



Along the Isis



Magdalen College, Oxford, from the Meadows

petty chief, who longed to extend his sway over all Britain, had come thus far on his northward march. But here, when he was almost at the crest of the hill—when seven strides more would have brought him where he could see the Warwickshire village of Long Compton on the other side, out popped an old witch, as wicked as a thorn-bush, with the cry :

"If Long Compton thou canst see,
King of England thou shalt be."

On bounded the chief—what were seven steps to reach a throne!—but the wooded summit still shutting off his view, rose faster than he, and again the eldritch screech was heard :

"Rise up, stick! stand still, stone!
King of England thou shalt be none."

And there he stands to this day, even as the spell froze him, while the sorceress, disguised as an elder tree, keeps watch over her victim. The elves steal out from a hole in the bank on moonlight nights and weave their dances round him. No matter how securely the children of the neighborhood fit a flat stone over the hole at bedtime, every morning finds it thrust aside. We would not for the world have taken liberties with that fairy portal, but if we had been sure which of the several elder trees was the witch, we might have cut at her with our penknives and seen—it is averred by many—as her sap began to flow and her strength to fail, the contorted stone strain and struggle to free itself from the charm. And had we seen that, I am afraid we should forthwith have desisted from our hacking and taken to our heels. As it was the place had an uncanny feel, and we went back into Oxfordshire some eighty yards to review the main body of the army.

"a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor."

These mysterious monuments, which in the day of the Venerable Bede were no less remarkable than Stonehenge, have been ravaged by time, but some sixty of them—their magic

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baffles an exact count—remain. Grey Druid semblances, heathen to the core, owl-faced, monkey-faced, they stand in a great, ragged circle, enclosing a clump of firs. Deeply sunken in the ground, they are of uneven height; some barely peep above the surface; the tallest rises more than seven feet; some lie prone; some bend sideways; all have an aspect of extreme antiquity, a perforated, worm-eaten look the reverse of prepossessing. But our visit was ill-timed. If we had had the hardihood to climb up to that wind-swept waste at midnight, we should have seen those crouching goblins spring erect, join hands and gambol around in an ungainly ring, trampling down the thistles and shocking every church spire in sight. At midnight of All Saints they make a mad rush down the hillside for their annual drink of water at a spring below.

The antiquaries who hold that these strange stones were erected not as a Druid temple, nor as memorials of victory, nor for the election and inauguration of primitive kings, but for sepulchral purposes, rest their case largely on the Whispering Knights. This third group is made up of five stones which apparently once formed a cromlech and may have been originally covered with a mound. They are some quarter of a mile behind the circle,—a bad quarter of a mile I found it as I struggled across the rugged moor knee-deep in rank clover and other withering weeds. Just before me would fly up partridges with a startled whirr, hovering so near in their bewilderment that I could almost have knocked a few of them down with my parasol, if that had appealed to me as a pleasant and friendly thing to do. For this was a "cover," destined to give a few of Blake's and Shelley's countrymen some autumn hours of brutalizing sport.

"Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing;
A cherubim doth cease to sing."

The Five Knights lean close together, yet without touching, enchanted to stone in the very act of whispering

treason against their ambitious chief. They whisper still under the elder tree, and often will a lass laboring in the barley fields slip away from her companions at dusk to beg the Five Knights to whisper her an answer to the question of her heart. I walked back, having hit on a path, in company with a rustic harvester, whose conversation was confined to telling me five times over, in the stubborn, half-scared tone of superstition, that while the other elders are laden with white berries, this elder always bears red; and the collie wagged his tail, and the donkey wagged his ears, in solemn confirmation.

The wagonette gathered us in again, and soon we passed, not far from the fine Elizabethan mansion known as Chastleton House, the Four-Shire Stone, a column marking the meeting-point of Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. Our route lay for a while in Gloucestershire. As our shy young driver refreshed our skeleton steed, which had proved a good roadster, with gruel, that favorite beverage of English horses, at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, another little grey stone town with open market-hall, we noted a building marked P. S. A. and learned it was a workingman's club, or something of that nature, and that the cabalistic initials stood for Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. We changed horses at Campden, did our duty by the inevitable cold joints, and drove up to Fish Inn, with its far outlook, and thence down into the fertile Vale of Evesham. We had not been ready to say with Richard II,

"I am a stranger here in Glostershire;
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome,"

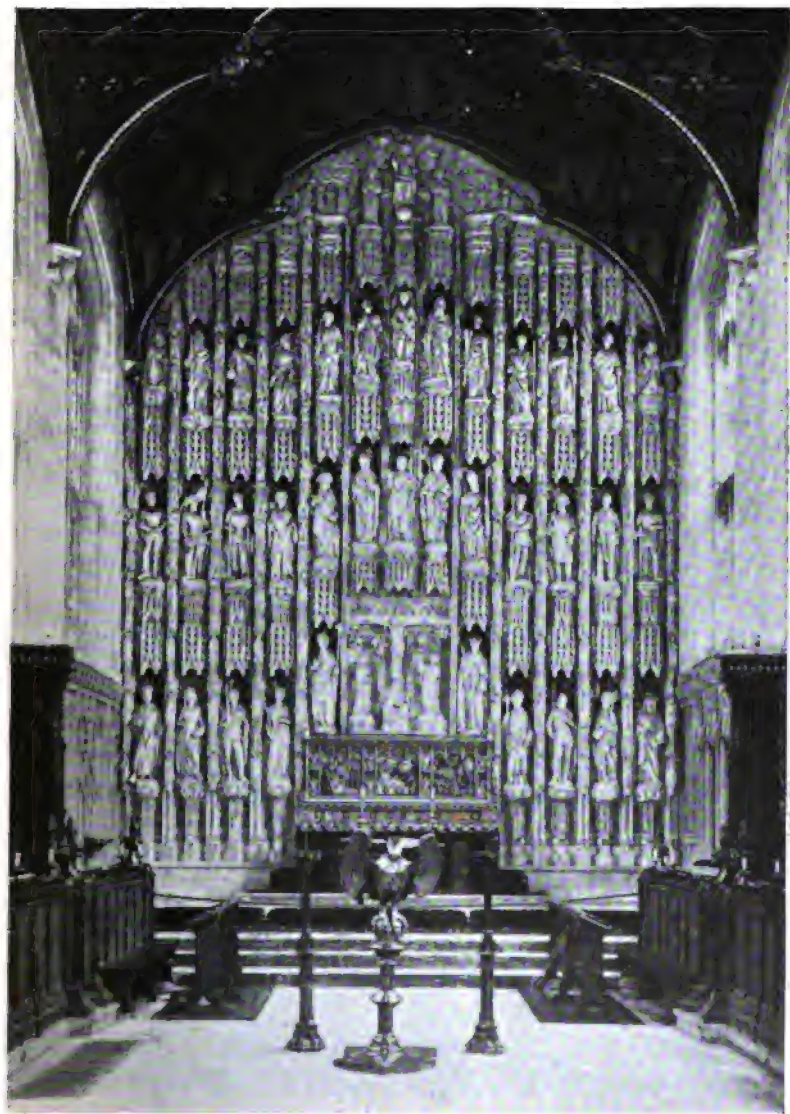
but we found a new pleasure in the smiling welcome of gardened Worcestershire. The charming village of Broadway, beloved of artists, detained us for a little, and at Evesham, even more attractive with its beautiful bell-tower, its Norman gateway and cloister arch—lovely relics of its ruined abbey—and with its obelisk-marked battlefield where fell Simon de Montfort, "the most peerless man of his time

for valor, personage, and wisdom," we brought our driving-tour in the Midlands to a close.

II. Oxford

Shakespeare's frequent horseback journeys from London to Stratford, and from Stratford to London, must have made him familiar with the county of Oxfordshire. He would have seen its northern uplands sprinkled over with white-fleeced sheep of the pure old breed, sheep so large that their mutton is too fat for modern palates; a smaller sheep, yielding inferior wool, is fast supplanting the original Cotswold. He would not have met upon the downs those once so frequent passengers, the Flemish merchants with their trains of sumpter mules and pack-horses, bound for Chipping Campden or some other market where wool might be "cheapened" in the way of bargaining, for by Shakespeare's day the cloth-making industry in the valley of the Stroud Water, Gloucestershire, had attained to such a flourishing condition that the export of raw material was forbidden.

It is not likely that his usual route would have given him the chance to refresh himself with Banbury cakes at Banbury and, profane player that he was, bring down upon himself a Puritan preachment from Ben Johnson's *Zeal-of-the-land-Busy*; but Shakespeare's way would almost certainly have lain through Woodstock. This ancient town has royal traditions reaching back to King Alfred and Ethelred the Redeless, but these are obscured for the modern tourist by the heavy magnificence of Blenheim Palace, the Duke of Marlborough's reward for his "famous victory." The legend of Fair Rosamund—how Henry II hid her here embowered in a labyrinth and how the murderous Queen Eleanor tracked her through the maze by the clue of a silken thread—Shakespeare, like Drayton, could have enjoyed without molestation from the critical historian, who now insists that it was Eleanor whom the king shut up to



Reredos, All Souls College

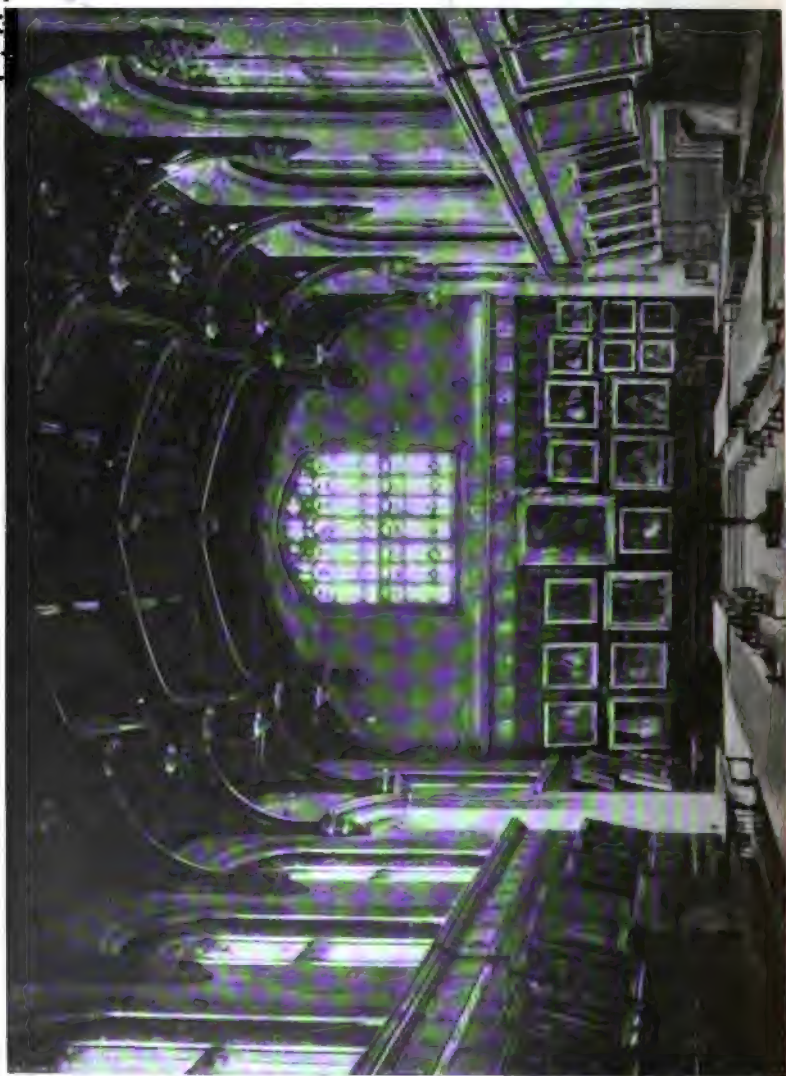




The Tower, Magdalen College



Within the Quadrangle, Oriel College



Dining Hall, Christ Church College

keep her from interfering with his loves. Poor Rosamund! Her romance is not suffered to rest in peace here any more than was her fair body in the church of Godstow nunnery. There she had been buried in the center of the choir and the nuns honored her grave with such profusion of broidered hangings and burning tapers as to scandalize St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, who, on visiting the nunnery in 1191, gave orders that she be disinterred and buried "out of the church with other common people to the end that religion be not vilified." But after some years the tender nuns slipped those rejected bones into a "perfumed leather bag" and brought them back within the holy pale. The dramatist, who seems to have done wellnigh his earliest chronicle-play writing in an episode of the anonymous "Richard III," may have remembered, as he rode into the old town, that the Black Prince was born at Woodstock. But whether or no he gave a thought to Edward III's war-wasted heir, he could hardly have failed to muse upon that monarch's poet, "most sacred happie spirit," Geoffrey Chaucer, whose son Thomas—if this Thomas Chaucer were indeed the poet's son—resided at Woodstock in the early part of the fifteenth century. And still fresh would have been the memory of Elizabeth's imprisonment in the gate-house during a part of her sister Mary's reign. It was here, according to Holinshed, that the captive princess "hearing upon a time out of hir garden at Woodstock a certaine milkemaide singing pleasantlie, wished herselfe to be a milkemaide as she was, saieing that hir case was better, and life more merier than was hers in that state as she was."

Charles I and the Roundheads had not then set their battle-marks all over Oxfordshire, and Henley, now famed for its July regatta as far as water flows, was still content with the very moderate speed of its malt-barges; but Oxford—I would give half my library to know with what feelings Shakespeare used to behold its solemn group of spires and towers against the sunset sky. This "upstart crow," often made to wince under the scorn of those who, like Rob-

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ert Greene—the red-headed reprobate!—could write themselves “Master of Arts of both Universities,” what manner of look did he turn upon that venerable town

“gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art?”

Here in the midst of the valley of the Thames, Oxford had already kept for centuries a queenly state, chief city of the shire, with a university that ranked as one of the “two eyes of England.” The university then as now, was made up of a number of colleges which owned, by bequest and by purchase, a considerable portion of the county, though they by no means limited their estates to Oxfordshire. Almost all “those sacred nurseries of blooming youth” which delight us today were known to that dust-stained traveler who put up, perhaps twice a year, perhaps oftener, at the Crown Inn, kept by John Davenant, vintner. Apart from the painfully modern Keble, a memorial to the author of “The Christian Year,” and the still more recent roof-trees for dissent, Congregational Mansfield and Unitarian Manchester, what college of modern Oxford would be utterly strange to Shakespeare? Even in Worcester, an eighteenth-century erection on the site of the ruined Benedictine foundation of Gloucester College, search soon reveals vestiges of the old monastic dwellings. Not a few of the very edifices that Shakespeare saw still stand in their Gothic beauty, but in case of others, as University, which disputes with Merton the claim of seniority, boasting no less a founder than Alfred the Great, new buildings have overgrown the old. Some have changed their names, as Broadgates, to which was given, eight years after Shakespeare’s death, a name that even in death he would hardly have forgotten,—Pembroke, in honor of William, Earl of Pembroke, then Chancellor of the University. Already venerable, as the poet looked upon them, were the thirteenth-century foundations of Merton, with its stately tower, its library of chained folios, its memories of Duns Scotus; and Balliol, another claimant for the digni-

ties of the firstborn, tracing its origin to Sir John de Balliol, father of the Scottish king, remembering among its early Fellows and Masters John Wyclif the Reformer; and Hart Hall, where Tyndale was a student, the Hertford College of today; and St. Edmund Hall, which has been entirely rebuilt. Another thirteenth-century foundation, St. Alban Hall, has been incorporated with Merton.

The fourteenth-century colleges, too, would have worn a weathered look by 1600,—Exeter and Oriel and Queen's and New. The buildings of Exeter have been restored over and over, but the medieval still haunts them, as it haunted Exeter's latest poet, William Morris, who loved Oxfordshire so well that he finally made his home at Kelmscott on the Upper Thames. Oriel, which, as Shakespeare would have known, was Sir Walter Raleigh's college, underwent an extensive rebuilding in the reign of Charles I. To Oriel once belonged St. Mary Hall, where Sir Thomas More studied,—a wag of a student he must have been!—and now, after an independence of five hundred years, it is part of Oriel again. Queen's, named in honor of Philippa, the consort of Edward III, has so completely changed its outer fashion that George II's Queen Caroline is perched upon its cupola, but by some secret of individuality it is still the same old college of the Black Prince and of Henry V,—the college where every evening a trumpet summons the men to dine in hall, and every Christmas the Boar's Head, garnished with the traditionary greenery, is borne in to the singing of an old-time carol, and every New Year's day the bursar distributes thread and needles among its masculine community with the succinct advice: "Take this and be thrifty."

New College, unlike these three, has hardly altered its original fabric. If Shakespeare smiled over the name borne by a structure already mossed and lichened by two centuries, we have more than twice his reason for smiling; indeed, we have one excuse that he had not, for we can think of Sydney Smith as a New College man. Old it is and old it looks. The very lanes that lead to it, grey and twisted passages of

stones, conduct us back to the medieval world. Mother Mary, the Archangel Gabriel and, no whit abashed in such high company, Bishop Wykeham the Founder, watch us from their storm-worn niches as we pass under the gateway into the majestic quadrangle. Here time-blackened walls hold the gaze enthralled with their ancienry of battlements and buttresses, deep-mullioned windows and pinnacle-set towers. Beyond lie the gardens, still bounded on two sides by the massive masonry, embrasured, bastioned, parapeted, of the old City Wall,—gardens where it should always be October, drifty, yellow, dreamy, quiet, with wan poplars and aspens and chestnuts whispering and sighing together, till some grotesque face sculptured on the wall peers out desisively, through ivy matt or crimson creeper, and the red-berried hollies, old and gay with many Christmases, rustle in reassuring laughter. Meanwhile the rooks flap heavily among the mighty beeches, whose tremendous trunks are all misshapen with the gnarls and knobs of age.

Of the fifteenth-century foundations, All Souls, "The College of All Souls of the Faithful Departed," and especially of those who fell in the French wars, retains much of its original architecture; in the kitchen of Lincoln, if not in the chapel, Shakespeare would still find himself at home; and for him, as for all the generations since, the lofty tower of Magdalen rose as Oxford's crown of beauty. Magdalen College is ancient. The very speaking of the name (Maudlin) tells us that, all the more unmistakably because Magdalen Bridge and Magdalen Street carry the modern pronunciation. But Magdalen College, with it springing, soaring grace, its surprises of delight, its haunting, soul-possessing loveliness, has all the winning charm of youth. Its hundred acres of lawn and garden, wood and park, where deer browse peacefully beneath the shade of giant elms and where Addison's beloved Water Walks beside the Cherwell are golden with the primroses and daffodils of March and blue with the violets and periwinkles of later spring, are even more tempting to the book-fagged wanderer than Christ

Church Meadow and "Mesopotamia." It is hard to tell when Magdalen is most beautiful. It has made the circle of the year its own. On May Day dawn, all Oxford, drowsy but determined, gathers in the broad street below to see—it depends upon the wind whether or no one may hear—the choir chant their immemorial hymn from the summit of the tower. When the ending of the rite is made known to the multitude by the flinging over of the caps—black mortarboards that sail slowly down the one hundred and fifty feet like a flock of pensive rooks—then away it streams over Magdalen Bridge toward Iffley to gather Arnold's fritillaries and, after a long and loving look at Iffley's Norman Church, troops home along the towingpath beside the Isis. Shakespeare may himself have heard, if he chanced to be passing through on St. John Baptist's Day, the University sermon preached from the curiously canopied stone pulpit well up on the wall in a corner of one of the quadrangles, while the turf was sweet with strewn rushes and all the buildings glistening with fresh green boughs. But even in midwinter Magdalen is beautiful, when along Addison's Walk the fog is frosted like most delicate enamel on every leaf and twig, and this white world of rime takes on strange flushes from the red sun peering through the haze.

Of the six Tudor foundations, Trinity occupies the site of Durham College, a thirteenth-century Benedictine institution suppressed by Henry VIII; St. John's, closely allied to the memory of Archbishop Laud, is the survival of St. Bernard College, which itself grew out of a Cistercian monastery; Brasenose, associated for earlier memory with Foxe of the "Book of Martyrs" and for later with Walter Pater, supplanted two medieval halls; and Jesus College, the first to be founded after the Reformation, endowed by a Welshman for the increase of Welsh learning, received from Elizabeth a site once held by academic buildings of the elder faith. Only Corpus Christi, where Cardinal Pole and Bishop Hooker studied to such different ends, although it is, as its name indicates, of Catholic origin, rose on fresh soil and

broke with the past, with the medieval educational tradition, by making regular provision for the systematic study of Latin and Greek.

The great Tudor foundation was Christ Church, built on the sacred ground where, in the eighth century, St. Frideswide, a princess with a pronounced vocation for the religious life, had erected a nunnery of which she was first abbess. The nunnery became, after her death, a house of canons, known as St. Frideswide's Priory. Cardinal Wolsey brought about the surrender of this priory to the king, and its prompt transfer to himself, some fifteen years before the general Dissolution. His ambition, not all unrealized, was to found as his memorial a splendid seat of the New Learning at Oxford to be called Cardinals' College. He had gone so far as to erect a magnificent hall, with fan-vaulted entrance and carved oak ceiling of surpassing beauty, a kitchen ample enough to feed the Titans, "The Faire Gate" and, outline, the Great Quadrangle, for whose enlargement he pulled down three bays of the Priory church, when his fall cut short his princely projects. His graceless master attempted to take over to himself the credit of Wolsey's labors, substituting the name of King Henry VIII's College, but on creating, a few years later, the bishopric of Oxford, he blended the cathedral and college foundations as the Church and House of Christ. The cathedral fabric is still in the main that of the old Priory church. Of the several quadrangles, Canterbury Quad keeps a memory of Canterbury College, which, with the other Benedictine colleges, Gloucester and Durham, went down in the storm. Christ's Church—"The House," as its members call it—is the aristocratic college of Oxford. Noblemen and even princes may be among those white-surpliced figures that flit about the dim quads after Sunday evensong. Ruskin's father, a wealthy wine-merchant of refined tastes and broad intelligence, hesitated to enter his son as a gentleman commoner at Christ's lest the act should savor of presumption. Yet no name has conferred more luster on "The House" than that of him who became

the Slade Professor of Fine Arts, waking all Oxford to nobler life and resigning, at last, because he could not bear that the university should sanction vivisection.

Wadham College, though the lovely garden with its hoary walls starred by jasmine and its patriarchal cedars casting majestic shadows,—a garden that rivals for charm even those of St. John's and Worcester and Exeter,—has such a venerable air, is the youngest of all these. Its first stone was laid, on a site formerly occupied by a priory of Augustinian Friars, only six years before Shakespeare's death. In his later journeys, he would not have failed to note the progress of its erection.

But if Shakespeare saw, as he rode through Oxford, almost all the colleges that may now be seen, he also saw much that has crumbled away into an irretrievable past. Not only were the various colleges, halls, priories and friaries of the monastic orders still in visible ruin, but the great abbeys of Osney and of Rewley, the former one of the largest and richest in all England, still made the appeal of a beautiful desolation. No wonder that Shakespeare compared the naked branches of autumn, that wintry end of the season

"When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,"

to

"bare, ruined choirs."

If, as seems probable, the Arden sympathies lingered long with the Mother Church, if Shakespeare did not forget, even in those closing years when his homeward trips brought him to a Puritan household and an even more Puritan town, the bitter fate of his kinsmen of Wilmcote and Wootton-Wawen, he must have been keenly alive to these ravages of the Reformation. Yet he had been some twenty years at the vortex of Elizabethan life, in the very seethe of London; he had witnessed many a wrong and many a tragedy; he was versed to weariness of heart in the "hostile strokes" that befall humanity, in all the varied

"throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage;"

and he knew, no man better, that Right is not of one party, nor Truth of a single creed. He must have mused, as he took the air in Oxford streets after Mistress Davenant had served his supper, on the three great Protestant Martyrs of whose suffering some of the elder folk with whom he chatted had been eye-witnesses. The commemorative cross that may now be seen in front of Balliol, near the church of St. Mary Magdalen whose tower was a familiar sight to Shakespeare's eyes, displays in richly fretted niches the statues of "Thomas Cranmer, Nicolas Ridley, Hugh Latimer, Prelates of the Church of England, who near this spot yielded their bodies to be burned." Most of all his thought would have dwelt on Cranmer, that pathetic figure whose life was such a mingled yarn of good and evil. He had won the favor of Henry VIII by approving the divorce of Queen Catherine. He had beheld—and in some cases furthered—the downfalls of Sir Thomas More, of Anne Boleyn, of Wolsey, of Cromwell, of Catherine Howard, of Seymour and of Somerset. He had stood godfather to Elizabeth and to Edward. He had watched over the death-bed of the tyrant; he had crowned that tyrant's frail young son as Edward VI. When by his adherence to the cause of Lady Jane Grey he had incurred sentence of treason, he was pardoned by Queen Mary. Yet this pardon only amounted to a transfer from the Tower of London to the Bocardo in Oxford, that prison-house over the North Gate from whose stone cells used to come down the hoarse cry of cold and hunger: "Pity the Bocardo birds." There were those still living in Oxford who could have told the dramatist, as he gazed up through the moonlight (for who does not?) to the pinnacled spire of St. Mary-the-Virgin, all the detail of those April days, only ten years before his birth, when Cranmer, with Ridley and Latimer, was brought into the church and bidden, before a hostile assemblage of divines, to justify the heresies



Entrance to the old Guild-Hall, Chipping-Campden



The Almshouses, Chipping-Norton
Photographs by Katharine Coman.

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The King Stone of the Rollright Stones
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



On a Gala Day. Broadway
Photo. by Jacques, Broadway.

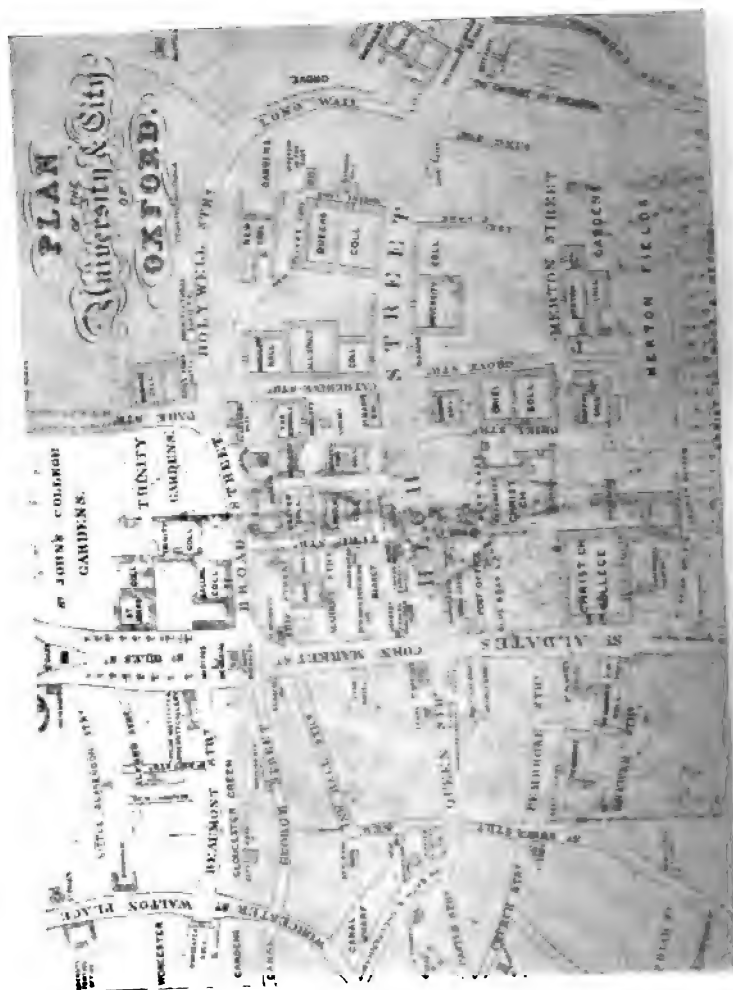


The Rollright Stones

Photo. by Katharine Coman



Blenheim, the Seat of the Churchill Family





The Schools Tower



Founder's Tower, Quadrangle,
Magdalen College



The Porch of St. Mary-the
Virgin's Church



Pulpit Built into the Walls of
Magdalen College



Chipping-Campden Church
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Oxford Cathedral



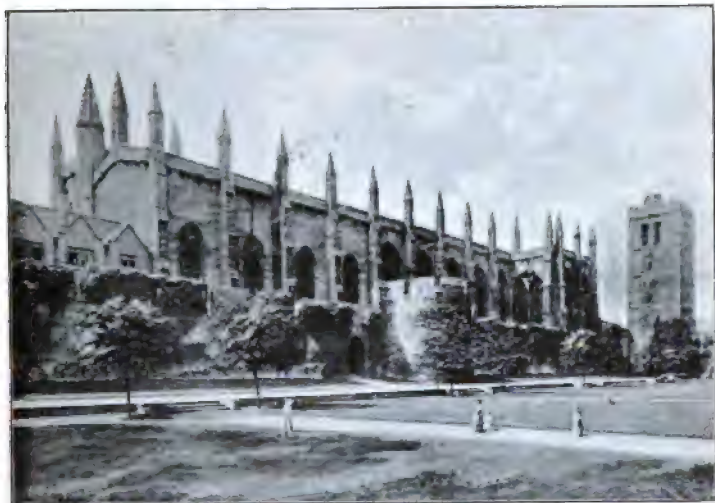
Burne-Jones Window in Christ Church (Oxford Cathedral)



The College Crews on the River



High Street, Oxford



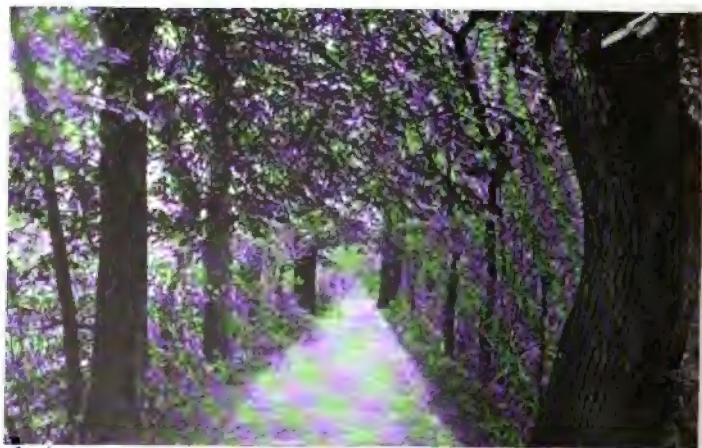
New College Chapel and Tower and a Part of the City Wall



Iffley Church, Oxford



Broad Walk, Christ Church College



Addison's Walk, Magdalen College



"Tom Tower," Christ Church College, the Tower Containing the famous old Bell, "Great Tom"



Quadrangle of Christ Church College



New College from the Garden



Trinity College Chapel



Merton College from the Fields



All Souls College and the Radcliffe Library





Sheldonian Theater in the Middle, Clarendon Building at the Right



Keble College



The Castle, Oxford



Interior of the Bodleian Library



Staircase to the Hall, Christ Church



The Martyrs' Memorial, Oxford

of the new prayer-book. On the Tuesday Cranmer pleaded from eight till two; Ridley was heard on the Wednesday, and on the Thursday the aged Latimer, a quaint champion as he stood there "with a kerchief and two or three caps on his head, his spectacles hanging by a string at his breast, and a staff in his hand." On the Friday all three were condemned. After a year and a half of continued confinement, Archbishop Cranmer, whose irresolution was such that, from first to last, he wrote seven recantations, was made to look out from his prison window upon the tormented death of his friends. Then it was that the stanch old Latimer, bowed with the weight of fourscore years, but viewing the fagots undismayed, spake the never-forgotten words: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Cranmer's own end came six months later, on March 21, 1556. He was first brought to St. Mary's that he might publicly abjure his heresies. But at that desperate pass, no longer tempted by the hope of life,—for hope there was none,—his manhood returned to him with atoning dignity and force. Prison-wasted, in ragged gown,

a man of sixty-seven years, he clearly avowed his Protestant faith, declaring that he had penned his successive recantations in fear of the pains of death, and adding: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall be first punished; for if I may come to the fire, it shall be the first burnt." And having so "flung down the burden of his shame," he put aside those who would still have argued with him and fairly ran to the stake,

"Outstretched flameward his upbraided hand."

The university church, this beautiful St. Mary's, has other memories. From its pulpit Wyclif proclaimed such daring doctrines that Lincoln College was founded to refute them,—Lincoln, which came to number among its Fellows John Wesley and to shelter those first Methodist meetings, the sessions of his "Holy Club." In the choir rests the poor, bruised body of Amy Robsart. The spiral-columned porch was erected by Laud's chaplain, and its statue of the Virgin and Child so scandalized the Puritans that they pressed it into service for one of their articles of impeachment directed against the doomed archbishop.

What could the thronging student life of Oxford have meant to the author of "Hamlet?" Of his careless young teachers in stage-craft—so soon his out-distanced rivals—Lyly and Peele and Lodge would have been at home beside the Isis and the Cherwell, as Greene and Nash and Marlowe by the Cam; but Shakespeare—did those fluttering gowns, those august processions, stir in him more than a stranger's curiosity? The stern day of that all-learned Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett, who stiffened examinations to a point that would have dismayed Shakespeare's contemporaries, save, perhaps, the redoubtable Gabriel Harvey, was still in the far future; the magnificent New Schools, with their dreaded *viva voces*, had not yet come; the Rhodes Scholarships were beyond the dream-reach of even a Raleigh or a Spenser; but academic tests and academic pomps there were. The Old Schools Quadrangle, not quite complete, had been building

"Will you kindly tell us what you're playing, Mr. Lloyd?"

"We don't care for classical music ourselves."

"Auld Lang Syne, if you please."

The organ struck into Auld Lang Syne and the lads sprang up and sang it lustily with hands clasped in the approved Scotch fashion.

"Rule Britannia, Mr. Lloyd."

Again he obliged them and was rewarded by a rousing cheer, followed by cheers for the Varsity and the ladies, groans for the Proctors, who are the officers of discipline, and barks for their assistants, the so-called Bulldogs. In the midst of this yelping chorus, the great doors were flung wide, and a majestic file of dignitaries, in all the blues and purples, pinks and scarlets, of their various degrees, paced solemnly up the aisle, escorting their distinguished guests, savants of several nations, and headed by the Vice-Chancellor whose array outwent Solomon in all his glory.

The upper gallery was on its feet, but not in reverence. The organ-march was drowned in the roar of the lusty voices greeting the Head of the University thus:

"Oh, whist, whist, whist!
Here comes the bogie man.
Now go to bed, you Baby,
You Tommy, Nell and Dan.
Oh, whist, whist, whist!
He'll catch ye if he can;
And all the popsies, wopsies, wop,
Run for the bogie man."

The uproar was no whit diminished when presently the Vice-Chancellor was seen to be making an address.

"Who wrote it for you, sir?"

"Oh, that's shocking bad Latin."

"*Jam!* What kind of jam?"

"It's just what you said to those other blokes last year."

"It's always the same thing."

"It's all blarney."

"The guests wish you were done, sir."

"You may sit down, sir."

But the Vice-Chancellor, unperturbed, kept on with his inaudible oratory to its natural end.

A professor of illustrious name was next to rise, throwing up a laughing look at the boys, whose tumult bore him down after the first few sentences. What matter? It was idle to pretend that that great audience could follow Latin speeches. They were all to go into print, and he who would and could might read them at his ease. The phrase that undid this genial personage was *clarior luce*.

"Oh, *oh*, sir! Lucy who?"

"Clare or Lucy? Try for both, sir."

"We'll surely tell your wife, sir."

"A sad example to our youth, sir."

"You shock our guest from Paris, sir."

The prize English essayist was hardly allowed to recite the first paragraph of his production.

"Very nice."

"But a great bore."

"It's not as good as mine."

"That'll do, sir."

"The Vice-Chancellor is gaping, sir."

"Three cheers for the lady who jilted the Senior Proctor!"

Under the storm of enthusiasm evoked by this happy suggestion, the English essayist gave place to the Greek poet, a rosy-cheeked stripling who stood his ground barely two minutes.

"Aren't you very young, my dear?"

"Will some kind lady kiss him for his mother?"

The English prize poem, the Newdigate, founded by Sir Roger Newdigate of the George Eliot country, was heard through with a traditional attention and respect, though the poet's delivery came in for occasional criticism.

"You're too singsong, sir."

"Please give him the key, Mr. Lloyd."

Even those few world-famed scholars and statesmen

on whom the University was conferring the high distinction of her D. C. L. were showered with merry impudence, as one by one they advanced to receive the honor, though there were no such lucky shots of wit as signalized, on different occasions, at Oxford or at Cambridge, the greeting of certain popular poets. Holmes was asked from the gallery if he had come in the one-hoss shay, and Longfellow, wearing the gorgeous vestments of his new dignity, was hailed by a cry: "Behold the Red Man of the West." Even the Laureate, whose prophet locks were flung somewhat more wildly than their wont, was assailed by a stentorian inquiry:

"Did your mother call you early, call you early, Alfred, dear?"

The conferring of degrees upon Oxford students takes place—at irregular intervals, but not infrequently—in the Convocation House. Into a long, narrow room, dignitaries grouped at the top and candidates at the bottom, with guests seated in rows on either side, sweeps the Vice-Chancellor in his gorgeous red and white. He is preceded by the mace-bearer and followed by two Proctors. Taking the place of honor, he reads a page of Latin, lifting his cap—the Proctors raising theirs in solemn unison—whenever the word *Dominus* occurs. The lists of candidates for the various degrees are then read, and the Proctors, at the end of each list, rise simultaneously, march a few steps down the hall, wheel with military precision, and like the King of France, march back again. These apparently wayward promenades are supposed to give opportunity for tradesmen with unpaid bills to imperil a candidate's degree by plucking the proctor's gown. The Oxford tradesmen have not availed themselves of this privilege for a century or so, but the term *plucked* is only too familiar. With many bows and much Latin, even with kneeling that the Vice-Chancellor may tap the learned pates with a Testament, the higher degrees are conferred. Each brand-new doctor withdraws into the robing-room where his waiting friends eagerly divest him of

his old plumage and trick him out in gayer hood and more voluminous gown. So arrayed, he returns for a low bow to the Vice-Chancellor, who touches his mortar-board in response. The larger company of candidates for the first degree come forward in groups, each head of a college presenting his own men, and these are speedily made into bachelors.

Out of that student multitude have come—not all, be it confessed, with degrees—many of England's greatest. Noble phantoms haunt by moonlight the Gothic shadows of High Street. The gallant Lovelace, the resolute Pym, Admiral Blake, Sir Philip Sidney, Francis Beaumont, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Johnson, Dean Swift, Wellington, Peel, Gladstone, Adam Smith, Hamilton, Locke, Hobbes, Blackstone, Newman, Manning, Stanley, Maurice, Faber, Heber, Jeremy Taylor, Whitfield, the Wesleys, the Arnolds,—and this is but the beginning of a tale that can never be told. Yet Oxford, "Adorable Dreamer" though she be, has not done as well by her poets as by the rest of her brood. She did not succeed in making a churchman out of Swinburne, nor a saint of Her- rick, and as for Landor and Shelley, her eyes were holden and she cast them forth.

Of Shakespeare, an alien figure crossing the path of her gowned and hooded doctors, or watching her "young barbarians all at play"—for Oxford lads knew how to play before ever "Eights Week" was thought of—she seems to have remembered nothing save that he stood godfather to his landlady's baby-boy, little William Davenant, in the old Saxon church of St. Michael's. Oxford let him pay his reckoning at the Crown and go his way unnoted. He was none of hers. Even now, when his name is blazoned on rows upon rows of volumes in window after window of Broad Street, I doubt if the Oxford dons would deem Shakespeare capable of editing his own works.

"Where were you bred?

And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?"

66 Reading Journey in English Counties

One would like to fancy that Duke Humphrey's library, beautiful as a library of Paradise, made the poet welcome; but the King's Commissioners had despoiled it in 1550, and more than half a century went by before, toward the close of Shakespeare's life, Sir Thomas Bodley had refounded and refitted it as The Bodleian.

Yet the grey university city, "spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age,"—how could she have failed deeply to impress the sensitive spirit of that disregarded wayfarer? Although she had suffered so grievously under the flail of the Reformation, although she was destined to become the battered stronghold of Charles I, the voice within her gates was and is, not the battle-cry, but the murmurous voice of meditation and dream and prayer. As we enter into the sanctuary of her grave beauty, personal chagrin and despair of our own brief mortality fall away. The unending life of human thought is here, enduring, achieving, advancing, with its constant miracle of resurrection out of the old form into the new.

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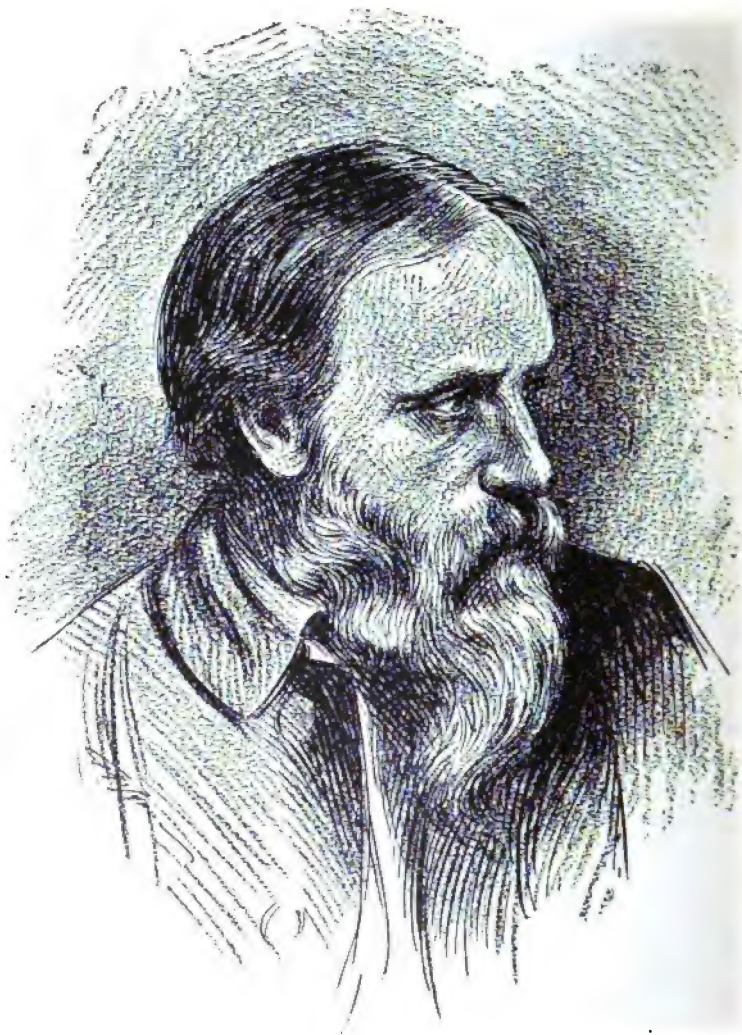
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Edward Burne-Jones



Burne-Jones and the Pre-Raphaelites

By Cecil Fairfield Lavell, M. A.

Professor of History in Trinity College, Hartford.

EVERY great man is in a very true sense the interpreter of the ideals and forces of his age and race. Each famous Englishman that we study ought to bring us nearer to the sympathetic understanding of England. Gladstone, Ruskin, Livingstone, Browning, express each in his own way some phase of the racial genius and character whereby England has become great. And now we are to study the interpretation of modern English ideals and thought, not in poetry, statemanship, or action, but in painting. Let us take in our hands, then, a copy of one of the works of Edward Burne-Jones,—“The Star of Bethlehem,” “The Golden Stairs,” “The Annunciation,” or some other, and looking at it let us see what ideals and purposes went to the making of it.

Early in that year of great things, 1848, two young English painters, John Everett Millais and William Holman Hunt—aged respectively eighteen and twenty years

*This is the fourth in a series of studies of famous Englishmen, which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley, by Bishop Williams of Michigan, February; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks.

—began the famous movement to which they gave the name "Pre-Raphaelite." It rested on principles that were at the same time rebellious and constructive. In so far as it was a revolt, its protest was very like that of Petrarch against the worship of Aristotle five hundred years before,—a protest against making the genius of a great man a chain wherewith to bind his successors, so that the form and method survived, while the meaning and the life were forgotten. It was heresy in Petrarch's day to think other than as Aristotle thought. It was heresy in the early part of the nineteenth century to paint except according to the principles and methods of Raphael, codified and expounded by Sir Joshua Reynolds. So the word "Pre-Raphaelite" as Millais and Hunt used it, meant simply according to the principles in vogue not necessarily before Raphael, but before Raphaelitism, the blind obedient following of Raphael, came to be the accepted standard of good painting. "Your father and I," said Hunt to Millais' son and biographer, "determined to adopt a style of absolute independence as to art dogma and conventions; this we called Pre-Raphaelitism." Not Raphael, not Correggio, but the theory that art must forever follow the lines marked out by Raphael and Correggio, was condemned by the young reformers. "The first principle of Pre-Raphaelitism," says Hunt in his own account of the movement, "was to eschew all that was conventional in contemporary art." And with this rebellion against convention was associated the implied constructive principle of *return to nature*. "The Pre-Raphaelites," said Millais to his son, "had but one idea—to present on canvas what they saw in nature."

Not that this gospel was wholly new, or the art that preceded it wholly conventional. Reynolds's own fame rests not on his artificial imitations, but on his portraits and his charming studies of children. There he is genuine, doing work that is absolutely his own. The portrait studies, too, of Romney and Gainsborough are as immortal as those of Reynolds; and Wilson, Gainsborough and Crome had found-

ed a school for landscape that culminated gloriously in Constable and Turner before ever Millais and Hunt were born. In the field of *genre*, too, in genuine and artistic pictures of humble life, there was the brilliant and unhappy Morland; and George Frederick Watts—whom the severest critic could hardly call conventional—was already exhibiting in the Royal Academy when Millais was a boy of ten. Then there was Ford Madox Brown, too, the warm friend of the Pre-Raphaelites, the first teacher of Rossetti, so closely associated with the young friends of the Brotherhood that he is often quite wrongly called a Pre-Raphaelite himself. So the high resolves of the enthusiastic trio—for Rossetti had been early associated with Millais and Hunt—were neither new nor revolutionary. They simply show a determination on the part of the painters to obey the spirit of life and nature which had been increasingly animating the best spirits of Europe during the last fifty years, and to paint with absolute sincerity and reverence that which their eyes saw or their minds conceived.

In proportion then as this determination was carried out with real genius would it react on the work and spirit of the age, and nobly did the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood fulfil its mission. To portrait painting they could add little or nothing to the achievements of Gainsborough or Watts. In landscape they could scarcely contribute anything fundamental to the generation that had known Constable and Turner and had seen the burst of genius across the channel which we associate with the names of Rousseau, Millet, Troyon and Corot. But in the interpretation of the human soul in its exalted moods, in the expression of the poetry of life, in the perception of the beauty and the surpassing interest of a direct, sympathetic gaze at God's works ("paint any one and count it crime to let a truth slip"), the Pre-Raphaelites had a field that had not been touched with sincerity and enthusiasm for generations, and into this field they threw themselves with a vigor and a directness of purpose that shook the whole of British art. At first all the

art critics of England poured harshest condemnation on the youthful heretics. They were abandoning beauty, it was said, in abandoning the standard of the sixteenth century Italians. But the truth was that men's standard of beauty was changing. Their eyes no longer saw the same things. The world of Johnson and Burke had become the world of Carlyle and Ruskin. A new breadth of sympathy, a new enthusiasm for human impulses, a new conception of liberty, a new desire to penetrate and understand the infinite depths and heights in life, a new passion and a new romance had entered into the world, and the eyes of Rossetti and Holman Hunt saw visions in man and nature of which good Sir Joshua had never dreamed.

Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti—these were the first Pre-Raphaelites, each bound by his vow to paint life as he saw it. But fidelity to the vow meant an inevitable parting of the ways. Of the three, Millais was the unquestioned chief in execution. He could work both more rapidly and more accurately than the others, and in time became a painter whom Ruskin could compare to Titian himself. But the analogy has a truth beyond the question of skill as a painter. There was little of the mystic about Titian,—infinitely less than in some of the humbler painters of Florence. And there was little of the mystic in Millais. Full of poetry as are some of his pictures, it is poetry of the Tennyson type rather than of the type of Shelley, Wordsworth, or Browning. Indeed, this is an injustice to Tennyson. Nature to Millais was not so much a world of infinite mystery and wonder as a world of never ending eternal beauty and interest. Every dainty floweret in the background of "Ophelia" is a jewel which the painter saw in the living, radiant, ever-glorious garment of God. And every line of his men and women has the vitality and the immediate appeal of humanity, living and moving and genuine. Millais was a great painter, whose eye and hand are not easily matched in modern art. Yet in one point his less brilliant companion, Holman Hunt, went beyond him. For to him, no

matter how eagerly and conscientiously he sought to represent the color and line shown him by nature, there was ever a voice speaking through the trees or the clouds, or the faces of men and women, or the eyes of dumb things, telling of the vast, unseen, and unfathomable world that his brush could not paint. In picture after picture this consciousness of the unseen, this feeling for the divine gives a spiritual beauty that Millais rarely touches. Compare the "Order of Release" or "The Rescue" for instance, with "The Lady of Shalott," "The Scapegoat," "The Light of the World," "The Triumph of the Innocents," or a dozen others. Apart altogether from their beauty as paintings pure and simple, there is in them a touch of poetry, a reaching out to a world unseen but none the less real, an effort to do what Filippino Lippi and Botticelli had done and what Andrea del Sarto and Titian had failed to do—make the brush an interpreter of passionate and earnest spiritual yearning, of lofty aspirations, of deep pondering over the mysteries of life. Now this poetic side of life which meant so much to Hunt appealed in a different way, perhaps, but ten times more strongly, to the third member of the Brotherhood, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The actual world meant to Rossetti not the world as the camera photographed it, but the world as his imagination saw it. Yet his visions were to Millais graceful and fanciful inanities. The strong, practical sense of the one refused to see "reality" in dream facts of the other and Millais and even Hunt looked on with a half contemptuous irritation as they saw Rossetti's strange creations taken more and more as types of Pre-Raphaelitism. The public was wrong, of course, in calling Rossetti the typical Pre-Raphaelite. Yet nothing could have been more natural. What men did was simply to take the most poetic member of a movement whose fundamental strength was in its poetic truth, and infer from his work that Pre-Raphaelitism was based on a love for the mystical and the poetic, instead of being primarily a movement for truth as against conventionality.

Rossetti, as a matter of fact, was as true to the principle of sincerity as Millais, and was no more unintelligible to his Pre-Raphaelite brother than Millais himself was to the art critics of 1848 and 1851. Each saw with his own eyes. So Millais painted, to the great advantage of the world "The Huguenot" and "The Order of Release," while Rossetti painted the spiritual faces with their eyes that saw into infinity,—the strange, mystic, unforgettable faces that meant to him life and truth as he saw it. Each painter was true to his vow to paint the truth. But Rossetti's truth somehow struck a deeper chord in the world's heart than did that of his brethren, and thousands whose memories are haunted by his spiritual faces and whose aspirations have been made deeper and more beautiful by his strange visions, look but coldly at the masterpieces of those who stood at his side and fought bravely for the principles of truth in art.

In the spring of 1854 the message of truth and poetry that the Pre-Raphaelites, each in his own way, were earnestly giving to the world, reached a band of young men at Oxford, one of whom was to give that message its most ideal expression. "I was writing in my room," writes Edward Burne-Jones, "when Morris ran in one morning bringing the newly published book [Ruskin's *Edinburgh Lectures*] with him: so everything was put aside until he read it all through to me. And there we first heard about the Pre-Raphaelites, and there I first saw the name of Rossetti." These two, Burne-Jones and William Morris, were fellow students of Exeter College and bosom friends. Neither dreamed, at that time, of an artistic career, though Burne-Jones had always been fond of drawing and did it well. They were simply earnest, whole-souled, healthy-minded men with high ideals and natures keenly sensitive to beauty and truth. Ruskin's eloquent praise of the Pre-Raphaelites awoke an eager response in their hearts. "For many a day we talked of little else but paintings which we had never seen," and only little by little were they intro-

duced, first to the works of Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti, and then at last to the great treasures of art on the continent. In the summer of 1855 the two friends crossed the Channel, and the Italian paintings of the Louvre aided by the Cathedrals of Beauvais and Rouen completed what the Pre-Raphaelites had begun. Burne-Jones sums it up simply enough. "It was while walking on the quay at Havre at night that we resolved definitely that we would begin a life of art, and put off our decision no longer—he should be an architect and I a painter. It was a resolve only needing final conclusion; we were bent on that road for the whole past year, and after that night's talk we never hesitated more. That was the most memorable night of my life."

The resolution so seriously reached was acted upon at once. Before long they managed to meet Rossetti, and their timid reverence for his genius changed into something very like worship, warmed by a close and generous personal friendship. Burne-Jones became a painter, enthusiastically adopting the Pre-Raphaelite ideals as interpreted by Rossetti. Morris became not simply an architect but an apostle of the beautiful and the true in building, in poetry, in decoration, in handiwork of all kinds, and finally in social institutions. Rossetti's influence long dominated both, and yet that is possibly the wrong way to put it. Before they had ever heard of Rossetti they had learned to love and pore over the art and literature of the Middle Ages, until it was this affection for the simplicity, the naïveté, the chivalry, the deep spirit of religious devotion, the picturesque largeness of imagination, the hero worship of the medieval world that had prepared their minds for Pre-Raphaelitism in general and Rossetti in particular. It was this whole combination of influences, then,—Chaucer and Malory, Fra Angelico, and Rouen Cathedral, Carlyle's "Past and Present" and the illuminated manuscripts of the Bodleian, the song of the Nibelungen and the quiet peace of an old cloister, Holman Hunt's deep sincerity and Rossetti's poetic fancy,—

it was the appeal of all these things to minds and hearts that were themselves simple, chivalrous, and true that made Burne-Jones and Morris turn away from the fashion of their day and seize upon things of the older time, things fundamentally true and beautiful, which the anxious, hurrying world had forgotten. The Middle Age of Burne-Jones was doubtless an idealized one. But it was an idealized medieval world that the nineteenth century needed,—its sincerity, its devotion, its simple-mindedness, its chivalry; not its brutality, its disease, and its superstition. So in the pictures of Burne-Jones we have not the world of today but the mingled worlds of King Arthur and Fra Angelico, interpreted with the skill of the nineteenth century, a world that Chaucer would have revelled in, portrayed with a wealth of imagination and a glory of color that no English painter had ever dreamed of before.

In the fall of 1859 came the first visit to Italy and thereafter there entered into the work of this lover of the Middle Ages something of the flavor of Mantegna, of the fifteenth century Florentines—especially Botticelli—and the painters of Siena. With each year of growing power, there was less and less evident in his art the influence of Rossetti, more and more that of those Italians who, with the glow of the Renaissance about them painted the ideals of the age that was passing away. To many, indeed, the art of Burne-Jones became too medieval. But the things he loved in the Middle Ages were permanent things after all, albeit expressed in a language not wholly of today. He who demands realism, the representation of life with the fidelity insisted upon by Millais and Hunt in their first enthusiasm, will find the land of Burne-Jones but a fairyland, peopled, in the main, by men and women such as we have never seen save in our dreams. So far had the poetry of the Pre-Raphaelitism conquered its old "return to nature" ideal. "I mean by a picture," said the painter in a letter, "a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever

shone, in a land no one can define or remember, only desire."

Once more we have made our study an introductory one and nothing more. We have only tried to see in brief something of the purpose of this group of high-hearted Englishmen, born into a world that was still convulsed and wrecked with the storms of the new democracy and the industrial revolution, when romanticism, philanthropy, political and social reform, the problems of empire, and the blundering forward leaps of science were filling men's minds with doubts and conflicts, when the prophetic warnings of Carlyle mingled with the groans of workingmen and the preaching of doctrinaires, and the silver trumpet of Ruskin was calling all men to remember amidst the smoke and confusion that only truth and beauty were eternal. Look at Reynolds's "Three Ladies Decorating a Bust of Hymen" and then at "The Star of Bethlehem," painted by Burne-Jones and worked by Morris into glorious tapestry for Exeter College. The contrast is like the contrast between "The Vanity of Human Wishes" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" or "The Scholar Gypsy." So perhaps we shall not be thought wholly wrong if we say that the spirit embodied in the paintings of Watts, Madox Brown, Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones and their co-workers is the spirit that has made the Victorian Age of science and empire the age of purest idealism that England has ever known.

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REVIEW QUESTIONS.

OXFORDSHIRE: 1. What are the Cotswolds? 2. What Shakespearean traditions has this region? 3. What striking features have Chipping Campden and Chipping Norton? 4. What remains of the Druids survive in this region? 5. What fatal event took place at Eve-

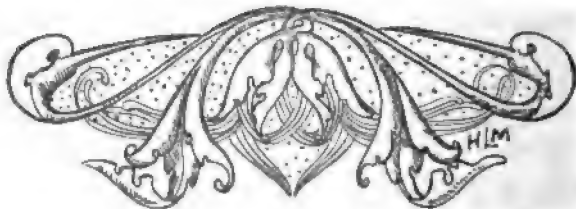
sham? 6. How do legend and reality blend at Woodstock? 7. For what is Henley famous? 8. For what purposes were Manchester, Keble, and Mansfield Colleges built? 9. What associations have some of the oldest colleges? 10. What distinctive features have some of the fourteenth century colleges? 11. Describe New College and Magdalen. 12. What famous colleges came in with the Tudors? 13. What special claims to distinction has Christ Church? 14. What does the Martyrs Memorial commemorate? 15. What memories of other reformers does Oxford cherish? 16. What is the origin of the Encaenia? 17. What ceremonies attend the conferring of degrees? 18. Who are some of the famous graduates of Oxford?

BURNE-JONES AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES: 1. When and by whom was the Pre-Raphaelite movement originated? 2. What was the meaning of the term? 3. What genuine unconventional work had already been done in the field of English painting? 4. What great work in landscape art was being done in France? 5. How were the Pre-Raphaelites regarded at first? 6. Compare the work of Millais with that of Holman Hunt. 7. How did Rossetti's work differ from that of the others? 8. How were Burne-Jones and Morris drawn into the movement? 9. Why were they especially susceptible to Rossetti's influence? 10. How was Burne-Jones affected by his visit to Italy? 11. How did the political and social atmosphere of the times contrast with the Pre-Raphaelite spirit?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

OXFORDSHIRE: 1. Which Oxford College is King Edward VII's? 2. What is said to be the only college that did not melt its plate for Charles I? 3. Of what famous book was Thomas Day the author? 4. What college has contributed six archbishops to the See of Canterbury? 5. Where is Holman Hunt's "Light of the World"? 6. For what was William of Wykeham famous? 7. What library at Oxford contains the "old yellow book" which figures in Browning's "The Ring and the Book"? 8. How many strokes does "Great Tom" ring every night at Oxford and why? 9. What university in this country has copied Magdalen Tower and the Hall of Christ Church College?

End of the April Required Reading, pages 19-78.



Memory Kodaks of England

By "Filius"

THERE is a robust prejudice against resorting to the family album as a means of diverting one's acquaintances, and only sincere and persistent urging on their part warrants a host in bringing forth the books of kodaks which record his voyages. This tradition is one of the protective devices by which society seeks to escape from being bored. Like the ban against "talking shop" it is a prejudice to be cherished with diligence. The collectors of miscellaneous information are quite as resourceful in their wearisomeness as are the gatherers of stamps, or spoons, or picture postcards. Against these and their like it behooves mankind to raise bulwarks of defense.

But any sweeping policy may go too far at times, and even thwart us. Now and then we are actually eager to see those views of the Yellowstone, or of Cuba, or of the Nile. There are even rare occasions when we gaze with satisfaction on portraits of our host's Aunt Sally or Uncle John if we happen to have some point of contact with their lives. When the interest of those who look and listen determines the behavior of him who shows and talks, the rigor of prohibition may be for a time relaxed, although the exhibitor does well to be alert for signs of apathy and listlessness. The only excuse, then, for bringing to light these somewhat faded kodaks of England lies in the fact that CHAUTAUQUAN readers are just now genuinely interested in all aspects of British life. These pictures have none of the distinction and charm of Mr. Howell's "London Films." They were taken long ago by the crude camera of a boyish mind. The lens focussed badly, and was "chromatic" with callowness and prejudice; it brought out certain details, however, with some vividness. Let those who will, have a look at these prints; anyone is free to turn away as soon as he

grows weary; he who fondly exhibits his pictures will—unhappily perhaps—be none the wiser.

* * * *

For three days the ocean-greyhound *Celtic*—she would be a dachs-hund now—had wallowed through the tumultuous North Atlantic. The Pater dozing and docile was supine in his lower berth. On the sofa opposite lay the Presbyterian parson, a famous yachtsman, who “had never been sick in his life,” now limp and pallid, and void even of his Calvinistic creed, for he sometimes mustered strength to bewail his predestined fate. The human camera was stowed away collapsed and futile in the upper berth, where he slept fitfully, or repeated verse to ease his misery, or berated the unheeding form below for bringing a son, innocent and unsuspecting, into distress so unspeakable. All was heaving instability; land, *terra firma*—what a wealth of meaning there was in the word *firma*—seemed a mere dream of a far past. To make matters quite unbearable, there appeared now and again a youth of affronting health, a schoolmate and companion who painted vivid pictures of the scene on deck, the long rollers, the dashing spray, the running scuppers. Not to see these things was to miss the experience of a lifetime! The Pater had crossed before and was not to be moved; the Calvinist was deaf to all appeals, but the camera made a mighty effort. By slow stages, with long intervals of harrowing doubt, his garments were one by one resumed. Supported on either side he climbed, swaying dizzily, to the stair-head, and gazed bewildered out over the weltering sea. The long rollers broke only to have their crest whipped away in blinding mist by the gale; the ship rolled until it seemed she could never right herself; great green seas, surging over her bows came running aft in torrents, and then the camera collapsed, was ignominiously carried below, and refusing to be molested was put back on his shelf where he lay in boots and ulster for full four-and-twenty hours. It was a snap-shot; the camera was not equal to a time exposure.

The Irish coast and Queenstown had been the first proof that land still held its head above the sea. The captain's dinner—now abandoned by the British lines—was celebrated in calm weather the last night of the voyage. The procession of twenty stewards bearing aloft with much ceremony blazing spheres of plum pudding, the great pyramids of pastry and spun-sugar topped by English and American flags, the toasts to "The Queen" and to "The President," the effusive address to the captain, and the brief and bluff reply of that bronzed, gold-braided hero,—finally that odd chorus in which to the same tune Briton and American vociferously strove each to drown the words of the other—all served to stir patriotic emotions and to tax digestive processes only recently resumed. Then came an early morning on the Mersey with its odd-looking tugs and swift paddle-steamers,—and Liverpool, gray and grimy emerged from the mists. The courteous custom officers seemed a welcoming committee rather than a detective corps. The "four wheeler" piled high with luggage trundled away and let down Pater, parson, camera, and chum at the old Adelphi Hotel. Quiet reigned in the thick carpeted corridors; a real "boots" in livery and other servants were deft and deferential. Instead of a lordly, overbearing clerk, appeared a stately and gracious woman to receive her guests.

About the "lift" the bumptious boys were contemptuous and derisive. Heavy iron gates were at each floor painfully unlocked to admit or release prisoners who rode slowly up and down in a small cell twilighted by a smoky lamp. The arrogant young Americans talked largely of swift, gas-illuminated elevators and insulted the lift attendant who, true to his traditions, was acquiescent and duly impressed for the sake of the expected "tip"—an institution of which the adolescent barbarians still had much to learn.

That first English luncheon—typical and satisfying! The crown-loaf, the inevitable boiled potatoes and green beans, the choice of cold fowl, ham, and beef wheeled about from table to table, on a mobile serving machine. Finally a

gooseberry tart cavernous and without bottom crust, and a big Stilton cheese with silver scoop for excavation. At many tables in the handsome, darkened coffee-room people were sitting in small groups. Certain passengers from the *Celtic*, loud-voiced and strident or convulsed with unbridled mirth, contrasted with the low, undistinguishable tones of the English men and women who glanced now and then with some disdain at their explosive and aggressive cousins from over-sea. The camera and the chum felt their first misgiving about American manners.

"Who? What? That quiet Englishman with the greyish hair and beard yonder at a little table?"

"That is James Russell Lowell."

It must be owned that the youths knew him chiefly if not wholly as the author of "The Courtin'"—a favorite school recitation,—but their national pride was flattered to note that the American poet was "as good as an Englishman" and quite offset the unconscious vulgarity of the demonstrative *Celtic* passengers.

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The guard locked the carriage door, while the porter rang his hand-bell; a penny whistle sounded from the engine, and quickly gathering headway the train sped through tunnels, over viaducts, past factories and long rows of depressing cottages, and through pleasant suburbs into rural England. Green fields, hedges, walls, white roads, groves and woods, village spires, picturesque cottages, glimpses of stately manor-houses—everything finished, well-kept, beautiful—one continuous park. What a contrast with the waste lands, neglected buildings, hopeless highways, staring houses, disorderly farm-yards, unsightly rubbish piles then to be seen from any car window on the suburban lines outside New York! Once more the young patriots felt a pang as they gazed at the fast flying panorama. They were, to be sure, scornful about the toy train with its compartment carriages opening at the side. They grew merry over a sign which hung above a glass-covered aperture behind which in

the wall of their compartment a dangling ring could be seen. "In case the presence of the guard is deemed necessary, the passenger is requested to break the glass, pull the ring, and then agitate his arms out of the right-hand window according as the train is going." How absurd! how English! how un-American. And yet it could not be denied that for a short journey the luxuriously padded seats of the little drawing-room were most comfortable. No vociferous news-boy plied his nefarious trade in pop-corn and gum-drops; no raucous brakeman called undistinguishable stations and slammed banging doors; no grimy, sticky children toddled precariously up and down a long aisle; no confidential strangers unbidden and unshunnable disclosed their life histories. Grudgingly the ardent partisans admitted that "for England it wasn't so bad" while in their hearts they knew it was good and very good at that.

At the first station a big, red-faced Englishman entered the carriage and received from a porter outside a lot of luggage—eight or ten pieces in all—which was stowed away in the rack overhead, on the floor and under the seat. When the train was under way again at high speed the carriage began to sway from side to side in an ominous fashion. The newcomer was annoyed and anxious; at the next station he leaned out of the window and shouted, "Guard, guard, I say, screw up this carriage coupling, it oscillates fearfully." And thereafter at every station this traveler expostulated, and denounced and threatened to write to the papers if something wasn't done, and in general made what is called a row. The camera and chum were having their first glimpse of that force which plays so large a part in English life and so slight a rôle in America,—the individual who won't be imposed upon.

In the late afternoon the train halted at a rural station. A coach-and-four from the Lowood Hotel were in waiting. Visions of Tony Weller and of Tom Brown on his way to Rugby came to mind at once. The luggage was stowed away; the passengers climbed to the seats on the

roof, the driver gathered up his reins, spoke to his horses, and to the clatter of sharp hoof-beats on the hard macadam, the coach bowled along toward Windermere. The walls on either side of the road made it clear why English vehicles set their passengers aloft. It was an exhilarating, captivating journey past great estates and wayside cottages, through the village of Bowness with its tavern and shops and village church, out along the shores of Windermere, which brought Chautauqua Lake to the minds of the travelers just as Chautauqua often recalls Windermere to British visitors. Twenty minutes farther the coach entered spacious grounds and drew up before a long, low, delightful, rambling group of buildings—the Lowood Hotel. The servants bustled out with deferential eagerness, the inevitable woman manager assigned the rooms and in a few moments the “Camera” and comrade were in an unmistakably English apartment. There was actually a high four-poster with heavy curtains on all sides, such a bed as that from which Mr. Pickwick peeped in consternation when he found himself in the room of the elderly spinster. All the rest of the furniture was old-fashioned, quaint, characteristic, fascinating. Dinner was soon served in a long, beautiful dining room with low French windows open toward the lake. An amiable and placid little Bishop in gaiters and black apron said “grace before meat” and asked a blessing afterward.

After a stroll by the shore in the long twilight, the travelers betook themselves to their rooms for their first night in England. The youths having been suppressed in their acrobatic feats of jumping from the floor to a trunk-stand and then diving over the foot of the bed, were finally quieted, and drawing the curtains about them they fell asleep with the sense of being in a foreign land and enjoying that minimum of air to be had only in an old-fashioned English bed or an American Pullman car.

* * * *

It was at a Non-Conformist minister's in a Midland

town. The son was a Rugby boy home on his vacation. He seemed to be woefully ignorant of Tom Brown but full of tales about the great school and its life. He spoke of the sons of Lords. The Americans asked for personal details and were astonished to find that he had no acquaintance with these exalted youngsters. The cousins from abroad, whose democratic ideas had been fostered in public school at home by the privilege of laying violent hands on the sons of well-to-do citizens could not understand a system of social distinctions and caste. Then, too, they were seriously disappointed to find that this British youth knew little or nothing of history. With true adolescent courtesy they taunted him with the defeats of the Revolution about which his ideas were frankly hazy. In fact, he seemed not to understand their allusions until suddenly the situation dawned upon him. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you mean that old fool, George III." It was a great disappointment and also a revelation to discover that England does not pass on from generation to generation a sense of the lasting disgrace inflicted upon her by her rebellious colonies. Again it dawned upon the young patriots that they lived in a large world of which their own land was not everywhere deemed the pivot.

* * * *

Pater and Filius in a hansom cab drove smartly from Trafalgar Square westward toward Nottinghill Gate. They went to dine with a "city" man who was alderman and had been for a brief year of pomp, Lord Mayor. He was a person of substance and of leadership in the Non-Conformist world. The West End was astir as the dinner hour approached. Cabs were driving briskly toward great houses, hotels and restaurants, and the omnibuses loaded with advertisements and suburbanites rolled smoothly over the wooden pavements. At the house, men-servants in imposing livery passed on the guests from vestibule to staircase and from corridor to drawing-room where at the door their names were loudly proclaimed. The host coming for-

ward hospitably, seized the Pater and dragged him off to a company near the fireplace while Filius was set adrift in the great spacious drawing-room in which forty guests were grouped in conversation. To the lonely youth no one gave heed. He wandered disconsolately on the outskirts of the company. He inspected the pictures. In a corner cabinet, he discovered a score or more of silver trowels which at first suggested that the master of the house had begun life as a stone-mason. These were, however, souvenirs of corner-stone layings of the official period. Finally to the marooned guest came a butler with a small envelope which held two cards, one showing a diagram of the dining-room with two places marked at one end of the table, the other bearing the name of Miss F——. Filius clung to the serving-man as to a life-cable in a boundless sea. Did he know this young person and could he point her out? By good fortune, the man was able to direct him to a timid looking young girl who seemed not altogether awe-inspiring. Filius approached his dinner partner and broke to her the fact that he was "to take her in." Presently the guests began moving in procession toward the great dining-room. Thanks to the diagrams the forty guests were quickly seated without confusion. Filius was quite dazzled by the dinner service. A great terrace of silver stretched the length of the table and was filled with growing plants. The candelabra were of heavy silver and all the plate was massive and aldermanic. Conversation lagged at first. Miss F. was reserved and cautious and listened with a settled air of incredulity to all that Filius said. His exuberant patriotism could not long restrain itself. With that tact and courtesy which only a thorough training in public school history of the American Revolution can inspire in a callow youth of sixteen, he discoursed on the marvelous glories of his native land. His words fell on ears, not deaf but wary. In time it transpired that Miss F. came from a country town in Yorkshire, that it was her first visit to London and that she had been warned not only against the guile

of city folks but against the mendacity of all Americans. Since she was determined that she would believe nothing that an American said, the conversation on the patriotic plane soon came to grief. Later something like confidence was established upon the universal, common ground of youth and inexperience. At last the ladies withdrew, the gentlemen sat about the table for a time, then rejoined the company in the drawing room and so drifted away by twos and threes. As Pater and Filius rode homeward, Filius fondly fancied that he had seen the life of the aristocracy in England—which only went to show how much Filius still had to learn about the social distinctions of the British capital. But he had had a bitter experience of that custom of British society which omits the introduction of guests to each other at stated social functions, assuming the temporary acquaintance of all who meet under their host's roof and committing them to no obligation of future recognition.

The Garden City Movement*

By John H. Whitehouse

Secretary of Toynbee Hall, London

THE Garden City movement in England practically began with the foundation of the village of Bournville twelve years ago. Bournville, which is situated in the north-east corner of Worcestershire, is as everyone knows, the home of the great cocoa works of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., which were moved from Birmingham more than a quarter of a century ago. The present village was founded by Mr. George Cadbury, as a result of years of practical experience and careful study of the existing social conditions

*This is the fourth in a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January); "The London County Council," by Milo R. Maltbie (February).

amongst the working classes in our cities. He realized, in common with so many more, that much of the ugliness of modern life was due to the terrible overcrowding existing in all our cities, the frequent result of which is that men, women, and children have to live under conditions of the most repulsive and degrading nature; and he saw that neither moral nor physical improvement could be looked for until the cause of those conditions was removed, and the people of England led from the congested districts back to the country.

He decided, therefore, to make a practical experiment in social reform, and to this end he commenced the foundation of the village of Bournville, an example which was destined to exercise a far-reaching influence.

At the present time nearly 1,000 houses have been built, the total population of the village being about 4,000 persons, and the founder has secured the perpetuation of the scheme by making over the whole of the land, consisting of about 400 acres, with the houses already erected, to a board of trustees. These trustees receive the whole of the revenues of the estate, which are to be applied solely to maintaining it, or building new houses, acquiring fresh land, and generally extending the scheme. The total value of the property thus handed over to the trustees was estimated at about £180,000. It will be seen that the scheme is capable of almost endless development. The capitalist landlord is eliminated, and as no personal gain accrues to anyone, all the profits are at the disposal of the trust.

We now turn to a consideration of the main principles upon which the estate has hitherto been developed, and the future observance of which is ensured by the terms of the deed under which the trust is created. It should be noted that the scheme is not intended for the benefit only of the work-people of Messrs. Cadbury, but is open, as far as possible, to all who wish to share its advantages. It was the original intention of the founder to give the tenants the option of purchasing the houses on a 999 years' lease,

and some were disposed of on these terms; but as it was found that the purchasers frequently resold them at a high profit, this plan has been discontinued for the present, and all the houses are now let in the ordinary way. The average garden space allowed to each house is about 600 square yards, and as far as possible no dwelling will occupy more than one quarter of the site on which it is erected. Each garden is planted with fruit trees, and a staff of practical gardeners is kept, whose advice and help are at the service of the tenants. Every encouragement is given to the latter to take up practical gardening. Lectures on the subject are arranged from time to time, gardening classes for young men are held under competent supervision, and there are also a number of allotment gardens available. In addition to the liberal allowance of land to each house, a large proportion of the whole has been kept for open spaces, and formed into parks and pleasure grounds. The trustees have full discretion for the erection of public buildings, including schools, hospitals, baths, libraries, etc.; and the deed provides that the administration of the trust shall be wholly non-sectarian and non-political, and all influences which would tend to defeat this object are to be rigidly excluded. The trustees also have power to allow any part of the property to be used as shops or factories, and it is provided that the area occupied by factories shall not exceed one-fifteenth part of the total area of the estate.

The liquor question has not been overlooked, and some discretion in this matter is given to the trustees, but they are charged to remember the founder's wish that the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be entirely suppressed on the estate unless such suppression should lead to greater evils.

It will thus be seen that adequate steps have been taken to secure through succeeding years the maintenance of the principles observed by the founder in inaugurating the scheme. The beauty of the land will always be preserved, and the general health of the village has been guarded by the preservation of the open spaces already alluded to, and by the prevention of overcrowding in any form.

With regard to the houses themselves, it should be borne in mind that it was never the intention of the founder to erect big houses for people of means; rather, he sought to provide houses, which, whilst being constructed on the most approved principles, and under beautiful and healthful conditions, should yet be within the reach of ordinary workmen. The architect chiefly responsible for the buildings is Mr. W. Alexander Harvey, and he has introduced a large variety into his designs, which are very quaint and picturesque and revive the best traditions of country architecture. The cottages are either semi-detached or built in blocks of four. It may be mentioned that the nature and shape of the ground upon which a house is to be erected is always carefully considered when the architect's plan is being decided upon: there is no indiscriminate adoption of plans which may have been already used.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that in England people who live in small houses usually use one inadequate room as a living-room, keeping a spare room or parlor carefully shut up, which is used on rare occasions only. The result is doubly unfortunate; the parlor is a source of no pleasure or convenience, and its existence means that the living-room is generally far too small to be even moderately healthy. One plan used at Bournville is an attempt, and we believe, a wise and well-considered one, to get rid of an absurd convention. The parlor is abolished, and one large living room is substituted with the addition of a scullery and the usual outhouses. These houses are let at rentals of 4s 6d and 5s 6d weekly so that they are within the reach of the very poorest. It is calculated that the value of the produce of the garden is at least 2s 6d per week, so that the rent of a house at 5s 6d is reduced to 3s, and at the same time healthful recreation is obtained, which in a town would be sought for in more expensive and less healthful ways.

The larger houses contain three or four rooms downstairs, with a similar number of bedrooms, and the addi-

tion generally of a bath-room. It is the architect's aim to build all the houses as compact as possible.

The visitor to Bournville would find it hard to realize, as he wandered about the village, that he was near to a great factory employing a number approaching five thousand work-people. The site of the works is surrounded by higher ground, with the result that the beauty of the village is in no way marred by its proximity. On the other hand, the existing arrangement is a great object lesson, showing that the presence of a manufactory need not necessarily mean the deterioration of the country around it—a result which in the past has only too surely followed. At Bournville the roads are wide, and in every case are planted with forest trees or shrubs on each side. This plan has greatly enhanced the beauty of the village, and, added to the undulating nature of the land, which is dotted with coppices and bosky dells, and through which a pretty winding stream runs, gives the special charm that is always connected with old English village scenery.

It is the desire of the founder and trustees to cultivate an enlightened public spirit on the part of all connected with the scheme, and to promote co-operation and corporate enterprise. A tenant's committee, elected periodically by ballot, has already accomplished much useful work. It organizes an annual flower show, and has under its management the bath-houses and a playground reserved for the little children on the estate, where such can play in perfect security.

The Bournville Works, and the institutions connected with them, are kept entirely distinct from the Village Trust which we have been considering. It will, however, be readily understood that a not inconsiderable portion of the interest which Bournville affords is due to the various outdoor arrangements made by the firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., for the exclusive benefit of their own employes. On these, however, we cannot dwell.

The successful foundation of Bournville was a national

object lesson. It showed the country that the slums of manufacturing towns were not a necessity. It showed further that the unlovely districts common to all towns, not to be classed as slums but which are full of crowded streets containing unbroken rows of uniform houses, were not a necessity. Bournville became a mecca and a stream of visitors poured into it, many of them expert economists and sociologists. The object lesson which Bournville afforded was not lost. Before long a Garden City Association was formed to undertake propagandist work and educate public opinion with a view to securing sufficient support to render possible the foundation of other Garden Cities. A leading spirit in the association was Mr. Ebenezer Howard, who published a book entitled "Tomorrow," giving an inspiring picture of what the city of the future might be. The work of the association was so successful that it soon became possible to float a Garden City Company for the purpose of carrying into actual effect schemes which till then had only existed in the minds of a few dreamers of dreams. After exhaustive inquiry the new company acquired a suitable estate of 4,000 acres in Hertfordshire, about thirty miles north of London. Here three years ago the building of the first Garden City proper was commenced.

The official details of the progress which has been made since the foundation of this Garden City are of unusual interest. Three years ago it required something more than the eye of imagination to conceive of a modern city arising on what was then a wide sweep of undulating agricultural land. Since that time the Garden City at Letchworth (the name which has been given it) has passed out of the region of speculation into that of an assured success.

In addition to the county roads previously existing on the estate, over four and one-half miles of new roads have been made, fourteen and one-half miles of water mains, eight miles of gas mains and eight miles of sewers have been laid. Water-works and gas-works have been constructed and extensive railway sidings in direct connection

with the Great Northern Railway have been made. Sites for the erection of 520 houses, twenty-five shops, twelve factories, a church, a chapel, a public hall, schools, etc., have been let or selected. Buildings of a capital value of some £162,000 have already been erected or are in course of erection. Of these, buildings to the value of £6,500 have been erected by the company itself. The present water supply is sufficient for a town of 6,000 and the gas-works are capable of producing six million cubic feet of gas per annum. Both of these works are capable of easy enlargement. About 400 houses are already connected with the water supply, and 250 with the gas, and the number is daily increasing.

Twelve large manufacturing firms have acquired or selected sites, and these are actually at work on the estate or have factories in course of erection.

The population of the estate at present consists of over 3,000 people, but at the end of the summer of 1907, when all the factories mentioned are in working order, it is anticipated that between 4,000 and 5,000 people will be resident at Letchworth.

With such a rapid growth in the industrial population, the question of providing efficient housing accommodation has become almost a problem. Hitherto, the existing builders and architects on the estate have been able to keep pace with the demand for new houses, but the great increase in the number of new factories being erected, and the large influx of an industrial population to Garden City have made it apparent that the present sources of supply are quite inadequate to cope with the constant and growing demand for cottages of a lower rent than those at present existing.

So important and pressing has this matter become that the directors of the First Garden City are forming a subsidiary company for the express purpose of supplying the housing accommodations required. Four per cent. guaranteed preference shares will be offered in this company, the Garden City Company itself taking all the ordinary shares. With such a demand already existing for houses, and

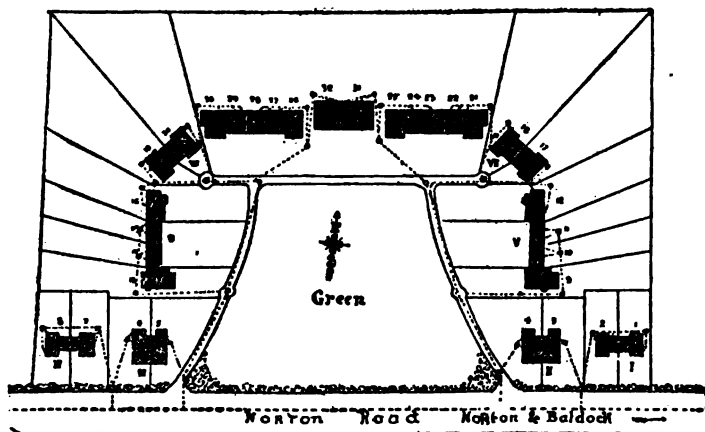
one which is bound to continually increase, the future prospects of the new company should be bright indeed.

The transformation of these six square miles of land from their original agricultural character into the nucleus of a thriving industrial and residential town, has been accomplished in the short space of three years, but of course much more requires to be done before Garden City reaches its maximum population of 35,000. Social life is already becoming organized on the estate, and this winter particularly, there has been a great increase in the social, intellectual, and religious activity of the place.

Garden City has set itself a great task, and that task is to show that it commercially pays to build cities on lines of foresight and by definitely preconceived methods, rather than along the haphazard methods of most of our towns and cities. By planning the city from the outset, Garden City has been able, and will continue, to avoid most of those evils of over-crowding and insanitation, which have so sinister an influence on the lives of the working people in over-congested towns.

In 1905 the first Garden City helped forward the reform of rural housing conditions by holding an exhibition of cheap cottages, most of which were erected at a cost of £150 (\$720). It was thus demonstrated that it was possible to supply healthy and comfortable houses in rural districts at a cost hitherto believed to be impossible.

We must now turn to the latest development of the Garden City Movement. Last year the Hampstead Garden Suburb Trust was successfully formed. It has purchased from the Eton College Trustees 240 acres of land adjoining the celebrated Hampstead Heath in North London. This land it is proposed to lay out as a Garden suburb for all classes of society. The mansion of the wealthy man will be here as well as the cottage of the artisan. It is not the intention of the Trust to make money. Beyond the limited rate of interest to be paid the shareholders the income will be entirely devoted to the realization of the ideals of the



Arrangement of Houses on Westholm Green, Garden City

promoters. The Hampstead Garden suburb is still in its infancy but probably no scheme is so full of hope for our great cities. It will show how the growth of a city may be guided. If the lesson is learned, the ugliness and squalor which so frequently attend the growth of the industrial portions of our cities will be done away with.

There are signs of many other developments of the Garden City movement. The air is full of new schemes which we have not space to consider now. The movement marks a great awakening of the civic spirit. It may prove to be one of the most important social movements of the age, built with broad bases on the living rock, to be hereafter among the things which cannot be shaken but remain.

Augustine Birrell

By Henry Ingraham

THE Honorable Augustine Birrell, author of "Obiter Dicta," and the Education Bill, is one of that interesting group of literary statesmen now influential in the British Ministry and Parliament, a group which includes John Morley, James Bryce and C. F. G. Masterman.

A man of letters sitting for a constituency in the House of Commons is no rarity. From the days of Addison, lit-

erature has been honorably represented in statecraft, or better, perhaps, statecraft has been honorably represented in literature. Some few statesmen, as notably Edmund Burke, have been great political writers. Others, like Mr. Birrell, have achieved their distinction in fields remote from contemporary affairs, in the realm of "pure literature," where party problems have little place.

It will be an unfortunate thing if the task of placating Ireland—doubtless an important matter—should restrict Mr. Birrell's output of essays. His five volumes, "Obiter Dicta," first and second series, "Res Judicatae," "Men,



St. Augustine
Cartoon of Augustine Birrell
in the *Westminster Gazette*.

Women and Books," and "In the Name of the Bodleian," seem scant enough, if, like the prosaic publisher in "Tommy and Grizel," we weigh them as butter.

Mere bulk, it is certain, has little to do with the dura-

bility of an author's fame and influence. A man of few books, but those of merit, is more apt to catch the ear of a hard pressed posterity than a voluminous author of even surpassing excellence. Goldsmith and Lamb are now read chiefly because they wrote so little. The average man aspires to literary culture at the expenditure of a minimum of effort, and Carlyle and Hazlitt, voluminous, if entertaining, acquire the forbidding name of "classic," which, as Mark Twain defines the term, is a man whom everybody admires and nobody reads. But from such an undesirable classicism Mr. Birrell seems immune even if his volumes be more numerous than exacting duties seem to permit.

Mr. Birrell is one of the most entertaining of authors. He has the wide reading, the catholicity of taste, the luminousness of humor, and the graceful style, which are essential to the art of essay writing. Charm of personality, that most intangible quality, so difficult to transmit to paper, is his also. Behind his appreciations of men and books we see the author himself, a pleasant and cultured gentleman with whom it is a joy to meet on terms of intimacy.

Autobiography and letters are perhaps the most fascinating forms of literature, for they reveal personalities as nothing else can. But after these comes the personal essay, as mastered by Lamb, and Stevenson, and Mr. Birrell, dependent upon the charm of the author for its success, the most exacting field of prose literature because almost entirely devoid of incident and action, qualities which, in other forms of composition, hold the reader.

It is difficult to analyze this sort of essay. It serves the reviewer chiefly as a point of departure, from which he feebly works his way in weak imitation of the man whose worth he would appraise. Two things only can he do: quote passages which excite his admiration, and enumerate those characteristics of his author which appeal to him as especially significant.

Mr. Birrell has, we have said, a catholic taste. (It is true that he cannot abide Mrs. Hannah More, but it is

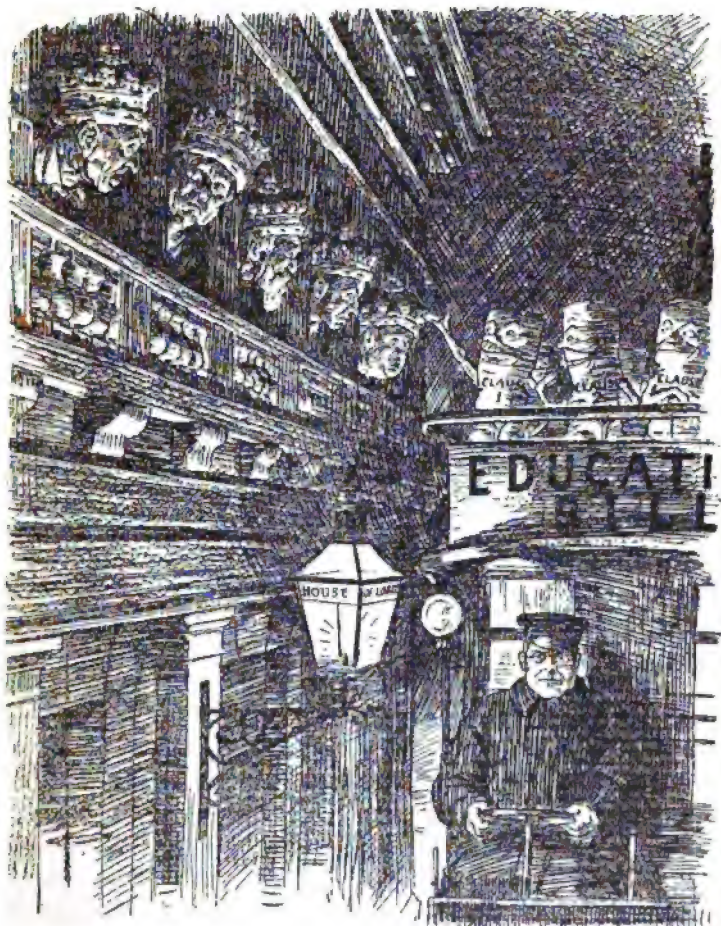
safe to say that few will quarrel with him on such a prejudice.) Richardson and Fielding, Pope and Cardinal Newman, Lamb and Carlyle, receive alike his discriminating praise. Two criteria are the basis for these admirations. He likes first, the man who is upright and moral, the man whose conduct shows a strain of puritanism,—as Milton and Richardson; or a man whose heroic qualities quite dwarf his defects,—as Lamb. These are Mr. Birrell's personal likes, the men he admires as men.

There are also those, who as writers, command his enthusiasm. These are the literary craftsmen such as Burke and Newman and Carlyle,—men with a passion for the accurate presentation of big ideas, who planned largely and wrote concretely. Mr. Birrell has a preference for the realists, that is, men who know life widely and who picture it in its vast and complicated relationships,—men with a broad point of view. If to this realism be added the spirituality of a Newman, one who saw the material world as but the cloak and outward manifestation of the divine spirit, then is found Mr. Birrell's ideal writer. He confesses Newman an enigma; but the spiritual beauty of the man, the large point of view and the inimitable style move his critic to enthusiasm.

The charm of Mr. Birrell's own style cannot be conveyed other than by quotation. It is tantalizingly simple; as he would say, "as easy as an old shoe." But to write like Mr. Birrell seems easy only to the inexperienced.

In the essay entitled "On the Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry," Mr. Birrell, after some preliminary remarks, introduces his subject thus:

We should not have ventured to introduce our subject with such very general and undeniable observations, had not experience taught us that the best way of introducing any subject is by a string of platitudes, delivered in an oracular fashion. They arouse attention without exhausting it, and afford the pleasant sensation of thinking, without any of the trouble of thought. But the subject, once introduced, it becomes necessary to proceed with it.



Birrell's "Buzzer"

Chorus of Peers: "Suppose We Can't Help This Thing Passing,—But Oh, the Vibration!"

A Cartoon in *Punch* satirizing the opposition of the House of Lords to Mr. Birrell's Education Bill. The bill failed to pass, however.

Of literature, he writes in the essay entitled, "The Office of Literature:"

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it

is their duty to write agreeably—some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing so, and there is, therefore, no need for anyone to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should make his books as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has, consequently no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any man's book.

Literature exists to please,—to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures—and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. Their name is happily legion. . . .

Distinctions are invidious where all the work is so good as in these volumes. But to all who have floundered in the obscure sea of Shakespearean criticism, the delightful sketch, "Falstaff," must especially appeal. It is an inimitable parody of the method, by which, from the slightest of hints, may be erected a monumental criticism, full of plausibility and little else.

Connecting Falstaff with a Norfolk family of that name purported as mentioned in Domesday Book, the author proceeds to develop his evidence bearing on the ancestry and early life of the fat Sir John,—evidence which rolls up like a huge snowball, collecting all manner of foreign substances in its ponderous path. By inference it affords a delicious criticism upon those sober souls who persist in talking of Shakespeare's characters as though they had a real existence, a practice which invariably leads to a tangle of probabilities and possibilities which would have caused Shakespeare wide-eyed wonder. We agree with Mr. Birrell: "It is easier to be odd, intense, over-wise, enigmatic, than to be sensible, simple, and to see the plain truth about things."

No lover of Mr. Birrell's essays will quarrel with the good intentions,—however much he may disapprove of their mode of expression—of the serious person who scribbled on the margin of the public library copy of "Obiter Dicta:"

"His literary standard is sound."

"ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI"

(Behold the Handmaid of the Lord), later known as the Annunciation. Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti



Representative English Paintings

"Ecce Ancilla Domini" (Behold the Handmaid of the Lord)

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[Gabriele Charles Dante Rossetti, better known as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born in London, May 12, 1828. His father, Gabriele Rossetti, a Professor of Italian at King's College, was a poet and writer of considerable distinction. In 1846 young Rossetti became a student at the Antique School of the Royal Academy, where he remained for two years. He left in disgust and in 1848 began his friendship with Holman Hunt and Sir John Millais which afterwards resulted in the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. He died in 1882 at Birchington-on-the-sea.]

Who of us that knows and loves the work of Rossetti has not at times regretted that his environment was that of the nineteenth century? Does not the Italian Renaissance with its high valuation of religious art, seem the proper setting for one whose religious ideals are so perfectly expressed in his two early pictures, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin" and "The Annunciation?" No great technical achievements would have been his; he would never have felt the hunger for greater skill in expression that so prompted Giotto and Masaccio. Rather would he have taken his place beside Fra Angelico and have given us religious paintings in which emotional ecstasy is supreme.

The nineteenth century in England was far more favorable to the development of Rossetti as a poet than as a painter. The literary standards of his time were high, but painting had fallen to the very depths. It is natural, then, that the poetry of Rossetti should show great technical excellence while at the same time his drawing was often seriously lacking in the fundamentals. Being keenly sensitive to the good and bad in art, he fully realized that never could he express his ideas and emotions through the technical rules and formulas of the period. We are told that as a student of the Royal Academy he "was notably weak in anatomy and without any scientific knowledge of perspective." Perhaps his contempt for his contemporaries

carried him too far. There are things that he might have learned even from the most commonplace draughtsman.

Rossetti painted the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" at the age of twenty years. Previous to this his accomplishments in literature had been remarkable. He had written many poems, and his translations from Italian poetry which were published in 1861 were written between the years 1845 and 1859. When "The Annunciation" was first exhibited at the Portland Place Gallery, it shared the bitter attacks made upon the pictures of Holman Hunt and Millais which were at the same time on exhibition at the Academy. Even such writers as Charles Dickens contributed denunciatory articles to leading periodicals. And here Mr. Ruskin again appeared in the role of champion, with his letter to the *Times*. Rossetti offered the picture at the exhibition for fifty guineas. It was returned unsold and, being hard pressed for money, he offered it for £40. Even then it remained unsold for a long period. In 1886 it was purchased at £800 for the Tate Galley in London, where it now hangs.

The picture is in marked contrast to the Italian representations of the same subject. The awakened virgin sees before her the Archangel, a wonderfully beautiful and dignified figure, bearing to her the white, annunciation lily. The chosen one of God hears her mission with the utmost meekness and with a total absence of the complacency and affected elegance that mark so many of the Renaissance representations. Although simplicity is characteristic of the picture, there are a few traces of the supernaturalism that the Italians loved so well. Golden halos are about the heads of the Angel and the Virgin, and the feet of the Angel seem to rest in pale yellow flames. Through the open window the Holy Spirit enters in the form of a dove. The general white tone of the picture is relieved by the red embroidery around the foot of the bed and by the blue curtain behind the Virgin. "Ecce Ancilla Domini" was the name given the picture by the artist, but having just closed a bargain for its sale, he changed the title to "The Annunciation."



Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years,
. . . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

*For Rossetti's painting of the same see page 67.

Library Shelf

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
 Amid their loving games
 Spake evermore among themselves
 Their virginal chaste names;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
 Its path; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be harkened? When those bells
 Possessed the mid-day air,
 Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair!)

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light;
 We will step down as to a stream,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside the shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that his plumes touch
Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bowed locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into one fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-ropes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles;
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 "All this is when he comes." She ceased.
 The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.
 (I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres:
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

Poets at Oxford and Cambridge*

If Oxford and Cambridge could play each other, historically, at literature—that is, contend for the prize of poetry—victory would certainly smile on the flag of light blue. That is plain, from certain statistics printed in the *Academy*. Why it should be so, nobody knows, any more than we know why Oxford is superior on the river, while Cambridge has a slight but undeniable pull over Oxford at Lord's.† There is probably no reason, discoverable by human intelligence, why Cambridge keeps "the ashes," so to speak, in poetry. Oxford is older, far more beautiful, and, historically, far more romantic; Jacobite, not Hanoverian; not mixed up with your Roundheads of the fens and flats.

But Cambridge has the better, in poetry. In the Elizabethan period, to take the pick of both universities, she has Spenser and Marlowe, not to dwell on Ben Jonson and Beaumont; the former a robust genius, the latter a premature Keats, born out of due time. But with Spenser and Marlowe you meet men who play, as it were for All England—the greatest names next to the glory of Warwickshire, himself not a University man. What had Oxford? Sir Philip Sidney, a true poet, but not a professional poet; and the decent Drayton, whose "Agincourt" will always be respected and recited. Lyly and Peele are names of cricketering rather than high poetic fame. From the accession of the Royal Martyr to the expulsion of his son (a glorious English Admiral, a friend of religious toleration, but historically unpopular), from 1625 to 1698, Oxford has one poet who could do some things better than any other English singer—Colonel Richard Lovelace; and has the rapturous Carew: but look at the Cambridge team! Milton, Dryden (he, by the way, was sorry that he was not an Oxford man), Suckling, Herrick, the incomparable Crashaw, the saintly Herbert, Cow-

*By Andrew Lang in *The Illustrated London News*.

†The great cricket matches are played at Lord's.

ley, and Marvell. What great and fragrant names! What a Captain is Milton. Certainly in the sixteenth century the Muses wore light blue.

In 1780-1830 Cambridge simply romps in. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron! We do not dwell on Erasmus Darwin, Kirke White, or W. S. Rose. These gentlemen do not count. Oxford had one star, and sent him down, like Blaydes—Percy Bysshe Shelley. We also owned the author of "I'd be a Butterfly, born in a bower," just what Shelley would have liked to be, but he would have stated it differently. Wilson is given in the list; not Lockhart, though. Lockhart did write some poetry, and, as far as I could ever hear or read, Wilson did not. Then we had Keble, who was better than W. S. Rose, at all events; and Landor, and Southey, and Heber, and Milman; but all these together are not the small change for Coleridge.

If we try to pick an eleven out of each University the superiority of Cambridge is dazzling; it is ten to one on Cambridge. Thus—

OXFORD.

Mr. Drayton.
Sir Philip Sidney.
Mr. Carew.
Colonel Lovelace.
Mr. Collins.
Dr. Johnson.
Mr. Landor.
Mr. Shelley.
Mr. Matthew Arnold.
Mr. Swinburne.
Mr. William Morris.

CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Spenser.
Mr. Marlowe.
Sir John Suckling.
The Rev. Mr. Herrick.
Mr. Milton.
Mr. Dryden.
Mr. Gray.
Mr. Wordsworth.
Mr. S. T. Coleridge.
Lord Byron.
Lord Tennyson.

Cambridge has so many last choices, all good, like Ben Jonson, Crashaw, Herbert, Marvell, FitzGerald, Thackeray, it is not every judge of the game would put Suckling in and leave these men out. On Oxford the gods inflicted Tupper and Robert Montgomery, while her friends are obliged to include Strode among her poets, but, for some reason, leave out Beddoes. Cambridge could play a very good game against All England, were it not that England, among the non-University poets has the W. G. Grace* of song, W. Shakespeare. Writing from memory, I offer an eleven of the non-University poets of Great Britain and Ireland, though, to be sure, several of them were at Scottish or Irish Universities—

King James I.
Mr. Shakespeare.
Mr. Pope.
Mr. Swift
Mr. Robert Burns.
Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

Mr. Robert Browning.
Mr. Keats.
Dr. Goldsmith.
The Rev. Canon Barbour.
Mr. Thomas Moore.

*W. G. Grace, a celebrated English cricketer.

Anecdotes of Some Oxonians

We are indebted to the late Mr. Lawrence Hutton, the indefatigable literary archæologist, for gathering together in his "Literary Landmarks of Oxford" (Scribners) many illuminating anecdotes of Oxford's famous men. A few of these we may quote here with the suggestion that the reader will be repaid for further researches in this little volume.

Almost the only picture of Gladstone at Christ Church which has come down to use is a very slight sketch from the pen of Lord Houghton, who says: "At that time (1829) we at Cambridge were full of Mr. Shelley; and a friend of ours suggested that as Shelley had been expelled from Oxford, and had been very badly treated at that University, it would be a good thing for us to defend him there. . . . We accordingly went to Oxford, then a long, dreary post-chaise journey of ten hours; and were hospitably entertained by a young student of the name of Gladstone." The debate at the Union by the way, was a hot one, but the young student named Gladstone took no part in it. It resulted in a vote of ninety to thirty-three, affirming the superiority of Shelley over Byron. The only Oxonian who spoke in Shelley's favor was a young student of Balliol, named Manning, afterwards to become Cardinal of the Church of Rome, but then in close and familiar relationship with Gladstone.

* * * *

John Wilson, better known as "Christopher North," was graduated from Magdalen in 1807. He was a Gentleman Commoner, and he made a most decided mark for himself, not only with his head but with his heels, and his arms, and with the rest of his physical anatomy. He was, even at college, what is called "a character;" but a fine, manly, breezy, intellectual, enthusiastic character, as he was throughout life. He boxed, he ran, he rode, he walked, he sculled, he dived, he swam, he skated; he tramped from Oxford to London in a night; and he jumped the Cherwell where it was twenty-three feet in width. In 1806, while he was doing all these extraordinary physical things, he sat himself down, with no whip-cord or wet towel around his head, and calmly wrote a poem on "The Study of Greek and Roman Architecture," which won the Newdigate Prize.

* * * *

Sir Christopher Wren, a graduate of Wadham, became a Fellow of All Souls in 1653; enriching the latter college, as he enriched everything he touched, by building a great sun-dial, still to be seen, and consulted, in the Back Quadrangle, and by bequeathing to the Library a collection of his own architectural drawings, which are now almost beyond price. The dial, which bears, in Latin, a motto explaining that "The Hours pass away, and are counted against us," was, and is, so reliable that it has set the time, during many generations, for all the clock-makers, and watch-makers, and time-keepers of Oxford.

* * * *

Oxford knew well, and still well remembers, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was Mathematical Lecturer from 1855 until 1881,

and his rooms at Christ Church are still pointed out. They were the large suite, in the Tower, on the First Quadrangle, Staircase No. Seven, on the left as one enters the establishment. He must have been, if all the stories still told about him are true, one of the most eccentric of Eccentrics. He did not care for young men, it seems, but he liked young women, who all liked him; and Oxford is now full of women, mature and immature, who adore the gentle memory of the creator of "Alice." One of them, still a young woman, who was but a baby when "Wonderland" was originally visited, says of him that "he was a man whom one had to read backward." He had to be looked at "As Through a Looking Glass." She describes him as moody, and as a man of strong dislikes. But he liked her; and, hand in hand, on the roofs of the College, she, as a child, and he used to wander, he always amiable and full of queer conceits of speech and of imagination.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent.

LAST month I tried to set forth the claims of a truly good life and the way we are to begin to live it. We are to believe in the reality of God as LOVE as revealed in Jesus. We are to use our *will*-power in such faith and in an actual covenant with Him. We are to find God's way in His Word. We are to be possessed by His Spirit. We are to begin every day by prayer to Him. We are to think of Him and talk with Him as a daily, an hourly habit. We are to live sanely, soberly, steadily, serenely. We are to study the lives of the great and the good. We are to avoid all superstition and slavish fear of God. We are to recognize the reality of law in the realm of Spirit.

Of course in religion there are "times and seasons" but the time to be religious is always, and the seasons are spring, summer, autumn and winter. Heart-beat is perpetual, habitual, involuntary. So should religious life be—always real, always reverent, always aspiring after the best, a habit of a larger life, a habit of loving humanity, a habit of doing

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the February CHAUTAUQUAN, of which the general subject was "How to Begin to be Good."

The Vesper Hour

righteously, a habit of communing with God while one reads, studies, walks, rests, recreates. Real religion is the most steady thing in the world. It becomes steady by the habit of faith and by long and persistent practice. It affects the whole personality and the whole life. It is not a matter of holy days, holy places, nor holy sacraments. It is not a thing of sighs and tears and tones. It may be at its highest and richest while one works in the kitchen, follows the plough, puzzles with knitted brow over a problem in Euclid, revels in the best literature, reads a book full of wit and humor, recreates with congenial spirits in forest or on water or in a circle of select friends in the parlor, or in the stimulating exercise of the gymnasium or the open field. Real religion fits in every legitimate place. Real religion is a tone of character, a trend of spirit, an atmosphere, a force of personality that subjects all normal and legitimate occupations to the honor of God and the good of men.

Religion—"being good"—is a normal condition. We were made for it. We are at our best as sane animals, and as thinkers, as lovers, as worshippers, as heroes—when we are controlled by the Spirit of religion, the Spirit of that Man Jesus of Nazareth, the Spirit of reverent love for God, good will toward men and an eager desire to make society and civilization wiser and better.

"All things are yours" if you are surrendered to God—things present and things to come, height and depth, life and death, science, literature, art,—all things are yours—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." If in the whole realm of human thought and pursuit there be any virtue and if there be any praise we may think on these things! Explore, represent, discuss, set forth all these things according to your individual aptitudes and endowments. Whatever tends to your highest development and power as redeemed personalities, whatever gives you the broadest survey without forfeiting earnestness and rev-

erence and a desire to do good in all the ways you can to all the people you can—all these things are legitimately connected with religion—the Christian life. Of course these attainments may involve struggle, self-denial, patient endeavor, but the sane man or woman who seeks to attain what God permits and appoints is willing to pay the price of self-repression, patient pursuit, popular disapproval at times, active opposition now and then—but a soldier must be a *soldier*. And only brave souls can be true soldiers of Christ, or true students in art, in science, in literature.

I want to guard you against imagining that religion is opposed to culture, to refinement, to social life, to business life. It is opposed to *indolence*. It is opposed to *cowardice*. It is opposed to *sensuality*. It is opposed to *selfishness*. But it lays hold of every good and legitimate thing in "the life that now is" and has this advantage that it all the while is preparing us for "the life that is to come."

Of course I recognize the perils that every soul incurs that *loves* sin. There is an infamous scoundrel who has beguiled into ways of sensuality and crime the bright boy of an honorable family. The boy has been deliberately ruined. How does the father, how does the mother of the boy feel towards the plotter of the iniquity? How ought they to feel? Even if the scoundrel be an elder brother of the victim? So does God antagonize sin. No words are strong enough to express His holy wrath against deliberate rebellion against His law and against human well-being. A God who does not hate sin is not worthy of either reverence or love. It is not a light matter to sin against the God of this universe. The penalties of sin in all the departments of nature prove this. And the mysterious manifestation of Jesus Christ who suffered unutterable agonies in Gethsemane and on Calvary feebly expresses to us the eternal abhorrence of sin on the part of the infinite God. It is a great mystery—the agony of Jesus and His death. Wise men do not comprehend the philosophy of it. But wise men neither deny the fact nor cease to inquire why it was.



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Nature lavishes sunlight and rain and warmth and the perfume of flowers and glorious views far beyond our power to assimilate them, yet we take these gifts with unquestioning gladness and we turn away from their overwhelming abundance without discouragement, secure in the thought that they are inexhaustible and at our command whenever we are ready to claim them.

Here also is our world of great thinkers and of poets with their enchanting word pictures. The very bigness of this thought world makes for our encouragement. No one of us can take it all in, and hence the felicity of choosing is open to every one of us. We can make a new selection every day if we like and can keep up the process into infinity!



This is an age of orderly studiousness, of fountain pens and card catalogues. We can keep in every book that we read some thin slips of paper, cut to fit a small pasteboard case. As we meet thoughts that appeal to us, a suggestion for living, a brief reference to some great life, a word of courage, some exquisite lines from a poet, not merely the conventional quotation but the one that fits our case peculiarly, we may note it down and drop the slip into the case.

And once a week, or every day if we choose, we may select one of these cards for a companion and assimilate its thought and grow just as we did under yesterday's sunshine.



SOME THOUGHTS FROM "RATIONAL LIVING."

It is interesting to notice that the very language of our most wise and useful proverbs shows that they have been wrought out in the realm of common toil of various kinds. We shall certainly not solve our greater and more distant problems by ignoring those smaller and more immediate.

We develop power or character not by a general striving, not by resolving in general, but only by definite, concrete applications in definite relations.

To feel oneself in the grasp of a "vast and predestined order" stifles human initiative; but, on the other hand, to lose all sense of any plan larger than our own,—any on-working of universal forces, in line with which we may do our work, is to take the heart out of our work and to make a life-calling impossible. A true quietism is thus, the very root of a genuine enthusiasm. We must be able to reach Browning's "All's love, yet all's law."



OXFORD.

"Steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her garments to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection."—*Matthew Arnold*.

One of the richest experiences of this study year may be our visit to Oxford. To most of us the town is little more than a name honorable in the history of English letters. But it is, in reality, one of those focal points of English life where every great influence in the national history has made itself felt. After you have read Miss Bates' charming introduction to Oxford, take up Green's history and read his thrilling chapters on Oxford University. Then hunt up in your encyclopedia "The Wesley Movement," and "The Tractarian Movement." In the encyclopedia or the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature look up Newman and Keble. If you have Andrew Lang's "Oxford" at hand read one of the late chapters entitled "A General View." Dip into Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks" and the discriminating articles by Richard Grant White and W. D. Howells and other magazine articles sug-

gested in the bibliography. The new Ruskin Labor College at Oxford is one of the most significant of twentieth century developments. If time permits, read in such biographies as are available the experiences at Oxford of some of her greatest men. In this way one comes to feel the atmosphere of such a place and its influence upon the whole English speaking world.

THYRSIS.

Associated with our present Reading Journey through England are three great elegiac poems which are the proper heritage of every cultivated man and woman. We found the scene of Milton's "Lycidas" in Lancashire. At Clevedon in the Severn valley is the church described in "In Memoriam," where Arthur Hallam rests, and in Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" we have exquisite pictures of the scenery round about Oxford and of that rare personality, Arthur Hugh Clough. To understand "Thyrsis" fully, one should first read "The Scholar Gypsy" for in the days when Clough and Arnold roamed over the Oxford meadows the Scholar Gypsy played an important part in their thought. Those of us who are making the acquaintance of "Thyrsis" for the first time will feel that it is an event in our lives. In Macmillan's excellent series of Pocket Classics (25 cents each), the volume entitled "Sohrab and Rustum" contains among other poems both "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gypsy."

RHODES SCHOLARS AT OXFORD.

Some of our countrymen we remember were inclined to shake their heads dubiously when Mr. Cecil Rhodes left his endowment for scholarships at Oxford. They had visions of impressionable young Americans being partially anglicized and henceforth a sort of mongrel contribution to our civilization. Sufficient time has elapsed to enable the scheme to show some of its practical workings and at this time while our Reading Journey is developing in us enthusiasm for Old Oxford it will be a good opportunity to look with some understanding on the Oxford of today. In

the circle programs on page 119 mention is made of one or two magazine articles by Rhodes Scholars which will be found illuminating.

A CHAUTAUQUA TRAGEDY.

An illustration of the tragic results of bringing the higher education within the reach of those not fitted for it is related by Miss Jessica Lewis of Camden, Maine, a graduate of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1900, and known to many readers as the author of an excellent Shakespeare game:

"Into a little treasure closet where I keep boxes of books, lesson courses finished, water color sketches and all sorts of interesting things, a gray squirrel made her way under the eaves and through the partition. In two days she had dragged up old pieces of calico from the ash barrel and begun a nest. Attracted as any one would be by courses offered by the Chautauqua Class of 1900, she actually devoured the examination papers, and having mastered them took her diploma fearlessly! Such a sorry looking sight was presented when I opened the door and she scampered through the wall like a flash. There was my prized diploma in its original roll, torn half way down on one side and the bits of paper from the papers on history, French Traits, etc., were massed in a mound as large as a muff. There was no doubt that she finished the course."

LITERARY DIVERSIONS.

Following Mr. Andrew Lang's suggestion of rival cricket teams drawn from the poets of Oxford and Cambridge, members of circles might submit suggestions for an ideal dinner party of twelve selected from distinguished Englishmen and women. They should be seated with reference to their congeniality and care should be taken to exclude any clashing elements. Possible subjects for discussion by the different couples might also be suggested. Answers to the question, If you could be escorted through Oxford by some one of her famous sons whom would you choose and why? would also give opportunity for a study of individual traits both of circle members and of the men whom they would choose as companions.

NOTES.

Circles and readers will find great pleasure in making frequent reference to "England Without and Within" by Richard Grant White, a fine series of studies of English life first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and later in book form, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00). The several chapters present a comprehensive

survey of English life under such titles as "English Men," "English Women," "English Manners," "English in England," etc. In the hands of so able a critic as Mr. White, charming and sympathetic also as a writer, English life is presented in a manner well worth our study.

* * * *

"A Child's Recollections of Tennyson" (E. P. Dutton, \$1.00 net) by the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster, sketches in picturesque fashion the Tennyson household on the Isle of Wight in the days when the poet's sons were in their teens. The author recalls with gentle humor some of Tennyson's characteristic traits and portrays with great charm the life of the young people, with some of their favorite diversions such as playing "Idylls of the King" in the poet's favorite summer house. The book is daintily bound in green and gold and illustrated with portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson and the boys.

* * * *

Interest in the individuality of the Oxford colleges is shown by the new and most artistic little series of "College Monographs" of Oxford and Cambridge which are now being issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. (75 cents net). Of the Oxford colleges Magdalen, New, and Merton are already out and others will follow. They contain such antiquarian information as the lover of Oxford is eager to find and in addition give the visitor the right point of view of things modern, being illustrated with many sketches of characteristic features of the architecture of each college.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We study the Word and the Works of God."
 "Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
 "Never be Discouraged."*



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR APRIL.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Oxfordshire" and "Oxford" to page 39.
 Required Books: Rational Living. Chapters IV, V and VI to pg. 78.

SECOND WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Oxford" concluded.
 Required Books: Rational Living. Chapter VI concluded.

THIRD WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: English Men of Fame: "Burne-Jones and the Pre-Raphaelites."
 Required Books: Rational Living. Chapter VII. Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters XIX and XX. The chapters on Carlyle will be taken up in May.

FOURTH WEEK.

Required Books: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapter XXI. Rational Living. Chapter VIII.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

Map Review of Oxfordshire including neighboring towns referred to in Reading Journey article.

Oral Reports: Distinctive features of the following colleges with all available illustrations: Worcester, University, Merton, Broadgates, Balliol, and Hertford. (See Baedeker's Great Britain, encyclopedias and books available in bibliography.)

Reading: Review with selections of Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" or from Richard Grant White's "England without and Within." (See *The Atlantic*, 46:385.)

Anecdotes of some famous Oxford men from the above colleges: Shelley, Samuel Johnson, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Clough, DeQuincey. (See "Literary Landmarks of Oxford," Laurence Hutton. Biographies of the above men and DeQuincey's account of Oxford in his "Memorials and Other Papers.")

Discussion: Article on Augustine Birrell in this magazine.

Review of Chapters IV and V in *Rational Living*.

Roll Call: Notes of personal experiences or of observations of those of others which illustrate the "suggestions for living" in Chapter VI, part 1.

SECOND WEEK.

Paper: The Methodist Movement in Oxford. (See encyclopedia articles and books on Wesley.)

Oral Reports: Distinctive features of the following colleges with all available illustrations: Exeter, Oriel, Queen's, New, All Souls, Lincoln, and Magdalen.

Reading: Descriptions of social life at Oxford in Howell's "Certain Delightful English Towns," James' "Portraits of Places" or Davis' "Undergraduate Life at Oxford." (See references to these and magazine articles in bibliography.)

Informal Talks on: 1. How the Church of England was affected by its separation from Rome under Henry VIII. 2. The Cause and Result of the Tractarian Movement at Oxford. (See Green's and other histories of England and articles in encyclopedias.)

Character Sketches: Newman, Keble, and Pusey. (See encyclopedias, biographies, and articles in the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.)

Discussion of Chapter VI in *Rational Living* from page 78. It would be interesting in this connection to see how many of the "suggestions for living" can be illustrated from the lives or teachings of persons about whom we have been studying this year.

THIRD WEEK.

Brief Paper on Present-Day Requirements at Oxford: Examinations, degrees, fellowships, etc. (See Baedeker's Great Britain, encyclopedias, etc.)

Oral Reports: Distinctive features of Trinity, St. John's, Brasenose, Jesus, Corpus Christi, Christ Church, and Wadham and anecdotes of the men associated with them. (See Baedeker's "Great Britain," Hutton's "Literary Landmarks," etc.)

Roll call: Answers to the question "If you could be escorted through Oxford by one of her famous sons whom would you choose and why?"

Reading: Review with selections of article on "An American Rhodes Scholar at Oxford." *Living Age* 248:603, March 10, '06. (A copy of this magazine can be secured by sending fifteen cents to *The Living Age*, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.)

Discussion of Burne-Jones and Rossetti. Each member should

C. L. S. C. Round Table

bring all available illustrations of their work. The "Masters in Art" include both artists. Pamphlets containing ten illustrations and much useful material can be secured for 20 cents each from the Chautauqua Press.

Reading: The Blessed Damozel. (See Library Shelf.)

Review and Discussion of article on Garden City Movement in this magazine.

FOURTH WEEK.

Roll Call: Quotations from Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies."

Reading: Selections from "Praeterita."

Review of article on Ruskin as an Oxford Lecturer. *Century Magazine*, 33:590.

Reading: Significant incidents of Ruskin's life. (See Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin," "Praeterita.")

Review of "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

Review of chapter VIII in Rational Living.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

NINETEENTH PROGRAM.

Map Review of Oxfordshire including neighboring towns referred to in Reading Journey article.

Reading: Selections from Matthew Arnold's poem "The Scholar Gypsy."

Discussion: Oxford versus Cambridge Poets as contrasted by Andrew Lang in article in Library Shelf. The acknowledged masterpieces of the poets mentioned might be listed for purposes of comparison.

Brief paper on Arthur Hugh Clough with reading from Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis." This and the preceding poem refer to the region around Oxford.

Discussion: The Pre-Raphaelites. (See article on Burne-Jones in this magazine. The "Masters in Art" series contains pamphlets on both Burne-Jones and Rossetti with ten illustrations of the work of each. They can be secured from the Chautauqua Press for twenty cents each.)

Reading: The Blessed Damozel (see Library Shelf).

TWENTIETH PROGRAM.

Papers: Oxford before the Reformation; Oxford during the Renaissance and Reformation. (See Oxford, Charles W. Boase. Green's Short History of the English People and other works in bibliography.)

Reading: From DeQuincey's account of his Oxford experiences. (See bibliography.)

Oral Reports on the following colleges: Worcester, University, Merton, Broadgates, Balliol and Hertford—giving distinctive traits of each with all available illustrations. (See Baedeker and books by Lane, Boase, and Evans in bibliography.)

Roll Call: Anecdotes of famous Oxford men from the above colleges. (See Baedeker for list of men, also Literary Landmarks of Oxford and Library Shelf in this magazine.)

TWENTY-FIRST PROGRAM.

Paper: The Methodist Movement in Oxford. (See bibliography, also encyclopedia articles and books on Wesley.)

Brief Report: The essential features of the "Tractarian Movement." (See encyclopedias.)

Character Sketches: Newman, Keble, and Pusey. (See encyclopedias, bibliographies, and the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.)

Reading: J. R. Green's account of his boyhood at Oxford in "Letters of J. R. Green," edited by Leslie Stephen; or from Howell's "Certain Delightful English Towns;" Henry James' "Portraits of Places;" Richard Grant White's "England Without and Within." R. H. Davis' "Undergraduate Life at Oxford."

Oral Reports: Exeter, Oriel, Queen's, New, All Souls, Lincoln and Magdalen—their distinctive traits.

Roll Call: Anecdotes of famous men from these colleges. (See Literary Landmarks of Oxford.)

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAM.

Oral Reports on Present Day Requirements at Oxford: Examinations, degrees, fellowships, etc. (See Baedeker and encyclopedias.)

Roll Call: Different aspects of the Social Life at Oxford as given by various writers (see books above mentioned).

Oral Reports: Trinity, St. John's, Brasenose, Jesus, Corpus Christi, Christ Church, and Wadham.

Reading: Review with Selections from article "An American Rhodes Scholar at Oxford." *Living Age* 248:603-9, March 10, '06.

Discussion: Some of Oxford's Present-Day problems (see Andrew Lang's Oxford, Chapter "A General View;" Article on "Higher Education of Working Men," *Fortnightly Review*, 86:247, August, '06.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON MARCH READINGS.

1. Richard II. 2. Midsummer Night's Dream. 3. Richard Neville. He sided with Yorkists, won many victories and held high positions. Turned Lancastrian and was overthrown by Edward IV in 1471. 4. The Earl of Stratford was Chief Adviser of Charles I, accused by Commons of turning the sovereign against the people, etc. He was executed in 1641. 5. Some authorities consider it the Forest of Ardennes in France, others the Midland Counties of England. As You Like It. 6. Henry IV, first and second parts, and in Merry Wives of Windsor. 7. Attributed to Richard III in Shakespeare's play during his defeat on Bosworth field. 8. In Scott's Kenilworth the wife of the Earl of Leicester who divorced her and brought about her death. 9. An endowment for the chanting of masses often providing for a chapel to be built over the grave of the testator, for mass to be said for his soul and others whom he might specify. 10. In Winter's Tale, a witty thieving pedlar. 11. The author of the penny post system in England which was introduced in 1840.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"I know you'll smile when you see me getting here on time," laughed a Kentucky delegate famous for her late appearance at the Round Table, "but the fact is I'm practising James' 'Maxims on Habit.' I had an 'emotional prompting' this morning to reach here at the proper hour and as our book said 'seize the very first

possible opportunity to act in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain.' I 'seized' and here I am!" A member from a Minnesota village looked across at the Kentuckian with an amused glance. "My bugbear is fear," she said. "I've been afraid of things all my life and I think I must look so. Fortunately I've a sense of humor and in desperate moments I've resorted to that homely advice of the poet:

'Brace up, brace up, dejected soul
And strike a merrier jog,
You're not the only one that totes
The butt end of the log.'

But I hadn't realized what 'Rational Living' tells us, that the unconscious processes of the body are hurtfully influenced by fear and that they are stimulated by the exercise of great emotions like hope and trust. So I've been experimenting also and I've really quieted down some of my foolish fears by persistently thinking about people and things which rouse my admiration."

At this point Pendragon called the Round Table to order. "You musn't deprive the rest of us of the benefit of your experiences," he said. "I suspected that we should hear from our fourth book at the Round Table and you will let me urge you to make the most of this extraordinarily stimulating little volume. It will hold some of us back and push others along. The important thing is not to miss its message. Try the card catalogue plan for quotations from the book, or have a note book or mark your copy and keep it where you can often see it but in any case use the book just as the gymnast does his dumb-bells—every day. And this reminds me while you are inspired to live rationally, you might look up an article in *World's Work* for November by Dr. Gulick entitled 'Perfect Working Health.' You can get a copy of the magazine for a quarter and it will be worth that to anybody who hasn't yet discovered how to keep well."

"I think President King's emphasis upon the importance of possessing 'A considerable store of permanent interests' appeals to us," commented the delegate from New London, Ohio. "Our members are doing good work and each in turn takes the responsibility of leadership. Four of our number are mothers with very young children, so we have a sort of kindergarten annex, the members of which seem to consider it advisable to let their mothers secure a 'store of stable and worthy ends' as our book says, and so we prosper. I'm delighted with the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

The Circle at Webster, South Dakota, reported itself as enjoying its seventh year of work with unabated pleasure. "I'm



View near the Glommen, Norway



A Norwegian Saw-Mill

inclined to think," said the delegate, "that 'consider relations' is the aspect of 'Rational Living' that as a circle we are putting into practice at present, although most of us are trying personal experiments on our own account. Occasionally a paper or a short article is read at the meetings but our members are such busy people that they find very little time for work outside of the required reading and feel that they get more benefit from our talks and discussions. We consult dictionaries and any works of reference we may happen to have and members are encouraged to express their opinions. Many good thoughts are brought out in this way. Let us hope that we are progressing towards 'complete mental wakefulness' which we are told must come from 'deliberation, self-control, and open-mindedness.'"

"You must hear also from one of our 1910 circles," said Pendragon as he introduced a delegate from South Dakota. "I might feel that our youth accounted in some measure for our zeal," replied the Waubay member, "if I did not notice similar traits in the older circles. At all events we have most entertaining discussions adding each time a paper or two presenting the history or literature of the period studied and sometimes having a reading or book review. A critic is appointed for each meeting and our two hours session is none too long."

"This reference to book reviews reminds me," said an individual reader, "of a book that some of you certainly ought to review when we come to our study of Oxford. Fifty years ago children were brought up upon 'Sanford and Merton' but many of the younger generation don't know this classic tale. Mr. Laurence Hutton in his Literary Landmarks gives an amusing account of the author, Mr. Thomas Day, whom he says is 'take him for all-in-all perhaps the most diverting landmark in English Literature.'" "There are some other half forgotten books written by Oxford men," said Pendragon, "which had great reputation in their day. I wonder how many of you know who wrote the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' 'Book of Martyrs,' 'Wealth of Nations,' 'Night Thoughts,' 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and the 'Ingoldsby Legends?' But we must hear from more of our new circles. We have quite a Pennsylvania delegation today."

The delegate from Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, next reported their circle as without officers, meeting every two weeks, circulating their books, having a teacher for each meeting who served also as secretary, keeping records of quotations, etc., in a circle notebook. At Wellsboro, the circle started with eight members under the leadership of one of the city ministers, the plan being to meet at private houses and once a month to have a lecture at the church. At Ingram, Pa., seven members formed the nucleus of the circle

which had appointed leaders and a critic, the latter a college graduate, but evidently open-minded enough to bear criticism! "We are not new," remarked the delegate from New Kensington, "but though only a year old we are rather proud of our record as we have a circle of forty-five." "For the benefit of some of the younger circles," reported a member from Waynesburg, "I might say that we are holding our meetings once a week instead of once in two weeks as heretofore and we find the new plan much more satisfactory. I may mention that a college professor said to me not long ago that this year's books had already been worth more than five dollars in her work. It is a pleasure to feel that Chautauqua can reciprocate the service of college men and women who gladly render frequent and valued help to circles."

"Before you leave Pennsylvania let me report, please, for the Grace Circle of Oil City," said the secretary. "We have a splendid strong circle—twenty-two sets of books appeared at our first meeting and every member was prepared. We had a very interesting time comparing the American and English systems of government and you can imagine how we worked over 'Cymbeline' when I tell you that our president at one meeting handed out at random thirty quotations from Act I and no member failed to tell to whom, and to what events the quotation referred. We've tried having a Round Table this year and it works like a charm—only ours is square but it's an immense improvement upon sitting in stiff rows. We meet in the church parlors so the table is large enough for us all and it's surprising how taking the kinks out of our material backbones seems to lubricate our mental faculties! The bigger your circle is the more you need it. At least that is our experience."

The foreign mail arriving just at this moment, Pendragon opened a letter with a Turkish postmark. "From our reader, Miss Cole, in Bitlis, away off in the Caucasus. She is certainly a good illustration of class spirit. She finished all her four years' course except two books which were lost on the way and so will have a special dispensation that she may still graduate with '06. The closing of the British Vice Consulate for some months makes such complications with mail matter that she feels unable to risk the course for this year. She says:

I brought out with me a 1906 class pin which shows how firm was my intention to keep with that class, but I did not then anticipate all these drawbacks. With such reading we keep in touch with the outside world. We don't see many of our own race here, so books and papers have in a measure to take their places. We are three and a half days hard caravan travel from our nearest mission station where there are other Americans and Englishmen."

"In this connection," added Pendragon, "a recent letter from

Mrs. Gill, a wandering member of the Pioneer Class of '82, will be of interest. She writes from Cairo and is planning to go up the Nile to the second Cataract and on to Khartum, stopping at Assouan six days and at Luxor two weeks on the return trip. We shall quite envy her the chance to see the wonderful new dam which you will remember is shown in the frontispiece of the November CHAUTAUQUAN. She expects to ascend the Nile on the steamer *Rameses the Great*—at such a time as to have the full moon at Abu Simbel and at Luxor and Karnak. One can almost fancy the shade of the Great Pharaoh flitting along in company with such an expedition! She expresses great pleasure in the photographs of the New Hall of Philosophy and anticipates being at Chautauqua next summer for the quarter century celebration of the Class of '82."

"These photographs," Pendragon continued, "are contributed by our member from Norway, Mr. Olav Madshus. They are characteristic of the region and give us an impression of his surroundings—one is a bit of landscape by the river Glommen and the other a picturesque little Norwegian saw-mill. Mr. Madshus says in his last letter:

"Perhaps you will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in extending a line—Mr. Hans Sabo, of Arneburg, is a member of the Class of 1910. I have in preparation a lecture on Chautauqua and shall illustrate it with lantern slides. You may guess I am curious to know what my diploma will look like and especially if I shall have any seals. But whether or no, the four years' work is done and I have had the greatest benefit from it."

"I see," commented Pendragon, as he ran through some recent letters, "that there is no falling off in circle enthusiasm even among those who cannot be with us. These reports from Kingfisher and Tecumseh, Oklahoma, can be summed up in the pithy sentence of the latter circle, 'Oklahomans do nothing by halves.' New and old circles in Oregon are very active. The Secretary at Mexico, Missouri, sends an admirable report. The members meet at homes and the hostess for the day is the leader. They have twenty-five enrolled and in noting the fact that two new circles have been formed in Mexico this fall, modestly say, 'We are proud to think that ours is the first and may in some degree have brought the work before them.' I regret that the circle at Hammondsport, New York, is not represented here today. Their president's letter shows a rather unusual grasp of the work and we shall hope for a detailed account at some time. Members of the Class of 1907 who are to be at Chautauqua this summer may count on meeting at least half a dozen members of the Stoddard Circle of Jamestown. This circle has added eight 1910's to its membership and so keeps its ranks full." The pastor of a Congregational church at Wood-

lawn, New York, Dr. Bosworth, reported for the "All Around" Circle. After detailing its excellent organization he said, "We emphasize the value of reading aloud in the Circle, thus accustoming the members to the use of the voice and also to correct pronunciation. A quiz on topics of general interest is a feature of the meeting from time to time."

"I was very much impressed," said Pendragon, "with what one of our Rhodes Scholars at Oxford recently said. He was comparing the preparation of an Oxford freshman with that of an American whose training covers more subjects. Of the Englishman he said:

"His knowledge appears to have become an intimate part of him and less an acquirement to be lost in time. In his library in addition to his text books will be found many works by such authors as Ruskin, Browning, Emerson, Darwin, Ibsen, and Matthew Arnold—a heterogeneous array of celebrities in truth, but all men of such profundity of mind that an interest in them betokens much. The very home life of the ordinary young Englishman of the upper class affords more opportunities and encouragement for extensive reading than is the case with his American cousin."

"I often feel as if I could tell at a glance the American families who read aloud at home and those who do not. Certain books I shall always associate with cozy hours at home or at a friend's house, where the family were in the habit of reading together. Many young people who do not read easily will listen with delight to books which they would hardly undertake themselves. The circle can do a great work in training us to save the day for some restless boy or girl who has to be lured into the paths of literature."

"May our Ruskin circle of Red Bank, New Jersey, say that we approve of the good example of the Woodlawn Circle?" remarked a delegate, "and mention that we have forty-five members this year. We are more than pleased with the course and everybody is taking hold with unusual interest." "There is a new circle at Curtis, Nebraska, I notice," said Pendragon, as he referred to the card catalogue, "which reports fifteen members and a fine start. They have a special leader and will be represented at the Round Table at the earliest possible date. At Upland and Lincoln and Beatrice and Broken Bow also in the same state the Chautauquans are burning their midnight oil to good purposes. An individual reader from Argyle, Wisconsin, who shows what can be done even without the stimulus of a circle writes: 'This is my second year in the Chautauqua work, and I am enjoying it immensely, the more because we have so little else of a literary nature. I am especially enjoying the English Year and have kept up my reading faithfully, having read the book on English Government twice

and answered the review questions fully in writing. I am reading Wordsworth's poems now, many for the first time, and learning many of the shorter ones."

Pendragon introduced as the closing speaker a member from the circle at the Center—Chautauqua. "We are not heavily equipped with library facilities," cheerfully responded the Chautauqua delegate, "our community is small and the rain has descended upon us with frequency and enthusiasm this winter, but our A. M. Martin Circle is too well seasoned to be daunted by such trifling obstacles and it's really surprising how much our members find in the way of supplementary material with the limited resources at our command. We've studied Shakespeare with great delight and as the circle has not only an admirable leader but a wide-awake membership of both men and women with varied talents, map reviews, some capital papers and illustrative readings have been features of our programs and our discussions are frequent and spirited."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

January 3.—Congress reassembles and the Senate discusses the Brownsville affair and the discharge of the colored troops by the President.

10.—Senate: Mr. La Follette's bill to limit the working hours of railway employes to sixteen a day, is passed.

15.—Senate: The nominations of G. B. Cortelyou to be Secretary of the Treasury, James R. Garfield to be Secretary of the Interior, George Von L. Meyer to be Postmaster-General, and Herbert Knox Smith to be Commissioner of Corporations are confirmed.

17.—The Ohio River flood reaches the highest stage for many years. Traffic is abandoned and thousands of people are rendered homeless.

23.—T. P. Shonts resigns his position as chief of the Panama Canal Commission.

FOREIGN.

January 5.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts is buried in Westminster Abbey.

15.—Kingston, Jamaica, is almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake and the fire which succeeds. Over one thousand persons are reported killed and \$25,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

18.—American troops aid in patrolling Kingston, Jamaica. In the first of the new Russian elections the radicals win.

20.—Governor Swettenham of Jamaica orders Admiral Davis and United States forces to withdraw from the island.

OBITUARY.

January 3.—Ernest Howard Crosby, author and social reformer.

8.—Shah of Persia.

24.—Senator R. A. Alger of Michigan.



Professor Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor
of Oxford University.

See "Benjamin Jowett, Teacher, Platonist and Scholar," by
Paul Shorey, page 205.

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WHEN Senator Beveridge of Indiana introduced his child labor bill in Congress few thought the proposal to regulate labor of minors under the "commerce" clause of the Constitution would at once assume serious practical significance. It was understood that Mr. Beveridge's purpose was "educational;" that he wished to stimulate interest and discussion, to call attention to the possibility of federal action in the premises—perhaps as "a last resort"—and to arouse the states to more earnest and vigorous treatment of the child labor evil. Nothing more was expected.

But the proposal proved very popular, and the indorsement of it was so general and warm that Senator Beveridge was encouraged to press it and demand prompt legislation along the lines he had indicated. Senator Lodge supported him, and another Senator introduced a substitute bill, providing for the exclusion from interstate commerce of products of child labor made in violation of the law of the state of manufacture. Advocates of child labor legislation, knowing how slow their progress has been in certain states, eagerly welcomed the alternative of federal regulation. Press opinion was divided, but the amount of favorable comment, considering the boldness and novelty of the idea, was surprising and remarkable.

These facts led the two houses of Congress to call upon their judiciary committees for reports on the power of Congress to deal with the subject of woman and child labor. These committees often give Congress legal advice, but, of course, their conclusions and opinions are in no sense binding.

The House committee reported unanimously that "Congress has no authority over the subject of woman and child labor and has no authority to suppress any abuses of such labor or ameliorate conditions surrounding the employment of such laborers." The committee said among other things:

The jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor certainly falls under the police power of the states, and not under the commercial power of Congress. The suggestion contained in the resolution shows how rapidly we are drifting in thought from our constitutional moorings. Undoubtedly it is the earnest wish of all who desire the prosperity of the nation that the proper line should always be drawn between the power of the states and the power of the nation. Certainly there is no warrant in the Constitution for the thought or suggestion that Congress can exercise jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor. If those performing such labor are abused and conditions are such that the same should be improved, it rests for the states to act. The failure of the states to act will not justify unconstitutional action by Congress.

Unquestionably Congress has the power to investigate conditions, ascertain facts and report upon any subject. In the opinion of your committee, there is no question as to the entire want of power on the part of Congress to exercise jurisdiction and authority over the subject of woman and child labor.

In fact, it is not a debatable question. It would be a reflection upon the intelligence of Congress to so legislate. It would be casting an unwelcome burden upon the Supreme Court to so legislate. The agitation of such legislation produces an uneasy feeling among the people and confuses the average mind as to the power of Congress and the power of the state. The lives, health and property of the women and children engaged in labor is exclusively within the power of the states, originally and always belonging to the states, not surrendered by them to Congress. Such is the emphatic language of the Supreme Court. If a question of good order and morals, it is the same. The argument has long since been made by others, and the committee cannot add to it.

This report has not at all convinced the friends of the child-labor bills that their views are unsound. Some, in fact, including Senator Beveridge, have ridiculed it and attacked

alike its law and its logic. It is said to be in flat opposition to a series of decisions of the Supreme Court in cases involving the construction of the commerce clause of the Constitution.



The New Immigration Bill

Contrary to general expectation, Congress passed toward the last of the last session a bill for the further restriction of immigration. It is not radical in any of its features, and will not operate to exclude any able-bodied, industrious or fit persons. A clause prescribing a simple educational test for immigrants had been adopted by the Senate, rejected by the House and subsequently eliminated by the conference committee.

The act amends the immigration law of 1903 and cures some of its recognized imperfections. It adds feeble-minded persons and imbeciles to the excluded classes. It raises the immigrant head-tax from \$2 to \$4. It strengthens greatly the provisions against "assisted immigration" and the importation of contract laborers. It insures better examination of emigrants. It prescribes more space and air for steerage passengers. It provides for a commission to make a thorough investigation of the immigration problem and recommend further legislation, if necessary, or changes in the administration of existing law and also from an international conference on immigration.

The South is not pleased with the new act. It needs factory and domestic labor and has made some efforts to attract desirable immigration from the north of Europe. It has indirectly "assisted" immigrants, municipalities and private employers contributing toward the maintenance of state commissions in Europe and the payment of passage money. The new act may interfere with such efforts. In the East, however, where there is an oversupply of immigrants and congestion of aliens in cities the act is generally approved.

Solution of the Japanese-American Problem

For the present, at any rate, the "Japanese" problem which San Francisco precipitated some time ago may be regarded as solved. There are further developments in store, but they are not likely to affect the spirit of the temporary "solution."

Concessions have had to be made by all parties. San Francisco and California, represented by local men of official influence, agreed to change the school-board's rule for the segregation of Japanese pupils of any age. The federal administration agreed to protect California against the "invasion" of Japanese coolies and laborers, while the government of Japan, it is understood, accepted in principle the San Francisco-Washington compromise and acquiesced in the so-called Root amendment.

This amendment constitutes part of the immigration act which passed Congress and has been signed by the President. It is remarkable from several points of view. It reads as follows:

That whenever the President shall be satisfied that passports issued by any foreign government to its citizens to go to any country other than the United States, or to any insular possessions of the United States or to the canal zone are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions herein, the President may refuse to permit such citizens of the country issuing such passports to enter the continental territory of the United States from such other countries, or from such insular possessions, or from the canal zone.

This provision rests on the fundamental fact that the Japanese government itself has of late sought to discourage emigration to the "Continental" parts of the United States. It has done this for reasons of its own, as well as in order to avoid unnecessary complications and difficulties in the Pacific coast states, where there has been much violent agitation against Koreans and Japanese. But the Japanese government has freely issued passports to subjects intending to emigrate to Hawaii, to the West Indies or to Central or

South America. Now, it is from Hawaii that most of the Japanese "invading" California have generally come, and there has heretofore been no legal way to prevent their coming, since Hawaii is part of the Union.

Proceeding on the theory that Japan will continue to refuse passports to those who wish to proceed to continental America—and perhaps having received assurances on the point—Secretary Root drew up the above amendment. It is apparently consonant with the policy of the Japanese government itself and therefore cannot offend the pride or wound the self-respect of the Japanese people, although certain elements of the population are said to be angry and resentful.

There is, however, likely to be graver dissatisfaction in Japan when the question of an exclusion treaty pure and simple, such as California demands, is taken up with the government of Tokio. The intention of our government is to make the exclusion mutual—that is to enable Japan to exclude American laborers and our Congress to exclude Japanese laborers, skilled and unskilled. As no American laborers emigrate to Japan, the exclusion of Americans would obviously be purely nominal and Pickwickian. Yet Japan is supposed to be willing to negotiate such a treaty so long as the Japanese who are already here receive fair treatment and are not in any way discriminated against.



A Great Education Endowment

The year 1907 promises to eclipse any previous year in the matter of voluntary endowment of education, charity and benevolence, especially the first-named field of intellectual and spiritual activity. The total of last year's gifts for such purposes was \$106,000,000; it included a number of comparatively large donations. The total for the current year will undoubtedly exceed it.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has established a new mark or "record" in philanthropy. His gift of \$32,000,000 to the

General Education Board, a national institution organized in 1900 to study educational needs, receive and distribute gifts, and promote the progress of the higher education of men and women in the country, was praised by that body in fitting terms. It is the greatest gift, as it said, made to education by a single individual in the history of civilization.

One-third of the amount donated goes into the board's permanent endowment fund, and the income from it will be applied at the discretion of the board. The employment of the other two-thirds may be directed by Mr. Rockefeller or his son during their respective lifetimes; if they fail to designate beneficiaries, the board will eventually obtain control of the balance.

The members of the board are distinguished men representing education, the other liberal professions and the world of industry and commerce. No aid is voted by the board without a thorough study of the claims, facilities and prospects of the beneficiary institution. It is said that the board knows more about the work and status of the colleges of the country than their own chiefs or faculties.

There was an impression abroad that Mr. Rockefeller wished to favor particularly the small colleges of the country, which are supposed to have suffered in recent years in consequence of the drift of population into the large centers and the tendencies toward consolidation and bigness. But, according to a statement by one of the trustees of the fund, Mr. Rockefeller's personal representative, it is intended to pursue the opposite policy—to devote a good share of the income to the building up of the great universities in the cities. Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and other capitals, it is observed, have great universities, ancient seats of learning and culture, while the United States has not sought so far to develop a similar national university.

While it is not the intention of the board to work in this direction, it will seek to establish or enlarge colleges in cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants. Another fundamental policy will be the improvement of the women's colleges and

institutions for higher education. Existing facilities are inadequate, while the principle of higher education for women is no longer "on trial."

These important intimations of policy have aroused much discussion. Some prominent men, like Dr. Washington Gladden and Mayor Tom L. Johnson, have raised the question of "freedom of teaching" and of possible efforts of the multi-millionaires to control the politico-social utterances of the "endowed" faculties. The pending suits and charges against the Standard Oil interests under the anti-trust and commerce acts have also been pointed to as rendering the endowment doubtful in a moral sense. But the general opinion is favorable to acceptance of such gifts and the application of them to social and cultural purposes. Free opinion and free discussion in the colleges are thought to be in no danger whatever by reason of such endowments.



Socialism and Liberalism in Germany

The elections in Germany are claimed by the organs of the government and of the conservative parties to have resulted in a "splendid victory" over the Social Democracy. That party in truth lost an extraordinary number of seats in the Reichstag, to its own surprise and that of its opponents. It increased its popular vote, however, by about ten per cent, and under a fair system of representation and distribution of seats it would control today one-fourth of the membership of the Reichstag. Its heavy losses are due to the success of the government in inducing voters who had failed to register and exercise their privileges in the past, to go to the polls this year.

In the new Reichstag the parties and groups will have respectively the following strength:

Center	105
Conservatives	80
National Liberals	55
Socialists	43
Agrarian	29

Radicals	46
Poles	20
Independents, etc.....	19

This composition of the elective chamber doubtless insures the adoption of the naval and colonial appropriation estimates which the emperor has at heart. It is over these estimates that the collision occurred between the government and the last Reichstag; hence, as regards the "world-politics" program of the emperor, the government's victory is real. No combinations between the Center party and the Social Democrats in opposition to its policies can prove effectual.

Yet, seeing that the government hoped to weaken the Center as well as the Socialists at the elections, the fact that the former party increased its vote and captured a few additional seats militates against the large claims that the Kaiser and his chancellor have advanced. Moreover, the government will have to reckon with the liberal and radical groups whose support it openly invited during the campaign. These groups will have demands of their own and will expect concessions in the direction of home politics, especially in the matter of the franchise. The "revived liberalism" to which Von Buelow made his appeal may develop opposition tendencies in the new Reichstag, and it will not be altogether easy for the government to form a stable conservative-liberal majority. The liberals represent the commercial and industrial classes, and these are wholly out of sympathy with the agrarian or land-holding interest.



The Program of the British Liberals

Great questions are to be considered at this year's sessions of the British Parliament, and a memorable, far-reaching struggle between the Commons and the Lords is foreshadowed. The speech from the throne at the opening of the session referred in the familiar, vague style to the differences between the two Houses and promised a legislative effort to solve the difficulty. The cabinet was more



Reginald McKenna
Who succeeds Mr.
Birrell as head
of British Edu-
cation Board.



Mrs. James Bryce,
Wife of the Brit-
ish Ambassador.



**Prof. Harry Pratt
Judson,**
Elected President
University of
Chicago.



**The late Sir W.
H. Russell,**
Celebrated war
correspondent.



**The late Giosue
Carducci,**
Celebrated Italian
poet.



**The late Lord
Thring,**
Who drafted many
important bills.



WILL THEY BELL THE CAT?

"The mice resolved, in solemn conclave, to hang a bell about the neck of the cat, as it had become a matter of 'grave importance' to set a limit to her persecutions. But——"

Cartoon in *Punch* satirizing the antagonism of the Commons and the Lords.

definite. In the debate on the royal speech Premier Campbell-Bannerman described the existing situation as intolerable and dangerous, and announced certain measures designed to limit the power of the Lords. The nature and scope of these proposals no Liberal leader has so much as hinted at; all that the public is told is that there is ample warrant in the constitution and the historical precedents for the steps under consideration by the government.

The Tory opposition denies that there is any "difficulty" or crisis needing heroic measures. The Lords "killed" two of the government's bills of last year—the education bill and that abolishing plural voting. They had the right to use their veto power, it is contended, and furthermore, these bills were partisan proposals which the electorate had not authorized and to which it was either hostile or indifferent. Did not the Lords pass the three "reform" bills which the Labor party and the "democracy" undoubtedly favored? What ground was there, then, for accusing them of resisting the popular will, and for attempting to limit their power?

The Liberal-Radical reply is that it is for the Commons, elected by and fresh from the people, to decide what the people demand, and that well-considered, important legislation acceptable to the majority of the popular house should never be rejected by the non-representative upper chamber.

Eventually this issue will be submitted to the people, for, of course, the Lords will throw out any bill directed at their authority and prestige. There is some sentiment in the Lords in favor of mild reform, but it is not expected to lead to any practical result.

The other great question that will give this year's session exceptional interest is that of Irish home rule. The government is about to introduce a "devolution" bill; that is, a bill increasing the autonomy of the Irish and giving them greater control over their own affairs. An Irish national council (not a Parliament) may be created, partly elective and partly nominative, and this council may be given large financial and administrative powers, though no legislative

functions. The Liberals say that this would be a step toward home rule, and that admission is eagerly seized upon by the Tories and other anti-home rulers as a basis for a strenuous campaign against the proposed measure. Already an organization has been formed to fight "devolution" and "home rule by installments." The Lords are counted upon to "kill" any such bill as is contemplated, and perhaps the expected conflict between the two chambers will follow the action upon the Irish bill.

There are other important questions before Parliament—the establishment of an Irish Catholic university, progressive taxation of incomes, land reform, etc. "Radical" budgets are talked of, and no feature of the government's program can possibly commend itself to the Lords.



News Notes From Abroad

The arrangements for the opening of Parliament by King Edward were made, as usual, by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquis of Cholmondeley. This interesting hereditary office which carries with it a salary of £4,500 per annum, is held jointly by the Marquess, the Earl of Carrington, and the Earl of Ancaster, the former having been appointed to fill the duties during the present reign. The Lord Great Chamberlain must not be confused with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, who is such an important personage at Levees and Drawing Rooms. His duties are political in character, not social. The Marquis of Cholmondeley, by reason of his office, enjoys many quaint privileges.

He is entitled to have forty ells (fifty yards) of crimson velvet from the Crown for his Coronation robes. On the Coronation day he has to carry to the King his wearing apparel, and when His Majesty leaves his bedchamber, he is entitled to take the bed and all the furniture, with the nightgown, and any clothes there may be, as his fee. He also claims to serve the King with water before and after dinner, and to have the basin and towels as his perquisites. The velvet and the gilt basin have been given at the last four coronations, but the right to the bedroom furniture is compounded for about £200.—*From M. A. P. (Mainly About People.)*

* * * *

Whenever the King opens Parliament, the excellent elocution he displays in the delivery of the King's Speech is invariably remarked upon. His Majesty has a strong, compelling voice, which is almost unrivalled in the two Houses for clearness and penetration. There is nothing "preachy" about his intonation, although he was first taught the art of voice production by a clergyman. His accent, too, is thoroughly and unaffectedly British. Queen Victoria had His Majesty taught elocution when

he was very young. One day she inquired how he was progressing. "I regret to say," said the tutor, "that I cannot get rid of the Prince's German accent; and when he is older, and has to speak in public, the people will not be pleased with it." The Queen, therefore, ordered that in future the future King should give a daily reading before her in pure English.

Not only is the manner of the King's speeches good, but their matter is irreproachable. Many of his impromptu speeches—utterances which it is obvious from the circumstances cannot have been prepared—are characterized by striking aptness of expression. Moreover, he can speak in several languages with equal felicity. When one hundred delegates of the International Association of Academies visited Windsor in 1904, His Majesty shook each delegate by the hand and spoke to him cordially in his own language. On the same occasion he exhibited an intimate knowledge of chemistry and scientific matters. French he speaks "like a native." This was curiously illustrated at a private dinner in Paris, when M. Loubet read a carefully prepared little speech, whereas King Edward got up and rattled off a breezy little address, also in French, absolutely impromptu.

At the age of sixty-one King Edward began to study that difficult language Hindustani, and with such effect that at a review of Indian troops at Buckingham Palace he addressed the soldiers fluently in their native tongue. The possession of a really wonderful memory has no doubt largely contributed to the King's success as a linguist. He never forgets anything. He recalls faces and names with unerring accuracy. Whoever is presented to him, no matter how great or how humble a personage, or under what crowded, changing surroundings, he is able to recall the exact circumstances of the presentation years afterwards. The implanting of this facility was a hobby of Queen Victoria's. In his boyhood on her instructions, the King was made to repeat to his tutor every night before going to bed the names of the people he had met during the day and the circumstances under which he had met them.—*From M. A. P. (Mainly About People).*

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ONE ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW.

As far as one can judge from the available facts, Sir Alexander Swettenham seems to have acted with the greatest propriety. It must have been a singularly galling fact to witness the arrival of American warships in view of the inexplicable absence of any English man-of-war. When the American admiral proceeded to behave in an altogether officious and presuming manner, the English Governor was, in loyalty to his Sovereign, bound to assert himself as being competent to manage his own affairs. There is a point at which the Colonies of this country will, I believe, though it may appear strange, rebel. That point is reached when the Mother Country, whilst callously evading her own responsibilities, submits its representative to the well-meant but utterly tactless interference of a foreign subject.

The Americans are not to blame; they possess a very rightly grounded contempt for the self-reliance of this country. Alabama, Behring Sea, Venezuela, Alaska, Newfoundland, ambassadorial incidents in which British susceptibilities have been trampled upon; what a record! Little wonder that Americans have, a very

low opinion of us. Such incidents as the Kingston affair are the natural outcome.—*A Letter in the London Times.*

* * * *

Dinner to American Rhodes Scholars.—The American circle of the Lyceum Club gave a dinner recently to the American Rhodes scholars, of whom about twenty attended. Mme. Thayer, president of the circle, was in the chair, and among others present were Lady West, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Lady Montague of Beaulieu, Professor Gollancz, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Constance Smedley, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith. Mme. Thayer, in proposing the toast of "The American Rhodes Scholars," said that Rhodes's vision was as wide as the veld he loved. He might have been a dreamer, but he was a very wideawake one. He was dominated by one idea, the union of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to the Rhodes scholars he had bequeathed the greatest trust that had ever been bequeathed to anyone—the fulfilment of the dream and the welding together of the Anglo-Saxon world. Mr. Frank Adylotte (Indiana-Harvard-Brasenose), in responding to the toast, said that he thought they were all agreed that the Oxford system was superior to the American system in the plain matter-of-fact business of supplying instruction thoroughly—it was more efficient. There were two elements of greatness, however, in which the Universities of America could challenge those of the world—the men who composed them and the ideas and aspirations which they inspired in those who graduated at them. As Rhodes scholars, however, they learnt at Oxford the great lesson of thoroughness and efficiency. He believed the success of the Rhodes scholars would be largely determined by the seriousness with which the men devoted themselves to scholarship, and the success with which they combined scholarship with other pursuits at Oxford. They had come to Oxford to get as much efficiency and as much method as they could, and they wanted to take these qualities back to give their own American Universities the added greatness which would come from what they had learnt at Oxford.—*London Times.*

* * * *

FROM PUNCH.

President Roosevelt is sitting for a full-length portrait to be presented to the Peace Palace at the Hague. Some difficulty, we understand, is being experienced by the painter owing to the President's pugnacious type of face, into which it seems to be impossible to coax the appropriate lamb-like expression.

* * * *

The greatest discovery of 1906 was made just as the year was flickering out. As usual, it hails from America. A New York cable informs us that Professor McGee finds the Americans of today more cultured and more vigorous and nobler—physically and morally—than any other people.

* * * *

The Suffragettes who so pluckily elected to go to prison rather than pay fines are now complaining that they found the prisons far from comfortable.

One of them was not satisfied with the accommodation in the Black Maria in which she was conveyed to gaol. But it is something, surely, that so important a vehicle should bear a woman's name.



The Counties of the Severn Valley*

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College

OF the counties occupying the Severn basin, three form, in continuation with Cheshire, the Welsh border,—Shropshire, Hereford and Monmouth. Shropshire, together with the West Midland counties of Worcester and Gloucester, is traversed by the mother stream, but Hereford and Monmouth lie in the vales of the tributary Wye and Usk and Warwickshire, already noted, in the broad basin of the Avon.

In previous summers we had explored, to some extent, Gloucestershire and Worcestershire and the picturesque Wye valley, but we were, except for glimpses from the railway, strangers to Shropshire, and so dropped off the train at Shrewsbury, in a Saturday twilight, with but moderate expectation. Had not the great and only Baedeker instructed us that "not more than half a day need be devoted to Shrewsbury?" What happened was that we lost our hearts to the beautiful old town and lingered there nearly a week without finding time, even so, to do a third of the tourist duty laid down in what a guileless Florentine has called "the

*This is the fifth of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have already appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January; "The Heart of England: Warwickshire," February; "The Cotswolds," and "Oxford," March.

red prayer-book of the foreigners." But we would gladly have stayed longer and listened for the moonlight talk between that lofty Norman castle, "builte in such a brave plot that it could have espyed a byrd flying in every strete," and those fine old houses of the Salop black-and-white whose "curious sculptures and carvings and quirks of architecture" gave such pleasure to Hawthorne. Surely here, in this city of many memories, "a stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

Shrewsbury is but a little city—one of the local proverbs runs: "We don't go by size, or a cow would catch a hare"—but its architectural grace and a certain joyousness of open-air life more French than English endow it with great charm. It was a fitting praise from its own Tudor poet, Thomas Churchyard:

"Now Shrewsbury shall be honoured (as it ought);
The seate deserves a righte greate honour heere;
That wallèd town is sure so finely wrought,
It glads itself, and beautifies the sheere."

Fortunate in situation, Shrewsbury is enthroned upon twin hills almost surrounded by the Severn. As one of the warders of the Welsh border, it was stoutly fortified, and enough of the old wall remains to make a pleasant promenade. On the only land approach, an isthmus barely three hundred yards broad, stands the square red keep of the castle. The slender spire of St. Mary's is a landmark far and wide. St. Alkmund's, with a sister spire, has a tradition that reaches back to Æthelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great. Old St. Chad's, a noble church in the days of Henry III, has swayed and sunk into a fragment that serves as chapel for the cemetery where some of the first Salopian families take their select repose. The towered Abbey Church is of venerable dignity, with battered monuments of cross-legged knight and chalice priest, and a meek, bruised, broken effigy supposed to represent that fiery founder of the abbey, first Earl of Shrewsbury and builder of the castle, Roger de Montgomery, second in command at Hastings to William the Conqueror.

The first known name of Shrewsbury was The Delight, and by that name it may well be remembered of those who have wandered through Wyle Cop and Butchers' Row, past the Raven tavern where Farquhar wrote "The Recruiting Officer" and the old half-timbered house where Richmond, soon to be Henry VII, lodged on his way to Bosworth Field. There are steep streets that, as the proverb has it, go "uphill and against the heart," but carven gables and armorial bearings and medieval barge-boards tempt one on. There are wild and fierce associations, as that of the Butter Market, where at the High Cross a revolting Welsh prince—who must have had nine lives—after being dragged through the town at a horse's tail, was "hanged, burned and quartered," but in the main it is a city of gracious memories. Its Grammar School, an Edward VI foundation, which in the seventeenth century boasted four masters, six hundred scholars and a "handsome library," counts on its roll of alumni Charles Darwin, the most famous native of Shrewsbury, the poet Faber, Philip Sidney and his *fidus Achates*, Fulke Greville, whose tomb in St. Mary's Church at Warwick bears the inscription that he was "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellour to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." It was in 1564 that Sidney, whose father, Sir Henry Sidney, was then Lord President of Wales—one of the best she ever had—and resident at Ludlow Castle, from whose splendid halls he and Lady Mary wrote most wise and tender letters to their "little Philip," came to Shrewsbury with Fulke Greville, who in after years extolled him as the paragon of schoolboys:

"Of his youth I will report no other wonder than this, though I lived with him and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above great years; his talk ever of knowledge and his very play tending to enrich his mind so that even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught."

The school, still flourishing, is now housed in new buildings across the Severn, opposite the Quarry, a spacious



Sketch Map of the Severn Counties

park with "broad ambrosial aisles of lofty limes." Here we used to sit on shaded benches and watch the bright-eyed urchins fishing in the river, for Shropshire, as the saying goes, is "full of trouts and tories." Here we would repeat Milton's invocation to the Goddess of the Severn:

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,"

and when her "sliding chariot" declined to stay for us

"By the rushy-fringed bank,"

we would ignobly console ourselves with "a Shrewsbury cake of Palin's own make,"—such a delicious, melting-on-the-tongue concoction as Queen Bess was regaled withal and as suggested to Congreve, in his "Way of the World," the retort: "Why, brother Wilful of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please." The Simnel cake of which Herrick sings,—

"I'll to thee a Simnel bring,
'Gainst thou goest a mothering,"

is made only in the days approaching Christmas and Easter. It consists of minced fruit in a saffron-colored crust, said to be exceeding tough, and on Mothering Sunday, in Mid-Lent, is taken as a gift to their mothers by children out at service, who, on this local festival, come home to be welcomed at the cost of the fatted calf, veal and rice-pudding being the regulation dinner. The ancient refrain: "A soule-cake, a soule-cake! Have mercy on all Christen soules for a soule-cake!" refers to yet another specialty of Shropshire ovens. On All Soul's Eve it used to be the custom to set out on the table a tower of these flat cakes, every visitor reducing the pile by one. The residue, if residue there were, fell to the share of the poor ghosts.

The Quarry, in the bad old times, was often the scene of bull-baitings and bear-baitings and cock-fights. It is better to remember that the Whitsun Plays were performed

here, for these were comely and edifying spectacles. In 1568, when Sir Henry Sydney favored the Grammar School with a visit, there was "a noble stage playe played at Shrewsbury, the which was praysed greatly, and the chyffe actor thereof was one Master Aston," being no less a personage than the head master.

A Quarry holiday that, by the grace of Sabrina, fell within the brief limits of our sojourn, was the Shrewsbury Floral Fête, vaunted on the pink program as "The Grandest Fête in the United Kingdom." Our landlady most earnestly vouched for the truth of this description. "There is them who would have it as York Gala is the greatest, but York Gala, grand however, ben't so grand as this."

On Wednesday, August twenty-second, we took aristocratic tickets at two and six, for Wednesday is the day of the county families. Thursday is the shilling day when, by train, by coach, by barge, by wagonette, by farmer's gig and carrier's cart, all the countryside comes streaming in. The weather had been watched with keen anxiety. "Rain spells ruin," the saying went; but it was clear and hot. Men, women and children lay on the grass around their luncheon baskets—we had hardly expected this of the county families—all through the wide enclosure, making the most of every disk of shade. From the central bandstand and from the encircling tents—refreshment tents, flower tents, fruit tents, vegetable tents, bee-and-honey tents—drooped rows of languid pennons. The fountain in The Dingle sent up a silvery tree of spray, while the white and yellow water-lilies in its little pool blinked like sleepy children. Within the tents the heat was stifling, but a continuous flow of flushed humanity, as whist as in the County Store where even the awed shop girls are instructed to speak with bated breath, passed in admiring review the sumptuous masses of heavily fragrant flowers, the great black grapes almost bursting with wine, the luscious plums and cherries, the amazing platoons of plethoric onions, exaggerated potatoes and preposterously elongated turnips and carrots, the model

bee-hives and the jars of amber honey. The gold-medal exhibitors, perspiring but beaming, stood by their red-ticketed products, while the silver-medal folk viewed their blue tickets with a pleasant sense of superiority to the subdued white-ticket battalion and the invisible yellow-tickers who were only "commended."

All the while successive bands, the Shropshire Imperial Yeomanry, His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, and His Majesty's Scots Guards were merrily playing away, and presently the clamorous ringing of what might have been a sturdy dinner bell called us to the Acrobatic Stand, about which the crowd soon became so dense, while the somersault artists converted their bodies into giddy playthings, that one rustic philosopher was heard to remark: "Well, we ain't seeing owt, but we're in t' show." Then came the horse-leaping which was such a favorite feature that not even the miraculous performances of the King of the High Wire, and the ether-dancing feats of the Cee Mee Troupe availed to divide the multitude. When Rufus, to the deep but decorous delight of the Cheshire visitors, had out-leapt all the rest, we swarmed across the Quarry and sat down on the grass to wait for the ascent of the monster balloons, those gigantic golden-brown puffs of gas that had been softly tugging at their bonds all the morning. The Shrewsbury had already made a number of captive ascents and finally achieved its "right away" in good order, rising majestically into the upper air until it hung like an orange on our furthest reach of vision, but the wayward Wulfruna broke her ropes on a captive trip and feloniously made off with several astonished passengers, among whose vanishing heads peered out the scared, ecstatic face of a small boy.

As dusk grew on, our ever-greatening host still comported itself with well-bred English quietude. We never forgot what was due to the presence of the county families. Even the lads in Eton jackets tripped one another up softly and engagingly. Bath chairs and baby wagons traversed the thick of the press. The King of the High Wire, who

seemed to be made of air and india-rubber, appeared again and performed such impossible antics on his dizzy line that the setting sun rested its chin on the horizon to stare at him, and from a slit in the gaudy trapeze tent half-chalked visages peered out and paid him the professional tribute of envy. The tumblers tumbled more incredibly than before. The Handcuff King shuffled off one mortal coil after another. The Lady Cyclists cycled in 'an extremely unladylike manner—a performance punctuated by the impatient yelping of little dogs beneath the stage, eager to show off their own accomplishments. On they came at last, bounding, barking, wagging, tumultuous, all striving to take part in every trick. They quite refused to stop when their respective turns were over, but went on all together excitedly jumping rope and hitting ball long after ropes and balls had disappeared, until they were unceremoniously picked up and bundled down a trap door, an exit of wagging tail-tips.

As darkness fell, the Severn was all astir with pleasure-boats, while happy ragamuffins, getting their fireworks for nothing, thronged the further bank. Rockets went skittering over our heads, fire-wheels spluttered and whizzed, and as the first of the fire-balloons flashed up, a baby voice behind us piped:

“O mummy, mummy! See! There’s a somebody died and going up to heaven.”

Altogether the Floral Fête was as sweet-natured and pleasurable a festival as ever we chanced upon and completed our subjugation to this old town that the Severn so lovingly embraces. To quote from a black-letter ballad that I chanced upon in the Bodleian:

“The merry Town of Shrowsbury
God bless it still,
For it stands most gallantly
Upon a high hill.
It standeth most bravely
For all men to see.
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowsbury for me!”

The county of Shropshire smooths away on the east

into a level pasture-land belonging to the central plain of England, but its western portion is roughened by the spurs of the Welsh mountains. Its own mountain is the Wrekin, a solitary height a few miles to the east of Shrewsbury. The summit commands so wide a view that the toast of Salopians everywhere is "All round the Wrekin." South of the Severn run several ranges of hills down toward the hop-gardens and apple-orchards of Hereford and Worcester. Of these, "Clee Hills," the highest of the ranges, "be holy in Shropshire."* North Salop has a coal-field, with its accompanying prosperity and disfigurement—busy factories, belching furnaces, houses that tip and tumble from the hollowing out of the ground beneath. We rioted in our memorable motor car through several of these grimy towns, Wellington among them, and Newport, where the runaway Shrewsbury balloon came safely down. Wellington cherishes a legend relating to a bad old giant of Wales, who, having a spite against the Mayor of Shrewsbury, purposed to choke up the Severn and drown out the town. So he started off with a heavy sack of earth over his shoulder, but lost his way, like the stupid giant he was, and met, near Wellington, a cobbler carrying home a bag of boots and shoes to mend. The giant asked him how far it was to Shrewsbury, and the cobbler, emptying his sack of ragged footwear, declared he had worn out all those boots and shoes on the road. This so discouraged the giant that he flung down his burden of earth, forming the Wrekin, and trudged meekly home again.

Far more delightful than automobiling were the leisurely drives we took in the neighborhood of Shrewsbury. One gracious afternoon we drove five miles south-east to Wroxeter to view the tragic ruins of the Roman city of *Uriconium*. Here, at the junction of Watling Street with ~~the western~~ Roman road, guarding these communications ~~sses~~ of the Severn, stood "The White Town in ~~nd.~~" After the Roman armies were withdrawn,

it was stormed and burned by the Saxons. The lapse of fourteen hundred years has not obliterated the traces of that anguish. Only a little below the surface lies earth still black from the heats of the tremendous conflagration; charred bones crackle beneath the tread; in an under-chamber of one of the baths has been found the skeleton of an old man crouched between the pillars, as if seeking refuge from the rage of fire and sword. The skeletons of two women were beside him and, close to his bony hand, his little hoard of coins. There still stands a rugged mass of wall some seventy feet in length, its Roman string-courses of flat red bricks showing bright against the prevailing grey of that jagged, gaping structure. Now birds nest in it, and from the lower heaps and ranges of broken masonry all about springs the wild rose as well as the thistle. Uriconium was a larger city than Pompeii, and its ruins, said to be the most extensive of their kind in England, smite one with heartache. We roamed about its grassy hollows and thicketed mounds, its bone-strewn forum, and its baths with their patches of mosaic flooring, their groups of little brick columns, and other fragments of a perished luxury. We wondered that the sky above this city left so desolate, a sky of softest azure flecked with cloudlets dazzling white, did not wear perpetual shadow for its sake. But those heavens were as serene as if the dying wail of Uriconium had never pierced them, and the cleft summit of Milton's "blue-topped Wrekin"—a deep, intense, gleaming blue it was that afternoon—kept no memory of the day when the Severn ran red with blood and its own head was veiled with smoke and ashes.

The noble Norman church of Wroxeter, near-by, has set at its churchyard gate two Roman pillars with finely sculptured capitals that have been recovered from the river-bed. Its font is hollowed out of a Roman capital and looks only half converted. The church is remarkable for its Easter sepulchre, an arched niche in the north wall of the chancel, and for its altar-tombs. This Easter sepulchre, where the

crucifix would have been placed on Good Friday to be raised again with rejoicing on Easter morning, is of creamy stone with ball-flower ornament. Within the niche are reddish traces of a Resurrection fresco. The effigies on the altar-tombs have been singularly preserved from mutilation. Even the rings upon those comely hands that clasp their prayer-books in the centuried trance of their devotions remain intact. Here sleeps a Jacobean baronet splendid in scarlet alabaster robes and broad gilt chain. A peacock is at his head and a lion's claw at his feet. His lady, from gold head-dress to dainty shoon, is no less immaculate. May their rest on their stone pillows be forever unprofaned! In that hushed and almost forgotten sanctuary slumber also Elizabethan knights and ladies whose tombs, wrought about with quaint figures, are peculiarly individual and tempted us to closer study than the waning light allowed.

There were many pilgrimages we longed to make in Shropshire—to the birthplace and burial-place of Lord Clive, her Indian hero, and to the home of Lord Herbert of Chirbury, brother of the Saintly George Herbert, himself a Jacobean courtier only less eminent in letters than in life. Even bluff Ben Jonson hailed him as "All-virtuous Herbert." Other Shropshire worthies who would hardly so have designated each other, are Richard Baxter and William Wycherley. Two others that I would like, in the interests of a broader charity, to pair together in the procession of great Salopian ghosts, are Bishop Percy of the "Reliques," and Dick Tarlton, lord of mirth, the best-beloved clown of the Elizabethan stage. The queen herself had a good friend in Dick Tarlton, for he told her, says Fuller, "more of her faults than most of her chaplains and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians."

The inexorable almanac urged us on, but one excursion that we could not forego was that to Battlefield Church. Thither we drove through such a tender afternoon, the soft sky brooding close above the earth as if she loved it, that it was hard to realize associations of wrath and war. The

sun made golden windows in the clouds. The brown Severn was slyly breaking down its banks as it ran. We took our way through Shropshire lanes whose hawthorne hedges on either side were fringed with yellow wisps of rye scraped off from the harvest loads. Beyond we came upon the harvest fields with their shining stacks. And in Battlefield Church itself we found, almost rough-hewn from the tree-trunk, a medieval image of Our Lady of Pity.

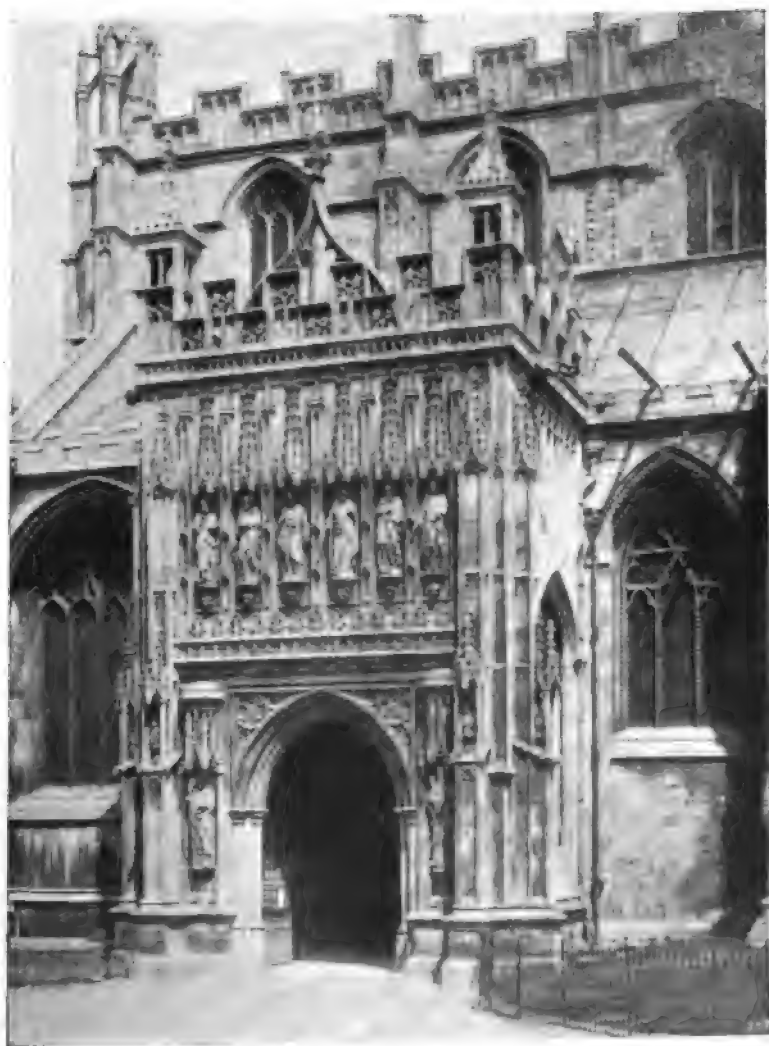
Here was fought on another summer day, July 21, 1403, the decisive battle between Henry IV and the Percies. Henry had sat but four years upon his troubled throne when these proud nobles of the north, by whose aid he had ousted Richard II, rose against him. Although Richard had been murdered, Edmund Mortimer, the next of blood, was a thorn in Henry's pillow. Mortimer, had been taken prisoner by the revolting Welsh leader, Owen Glendower, and Henry, if we may take Shakespeare for our historian, listened coldly and incredulously to Harry Percy's assurances of Mortimer's resistance. In vain did Hotspur, Mortimer's brother-in-law, pour forth his eloquent tale—how

"on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower;
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran' fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with those valiant combatants."

When the king refused to ransom Mortimer, Hotspur's anger bubbled over:

"He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer' and give it him."

Thus Hotspur, and his father, the Earl of Northumberland, his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, "the irregular



South Porch, Gloucester Cathedral



On the Wye—Hereford Cathedral in the Distance
Photo. by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.



The Severn below the Quarry, at Shrewsbury
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



On the Wye—Hereford Cathedral in the Distance
Photo, by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.



The Severn below the Quarry, at Shrewsbury
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Malvern as Seen from the Beacon Hill. In the Foreground is the Priory.

and wild Glendower" and the valiant Douglas of Scotland raised their united banners against the usurper. Many Cheshire gentlemen, to their sorrow, joined Hotspur as he marched through their country. He came in sight of Shrewsbury on the evening of July 19. But Henry was there before him; the royal standard floated over the castle; and it was three or four miles to the north of the town that the shock of battle came. Five thousand of the rebels and three thousand of the loyal forces fell. The Earl of Worcester was slain on the field, and "that spirit Percy" himself, "the theme of honor's tongue," he who had ever been "sweet fortune's minion and her pride," perished there in the toils of his "ill-weav'd ambition." The traditional spot where he fell is pointed out, as also the antique oak from whose leafy top Owen Glendower is fabled to have watched, at a safe distance, the fortunes of the fight.

Battlefield Church was built in gratitude for this victory, and a perpetual chantry of eight canons was endowed to serve it with daily masses "for the king's salvation during his life, and after his death for his soul, and for the souls of his progenitors and of those who were slain in the battle and were there buried, and for the souls of all the faithful departed." The meadow behind the church, which, with its mounds, ridges and depressions, still bears the battle-scars, is supposed to be the grave of thousands of the soldiers. The masses were duly said for nearly one hundred and fifty years, until the chantry was surrendered to Henry VIII. The church, abandoned after the Dissolution and suffered to fall into decay, has been restored. Its curious image of Our Lady of Pity was an ancient treasure of Albright Hussey, a neighboring hamlet where we paused on our homeward way to see a veritable moated grange, and was brought to Battlefield early in the fifteenth century, when the church was consecrated. In the vestry are two small windows that keep such bits of the original glass as could be gathered up from the pile of shreds and splinters stored away in a farm-building close by. One of the recovered

designs is a figure of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, vivid, ascetic, with loaf in hand. But more vital yet is the portrait of Henry IV—a royal form robed in such glowing, living crimson as only the old craftsmen knew how to pour into their glass. The face, “wan with care,” is earnest and sorrowful.

Many are the battle-tales of these counties on the Welsh marches. William the Conqueror gave leave to certain of his followers to take and hold what land they could in that wild region, and a line of strong castles was erected; but the fierce British, making sudden raids from their mountain fastnesses, were a constant threat and trouble, until Edward I, despite the tuneful curses of all the Welsh bards, reduced them to subjection, putting the last Prince of Wales to a cruel death at Shrewsbury and transferring the title to his own firstborn son. As the jurisdiction of the Marches became of importance, special courts were held by the Prince of Wales either in person or through a deputy known as the Lord President of Wales,—an office not abolished until 1688. The seat of these courts was Ludlow, a place that even to our partial eyes rivalled Shrewsbury in beauty and is counted by many the banner town of England. It stands in the very south of Shropshire on a commanding height just where the river Teme, which forms the Hereford boundary, is joined by the Corve. The lofty-towered Church of St. Lawrence, only second in praise to St. Mary Radcliffe of Bristol, and the impressive remains of what was once both Castle and Princely Palace crown this precipitous mass of rock, from which broad streets, retaining a goodly number of stately timbered houses dating from the times when the Courts of the Marches gathered illustrious companies at Ludlow, descend to plain and river. No description of this once royal residence, with its pure, bracing atmosphere, can better the honest lines of old Tom Churchyard:

“The towne doth stand most part upon a hill,
Built well and fayre, with streates both longe and wide;
The houses such, where straungers lodge at will,
As long as there the Counsell lists abide.

Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
 With condits cleere and wholesome water springs;
 And who that lists to walk the towne about
 Shall find therein some rare and pleasant things;
 But chiefly there the ayre so sweete you have
 As in no place ye can no better crave."

The magnificent old castle has seen strange sights. While undergoing siege by Stephen, in his war against Maud, Prince Henry of Scotland, who accompanied him, was caught up by a long iron hook and all but pulled within the walls. Stephen himself galloped up just in time to cut the cords with his sword and rescue the dangling prince. The redoubtable Sir Hugh de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, once lay captive in what is still known as Mortimer's Tower. It cost him three thousand marks of silver, besides all his plate, horses and hawks, to go free again. Ludlow Castle was, at a later period, added by marriage to the already formidable holdings of the Mortimers. Roger de Mortimer took an active part in the deposition of Edward II and was created Earl of March. In imitation of King Arthur, whose great tradition arches over all that countryside, the ambitious young noble held a Round Table, and conducted Queen Isabella, with whom his relations were not above suspicion, and his boy sovereign, Edward III, to his castles of Wigmore and Ludlow, where he entertained them with "great costs in tilts and other pastimes." There was not room in England for him and for a king and his arrogant career was ended on the Smithfield gibbet. Marlowe gives him a proud exit from the tragic stage:

"Weep not for Mortimer
 That scorns the world and, as a traveler,
 Goes to discover countries yet unknown."

It was his great-grandson, Edmund de Mortimer, who, by marriage with the daughter of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III, gave that other Edmund Mortimer, his descendant, a better title to the throne than that of Henry IV. This last of the Mortimers was until his death the apparently listless center of continual conspiracies. When he gave up his ineffectual ghost, his estates passed to his

nephew, the vigorous Duke of York, who fixed his chief residence at Ludlow Castle. As the York rebellion gathered force and the Wars of the Roses set in, this neighborhood became a center of hostilities. The Lancastrians, in their hour of triumph, wreaked furious vengeance on Ludlow, but Edward IV, on his accession, consoled the town with a liberal charter and selected it as the residence of his sons, the Little Princes of the Tower. It is pleasant to think that before their swift fate came upon them they had a few years of happy childhood playing on the greensward of those spacious courts, perched up with their lesson books in the stone window-seats, and praying their innocent prayers within the arcaded walls of that circular Norman chapel, built on the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and praised by Churchyard as

"So bravely wrought, so fayre and finely fram'd,
That to world's end the beauty may endure."

Another princely association, hardly less pathetic, haunts these arched portals and embattled towers. The heir of Henry VII, Prince Arthur, in whom the greatness of Britain's legendary hero was to live again, passed his delicate childhood here, and here, shortly after his marriage to Catherine of Arragon, died suddenly on a spring day of 1502, a lad of sixteen summers. An unknown contemporary tells how letters were hastily despatched from Ludlow to His Majesty's Council, and they, seeking the gentlest bearer of such grievous news, "sent for the King's ghostly father. * * * He in the morning of the Tuesday following, somewhat before the time accustomed, knocked at the King's chamber door; and when the King understood it was his Confessor, he commanded to let him in. The Confessor then commanded all those there present to avoid, and after due salutation began to say, *Si bona de manu Dei suscepimus, mala autem quare non sustineamus?** and so showed his Grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When his Grace understood that sorrowful heavy tidings,

*Job 11:10.

he sent for the Queen, saying that he and his Queen would take the painful sorrows together. After that she was come, and saw the King her lord and that natural and painful sorrow, as I have heard say, she with full great and constant comfortable words besought his Grace that he would, first after God, remember the weal of his own noble person, the comfort of his realm and of her * * * over that how that God had left him yet a fair prince, two fair princesses; and that God is where he was. * * * Then the King thanked her of her good comfort. After that she was departed and come to her own chamber, natural and motherly remembrance of that great loss smote her so sorrowful to the heart, that those that were about her were fain to send for the King to comfort her."

We saw on a Sunday, in the beautiful Church of St. Lawrence, a dole of bread for the poor, a row of twelve goodly loaves set out on a Tudor monument which is believed to commemorate Prince Arthur, and possibly to cover the ashes of his boyish heart, although the body was buried in Worcester Cathedral, where his chantry stands at the right of the High Altar.

Among the tombs in the rich-windowed choir is one whose inscription reads:

"Heare lyethe the bodye of Ambrozia Sydney, iiii daughter of the Right Honourable Syr Henry Sydney, Knight of the moste noble order of the Garter, Lord President of the Counsell of Wales, etc. And of Lady Mary his wyef, daughter of the famous Duke of Northumberland, who dyed in Ludlow Castell, ye 22nd of Februarie, 1574."

We paused there a moment in reverence to Sir Philip Sidney's mother, "a full fair lady," who lost her beauty by nursing Queen Elizabeth, from whom she took contagion, through an attack of the smallpox, and afterwards "chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time than come upon the stage of the world with any manner of disparagement."

The last Lord Marcher before the Restoration was the Earl of Bridgwater, whose appointment was most glori-

ously celebrated by the creation of Milton's "Comus," presented on Michaelmas Night, 1634, in the Great Hall of the castle. The first to hold the office, thenceforth only nominal, after the Restoration was the Earl of Carberry, whose seneschal was one Samuel Butler, a steward who may or may not have kept good accounts, but who used his pen to effective purpose in writing, in a chamber over the gate, the first portion of "Hudibras."

Ludlow is the center for fascinating excursions. The delicious air and most lovely scenery tempt one forth on roads that run between bird-haunted banks fringed with luxuriant bracken and lined with all manner of trees to whose very tops climbs the aspiring honeysuckle. The glint of red berries from the mountain ash, the drooping sprays of the larches, the silvery glimpses of far vistas framed in leafy green, the spicy forest fragrances, the freshness and buoyancy of the air, all unite to make the spirit glad. From every rise in the road are views that range over a fair outspread of plain and valley, rimmed by gentle hills. All over Worcestershire we looked, and into Wales, and up through Salop to where the Wrekin smiled a gracious recognition. Points of special interest abound,—Haye Wood, where Lady Alice, daughter of the Earl of Bridgwater, and her brothers lost their way and by their little adventure gave young Milton the suggestion for his *Masque*; St. Mary's Knoll, once crowned by a venerated image of the Virgin; Oakley Park, with its Druid trees; the little church of Pipe Aston, with its curious semi-cirque of Norman carving over the door; Leinthall church, overtopped at either end by lofty yews; British fort; Tudor mansion; storied battlefield.

Our first goal was Richard's Castle in Hereford, dating from the reign of Edward the Confessor,—a Norman keep before the Norman Conquest. Nothing of that brave erection is left save a mound of earth and a bit of broken wall. Near-by stands an old church with some remnants of fine glass and with the rare feature, in England, of a detached

bell-tower. We lingered in the graveyard, looking out from a massive recumbent slab that was cleft from end to end, as if the impatient sleeper could not wait for the Archangel's trump, eastward to the Malvern Hills, whose earthly blue melted as softly into the blue of the sky as life melts into death. But a line of rooks flapping roostward awoke us to the flight of time, and the pensive appeal of that quiet spot, with its lichened crosses and grave-mantling growths of grass and ivy, was dispelled by a donkey who thrust his head through a green casement in the hedge and wagged his long ears at us with a quizzical expression.

An excursion that could not be foregone, however our consciences pricked us for delay, was that to Wigmore, the once impregnable hold of the Mortimers. As we left Ludlow, we looked back on the looming gray mass of its own still stupendous castle and were hardly prepared to find the rival fortress in such utter desolation of decay. Standing on its sentry height, girdled with its massive walls, it was once a menace to the English throne. Now such towers as yet remain are rent and ragged. Only a curtain of ivy guards the inner gate. Trees have sprung from the dirt-choked embrasures, and purple thistles grow rank in the empty courts. Yet for all the rich cloaking of vine and wall-flower, all the carpeting of moss and blossom, Time has not made peace with this grim ruin. Something sullen and defiant still breathes from those gigantic fragments. Dark openings in the ground give glimpses of stone passages and yawning dungeons that must render the place a paradise for boys. Thence we drove to Wigmore Abbey where the Mortimers lodged the priestly intercessors who had no light task to pray away the sins of that proud and ruthless race. We found a farm resounding with the baaing of sheep and mooing of cows instead of with Latin chants. Wrought into the texture of the grange itself, a weather-stained house of stone, with, as we saw it, a row of decorative pigeons perched on the roof-tree, are remnants of the old carvings and window traceries. At the rear, a long,

low building of the Shropshire black-and-white, with a great bundle of straw bulging from an upper window, retains a fine arched gateway. Pleached fruit trees, climbing roses and purple clematis do their best to console the scene for its lost pieties. On the homeward route, by way of yellow wheat fields, waving woods and running water, we had a wonderful view of the Welsh mountains bathed in the opalescent hues of sunset, a divine lustre through which rang sweetly the vespers of the thrush, and could hardly persuade ourselves that it was from those glorified heights the wave of war used to rush down to break in blood upon the Marches.

Yet even the little round county of Herefordshire, with its soft green levels, its apple orchards and cider-presses, its hop gardens and those broad fields where graze its famous sheep and cattle, has tragic tales to tell. Wigmore Castle, indeed, is over the Hereford line. A few miles to the north-west are the ruins of Brampton-Bryan Castle, which testifies to the latest war-anguish of these western shires, the struggle to the death between Charles I and Parliament. Here Lady Harley was besieged for over a month by her royalist neighbor, Colonel Lingen, who—ill-done for a cavalier—came up against her, in the absence of her husband and son, with a force of six hundred men. Cheery, gallant, resourceful while the need lasted, Lady Harley gave way when the baffled enemy had withdrawn and wrote her son that if the castle must undergo another siege, she was sure that God would spare her the seeing it. And having so written, she died the following day. In the spring the royalists returned with cannon and battered down the walls, burning and plundering. At the end of the long strife, Parliament awarded Sir Robert Harley, as some partial recompense for his sorrows and losses, the Lingen lands, but Edward Harley, the son of that brave, tender-hearted mother, called at once on Lady Lingen and presented her with the title-deeds. It may be doubted if all the Herefordshire annals record a nobler victory.



Tintern Abbey—Moonlight on the Wye



Tintern Abbey—Outside the Choir
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Interior of Tintern Abbey



Cloister, Gloucester Cathedral



Old Hatte Inn, Tewkesbury



Old Houses, Shrewsbury

The Wars of the Roses were waged with peculiar ferocity in this section of England. The great battle of Mortimer's Cross, which gave Edward IV his crown, was fought a little to the west of Leominster. Here old Owen Tudor, who had wedded Henry V's French Kate, daughter and widow of kings,—he whose grandson, Henry VII, brought in the Tudor line of English sovereigns, was taken prisoner. He was executed, with all the other prisoners of rank, in Hereford market-place and his head was "set upon the highest grice of the market cross, and a mad woman kemped his hair and washed away the blood from his face, and she got candles and set about him burning, more than one hundred. This Owen Tudor was father unto the Earl of Pembroke, and had wedded Queen Katherine, King Henry VI's mother, weening and trusting always that he should not be beheaded till he saw the axe and block, and when he was in his doublet he trusted on pardon and grace till the collar of his red velvet doublet was ripped off. Then he said, 'That head shall lie on the stock that was wont to lie on Queen Katherine's lap,' and put his heart



Tablet to Miss Mulock, Tewkesbury



Mortimer's Tower, Ludlow Castle

and mind wholly unto God, and full meekly took his death.”*

Earlier civil conflicts, that between Edward II and his barons and that holier war of liberty, won though lost, by Simon de Montfort against his kind and prince, have left graphic memories in Herefordshire. But even these strifes seem recent beside the battle-marks of Offa the Saxon, who built an earthen dyke, still in fairly good preservation, from the Severn to the Wye, to keep the Welshmen back; and beside those thick-set British camps and Roman camps that testify to the stubborn stand of Caractacus and his Silures against the all-conquering legions.

We were on a peaceful pilgrimage and could well dispense with visiting Coxwall Knoll, close above Brampton-Bryan, where Caractacus met his crushing defeat, and Sutton Walla, some five miles to the north of Hereford, where Offa, King of the Mercians, betrayed to assassination his guest, King Ethelbert of the East Angles; but we ought to have sought out Holm Lacy, for the sake of the Sir

*“Gregory’s Chronicle.” In “Historical Collections of a Citizen of London in the Fifteenth Century.” Camden Society: 1876.



Prince Arthur's Tower and Norman Chapel, Ludlow Castle



Ludlow Castle—Hall where "Comus" was given

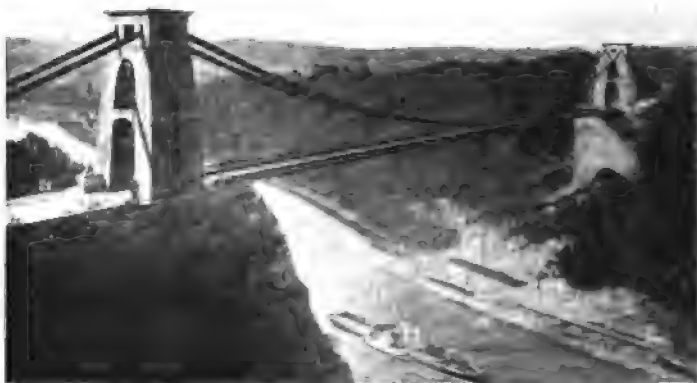


Castle Lodge, Ludlow



The Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury

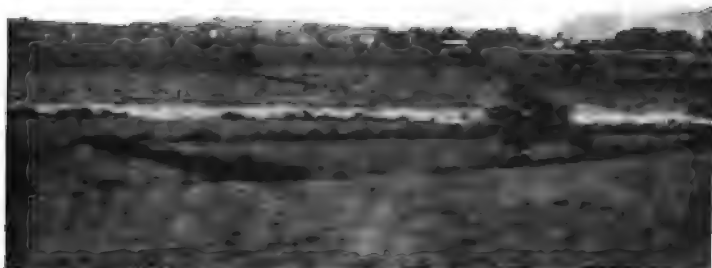
In the house on the right Henry IV is said to have slept the night before the battle of Shrewsbury.



Suspension Bridge over the Lower Avon at Clifton



The Battlefield, Tewkesbury
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Caerleon, the Land of Arthur



King John's Bridge over the Severn at Tewkesbury
Photos. by Katharine Coman.



The "heaven directed" Spire of Ross



The Abbey Mill, Tewkesbury

Photos. by Katharine Coman.



Old Bridge over the Teme, Ludford



The Ferry over the Severn, Tewkesbury
Photos. by Katharine Coman.



Old Preaching Cross in the Grounds of Coningsby Hospital
Photo. by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.



Farmhouse, Wigmore Abbey
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



At Tintern—Waiting for the Tide



Wigmore Abbey—Gatehouse used as a Barn
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



The Old Church, Hereford



West Facade, Gloucester Cathedral



Bristol Cathedral



Interior of Hereford Cathedral

Photo. by A. J. Wilson, Hereford.



The House of Abel Fletcher, "John Halifax"



Abel Fletcher's Tannery
Engraving by Katharine Coman.

Scudamour of Spenser's "Faery Queene," and to have visited Hope End, near Ledbury, in loving homage to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. And so we might, had it not been for the innate depravity of man as exemplified in the dourdest driver that ever handled reins. His one aim throughout that trip was not to go anywhere we wished. He would sometimes seem to hesitate at a parting of the ways, but it was only to find out which road was our desire, when, as deaf and dumb to all our protests as if he knew only the Silurian tongue, as impervious to parasol pokes as if he were cased in Roman mail, he would take the other. The only comfort that came to our exasperated souls was the reflection that at sundown we could dismiss Sir Stiffback with his ill-earned shillings and never see his iron phiz again, whereas the unfortunate women of his household, the possible wife, sister, daughter, would have to put up with the unflinching obduracy of that cross-grained disposition until he went the way of Roger de Mortimer. But not even this cromlech of a coachman, though with the worst intentions, could prevent our enjoying the pastoral charm of the quiet land through which we drove, for this county, as Fuller wrote, "doth share as deep as any in the alphabet of our English commodities through exceeding in the W for wood, wheat, wool, and water." As for wood, we saw in Harewood Park, by which our Clod of Wayward Marl* inadvertently drove us, chestnuts and beeches whose height and girth would do credit to California; in point of wheat the county is said to be so fertile that, for all the wealth of cattle, the people have not time to make their own butter and cheese; the wool was reckoned in Fuller's time the finest of all England; and the salmon-loved Wye, which rises, like the Severn, on the huge Plinlymmon mountain, flows with many picturesque turns and "crankling winds" across the country, receiving the Lug, on which Leominster is situate, and further down, the Monnow, which forms the Monmouth boundary.

*"Much Ado About Nothing:" Act II; Scene 1.

But if we failed to find the white-rose bower of Mrs. Browning's childhood, and her classic

"garden-ground,
With the laurel on the mound,
And the pear-tree oversweeping
A side-shadow of green air"

—does the turf remember her Hector with "brazen helm of daffodilies" and "a sword of flashing lilies?"—we were on poetic territory in the streets of Hereford. It was here, as Mr. Dobell's happy discovery has shown, that a lyrist, Thomas Trahearn, worthy of the fellowship of Herbert and of Vaughan passed his early years, a shoemaker's son, like Marlowe in another cathedral city, Canterbury. If we could have seen Hereford as this humble little lad saw it, it would have been a celestial vision, for truly he said: "Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child." His own description of this radiant star we so blindly inhabit as it first dazzled his innocent senses is too exquisite to be passed over:

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubim! And young men, glittering and sparkling angels; and maids, strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven."

If this were the Hereford of the first half of the seventeenth century, the city has dimmed a little since, yet we found it a pleasant town enough, with the Wye murmuring

beside it and its ancient cathedral of heroic history reposing in its midst. Garrick was born in Hereford, and poor Nell Gwynne, and in the north transept of the cathedral is a brass to John Philips, who endeared himself to all the county by his poem on "Cyder." We went to see the Preaching Cross that marks the site of a monastery of the Black Friars, neighbored now by the Red Cross Hospital for old soldiers and servants. One of these beneficiaries, in the prescribed "fustian suit of ginger color," eagerly showed us about and was sorely grieved that we could not wait to hear his rambling chronicle to the end. The rest of our time in Hereford outside our hostelry—the Green Dragon, most amiable of monsters—we spent in the cathedral, an old acquaintance, but so passing rich in beauties and in curiosities that at the end of our swift survey we were hardly more satisfied than at the beginning. We will come back to it some time—to the grave old church that has grown with the centuries and, unabashed, mingles the styles of various periods,—the church in which Stephen was crowned and Ethelbert buried; to the croziered bishops in their niches, the two great, thirteenth-century bishops among them, D'Aquablauca, the worst of saints with the loveliest of tombs, and Cantilupe, so godly that he never allowed his sister to kiss him, of such healing virtues that even sick falcons were cured at his shrine; to the Knights Templars, mail-clad, treading down fell beasts; to the wimpled dames with praying hands shadowed by angel-wings; to the Chapter Library with its chained tomes; and to that medieval *Mappa Mundi* (about 1313) showing the earth with its encircling ocean, Eden and Paradise above, and such unwonted geographical features sprinkled about as the Phoenix, Lot's Wife, and the Burial Place of Moses.

Our surly coachman deposited us at Ross, the little border town with houses sloping from the hilltop to the Wye, while behind and above the mall rises a tall grey spire. Here our faith in human nature was promptly restored by that contemplation of the virtues of The Man of Ross which

even the public-house signboards forced upon us. This John Kyrle, so lauded by Pope, was a cheery old bachelor of modest income, the most of which he expended for the town in works of practical benevolence, planting elms, laying out walks, placing fountains and caring for the poor.

"Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies."

But the lisping babes are wrong as to this last particular, for Kyrle did not build the spire, although he gave the church its gallery and pulpit.

At Ross we ought to have taken to the water, for the scenery of the Lower Wye, with its abrupt cliffs, rich woods and smiling meadows, is one of the prides of England, but we had run so far behind our dates, by the dear fault of Shropshire, that we went on by train. The rail, however, follows the river, and we had—or thought we had—swift glimpses of the romantic ruins of Wilton Castle, one of the old Border keeps, and of Goodrich castle, where Wordsworth met the little maid of "We are Seven." This valley of the Wye, which was to the poet Grey the delight of his eyes and "the very seat of pleasure," yields striking effects in wooded crag and gorge at Symond's Yat, but we enjoyed hardly less the tranquil reaches of green pasture, where the afternoon sunshine still lay so warm that little groups of sheep were cuddled at the foot of every tree. The ancient town of Monmouth, in its nest of hills, reminded us not merely of its royal native, Henry V,

—"Ay, he was born at Monmouth,
Captain Gower"—

but of that twelfth-century romancer, Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose "History of the Britons," with its fluent account of the doings of hitherto unheard-of kings, especially Arthur the Giant Killer and his false queen Guanhumara, so scandalized his contemporaries that they did not scruple to call him a "shameless and impudent liar" and to report that legions of devils had

been seen hovering over his manuscript. About seven miles to the south-west of Monmouth is Raglan Castle, where Charles I took refuge after Naseby. Its gallant lord, the Marquis of Worcester, then in his eighty-fourth year, stood a siege of ten weeks, not capitulating until the loyal little garrison, fast diminishing, was reduced to such extremities that the horses ate their halters for want of forage. I had visited, some fifteen years before, those war-scarred towers, tapestried with marvelous masses of ivy, and from the windows of the Royal Apartments had looked out on that lovely western view in which the harassed Stuart took solace. Lord Herbert, son of the staunch old royalist, invented and constructed a machine, the terror of the peasantry, which has a good claim to be counted the first steam-engine. The so-called Yellow Tower was the scene of his wizardcraft. The Great Hall now lies open to wind and weather, and but one wall of the chapel stands, its two stone effigies peeping out from their ivy-curtained niches.

We quitted the train at Tintern, where our stay was all too short, notwithstanding the memory of tranquil weeks spent there in a previous summer. The ruins of Tintern Abbey are of a peculiarly austere and noble beauty. Its foundation dates back to 1131, only three years after the coming of the Cistercians into England. It was the third of their English houses, which came to number nearly two hundred. It stood in its full grace, the Gothic style just leaning toward the Decorated, when the Dissolution struck its uses from it and left it to gradual decay. Roofed by the blue skies of a summer noon, with wooded hills looking in through the unglazed mullions of the windows, or in the glory of the moonlight, the silver lustre flooding empty nave and silent cloisters and illuming with its searching shafts rare bits of carven foliage, Tintern wears perhaps a purer loveliness in its desolation than ever before. Our farewell visit was paid in an early morning hour. In that freshness of the day, those slender pillars and arches delicately wrought presented an aspect more than ever grave

and melancholy. There is nothing of the grotesque here, and comparatively little of ornamental detail to distract the mind from the impression of the whole. The rooks that peered over from their lofty perch above the great east window, whose remaining traceries were etched in shadow on the turf, and the bright-eyed little red-breasts that hopped fearlessly about did not, it is true, observe the Cistercian rule of silence; but the shining wings of doves fluttering from one grey wall to another might well have been the embodied prayers of those White Monks who so often chanted matins at the long-since fallen altars.

We went from the Abbey to the train. Still the railroad followed the winding river. A fleeting sight of the towering Wyndcliff reminded me of a by-gone afternoon when, unexpectedly bringing up on a ramble at Moss Cottage, I undertook, quite too late for prudence, a solitary ascent of this inviting steep. From the summit I looked out over mellow-tinted autumnal woods to the looping ribbon of the Wye, the white cliffs known as the Twelve Apostles rising beyond, and still beyond the sail-bearing Severn, with villages and church-towers discernible in the far distance and, best of all, the rose of sunset glowing upon the face of the Black Mountains. It was a sublime vision, but when the western flush had faded out and I must needs descend by that ever-darkening path which took its zig-zag course among thick yews and down slippery slabs of slate, I came to the conclusion it was not written that my neck should be broken on this side of the Atlantic.

We had only an hour at Chepstow, but the picturesque river-town was not new to us, and the hour sufficed to revive our memories of its rock-based old castle overhanging the Wye, the castle where Jeremy Taylor was once imprisoned, and its Norman church with deeply-recessed doorway. At Chepstow we took train for Newport, crossing the strip of garden-land that lies between the Wye, the Gloucestershire boundary, and its almost parallel stream, the Usk. West Monmouth is Black Country, forming a part of the South

Wales coal-field, and we were not surprised to find Newport a busy harbor, grimy with its exports of coal and iron. We heard a strange tongue spoken all about us and realized that Monmouthshire, nominally English since the time of Henry VIII, is still largely Welsh in manners and in character. The old Newport is much obscured by the new. The castle, where Simon de Montfort took refuge, is in good part hidden behind a flourishing brewery, but the Church of St. Woollos, built high upon Stow Hill, still dominates the scene. This church has a history even older than its fine Norman architecture, for it is told that Harold once plundered the town, desecrating the original sanctuary and breaking open the cheeses, which he found filled with blood. Then he was aghast and repented, but a month later, according to the monastic record, "for that wickedness and other crimes" he fell at Hastings.

Our goal was Caerleon, three miles up the Usk, a quiet little village that was once the capital of South Wales, once the Isea Silurum of the Romans, and once, in the misty realm of romance, that Caerleon-upon-Usk where Arthur was crowned and where the ninth of his twelve great battles was fought. Tennyson's Lancelot relates to spellbound listeners in the Castle of Astolat how

"at Caerleon had he helped his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild White Horse
Set every gilded parapet shuddering."

But the "Mabinogion," that treasury of fanciful old Welsh tales, gives by way of contrast, a naïve and somewhat gaudy picture of the king enjoying his repose:

"King Arthur was at Caerlleon upon Usk; and one day he sat in his chamber; and with him were Owain the son of Urien, and Kynon the son of Clydno, and Kai the son of Kyner; and Gwenhwyar and her hand-maidens at needlework by the window.
* * * In the center of the chamber, King Arthur sat upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-coloured satin; and a cushion of red satin was under his elbow.
* * * And the King went to sleep."

If the ghosts of the Second Augustan Legion could re-

turn for an hour to this their frontier station, deep in the British wilds, they would find ranged and labeled in a neat museum shards of their pottery, broken votive tablets, fragments of sculptured figures, among them a Medusa whose stony stare might seem to have taken effect, urns whose ashes were long since scattered, bits of mosaic pavement, coins, lamps, needles, hairpins, waifs and strays of their "unconsidered trifles." But the dimmer wraith of King Arthur would discover no more than a weedy mound and hollow in a ragged field, where autumnal dandelions keep the only glints of his golden memory. We met there an old laborer stooping beneath the heavy sack upon his shoulder. He told us that the mound was Arthur's Round Table, but as for the hollow—apparently the site of a Roman open amphitheater—he could only shake his grey head and confide: "They do say as was a grand palace there long ago and one day it all sunk under,—sunk way down into the ground."

The Usk, which has reflected such lost splendors, empties into the broad estuary of the Severn a little lower down than the Wye, which rejoins the greater river at Chepstow. The Severn, which has its rising not two miles from the Wye in the Welsh mountains, makes a wider sweep to the east, crossing Shropshire, Worcester and Gloucester. Worcester, indeed, mainly consists of the Middle Severn valley, with ranges of low hills on either side. This fertile basin abounds, like the Hereford vale of the Wye, in apple-orchards and pear-orchards, hop-gardens and wheat-fields, but the enterprising little shire has developed, too, a number of manufacturing industries. On the north it runs up into the Black Country of Staffordshire; Dudley, Stourbridge and Oldburg are murky with the smoke and smudge of factory chimneys. Glass is a specialty of Stourbridge, carpets of Kidderminster, salt of Droitwich, and needles and fish-hooks of Redditch. Nail-making used to be the bread and beer of ten thousand cottages at the foot of the Clent and Lickey Hills.

But intermingled with its thriving crafts and trades is another wealth of historic associations and natural beauties. In the dense woods which once covered the county, hostile bands have dodged or sought one another from time immemorial, notably during the Civil Wars of Simon de Montfort and of the Roses. Even so late as the Parliamentary War, there remained forest enough to do good service to a fugitive. It was in an oak of Boscobel Wood, on the Salop border, that after the disastrous battle of Worcester

"the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim
And far below the Roundhead rode
And hummed a surly hymn."

The points of specific literary interest are not many. Little St. Kenelm underwent his martyrdom by the Clent Hills; Richard Baxter ministered for twenty-two years to a rough flock in Kidderminster; Samuel Butler was born in Streusham-on-the-Avon; Samuel Johnson went to school in Stourbridge; and the Leasowes, near by, was the home of Shenstone, who made it one of the most attractive estates in England. But the Malvern Hills keep a great, dim memory, that of the fourteenth-century visionary associated with the West Midland allegory of "Piers Plowman." We are not sure of his name, though we speak of him as Langland; the rugged, earnest old poem in its three versions may yet be proved to be of composite rather than single authorship; we ourselves, though of Long Will's discipleship, had not faith enough in the personal tradition to visit the reputed birth-place at Cleobury Mortimer in Shropshire; but on those breezy slopes still seems to linger the wistful presence of a gaunt, "forwardred" clerk who

"On a May mornynge on Malverne hilles"
dreamed the Easter dream, still unfulfilled on earth, of
human brotherhood.

These gracious heights, standing

"Close as brother leans to brother,"

gave hiding for some four years to Sir John Oldcastle, the genial Lollard who made merry with Prince Hal, but would not renounce his faith, and was finally given up by the over-orthodox young king to the bishops. Henry V himself was present at the martyrdom, peculiarly revolting, but the worst of it all is that Shakespeare, consciously or unconsciously, endorsed the Roman Catholic caricature and wronged a true and generous spirit in his ineffaceable portrait of Sir John Falstaff, Prince Hal's "old lad of the castle." It must be that Raggedstone Hill, which casts a curse on whomsoever its shadow touches, gloomed with peculiar blackness over the hunted knight. Its ominous shade is said to have stolen on Cardinal Wolsey and on those royal fugitives of the Red Rose, Margaret of Anjou and the hapless young Prince Edward.

From the summit of Worcester Beacon and from other of the higher Malvern crests the view ranges, on a clear day, over some fifteen counties and embraces the six momentous battlefields of Shrewsbury, Mortimer's Cross, Edge Hill, Worcester, Evesham and Tewkesbury, and the three cathedrals of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester, besides the remnants of six great religious houses of medieval England,—Great and Little Malvern, Pershore, Evesham, Deerhurst and Tewkesbury. Little Malvern Priory, established in the twelfth century by a band of Benedictine monks from Worcester who sought the wilds that they might emulate the life of hermits, survives only in fragments, but the church of Great Malvern Priory, an earlier outgrowth from Worcester, keeps its Norman interior with rich treasures of stained glass and miserere carvings. We had passed through the Vale of Evesham toward the close of our long Midland drive and seen the scant but beautiful relics of its mitred abbey, but we failed to follow the Avon on to Pershore, one of the richest and most powerful of the old monastic foundations. Not only were these monasteries planted in the fairest and most fruitful lands of the county, but a large portion of Worcestershire was owned by them and by the

neighboring abbeys of Gloucestershire. In all this horde of priests one has a special claim to literary remembrance,—Layamon, who dwelt in the hamlet of Eruley, near the junction of the Severn and the Stour. He constitutes an important link in the passing on of the Arthurian legend, which first related in Latin prose by that entertaining prelate Geoffrey of Monmouth, had been already rendered into French verse by Wace, the professional chronicler of the Plantagenets. Layamon retold and amplified the story, using the French poem as his basis, but aided by two other works whose identity is doubtful.

"Layamon these books beheld and the leaves he turned. He them with love beheld. Aid him God the Mighty! Quill he took with his fingers, and wrote on book-skin, and the true words set together, and the three books pressed into one."

We could pay only a flying visit to Malvern this summer, but in other summers have resorted thither again and again for the refreshment of the blithe air and pure water and of walking on those turfy hills where many a grateful sojourner has left path or seat to ease the climber's way.

Worcester, too, was familiar ground, and this time we gave but a few hours to the "Faithful City," which paid so dearly for its steadfast loyalty to Charles I. The unspeakable Parliamentarians proved nearly as destructive as the Danes, who, in the ninth century and again in the eleventh, had sacked the town. The militant Presbyterians wreaked their piety most of all upon the Cathedral, leaving it roofless, its splendid glass all shattered, its brasses wrenched away, its altars desecrated and torn down. We found the red-brick city on the Severn brisk and cheerful, with its proud shop-window display of its own products, from the Royal Worcester China to Worcestershire Sauce, with the deeply laden barges that almost hid the river; its lively hop market; and its grunting sows, each with her litter of recalcitrant little pigs, driven in a meandering course through the main street by ruddy boys and girls. The cathedral, whose memories embrace St. Dunstan and St. Wulstan and that

stout-hearted old martyr of Oxford, Bishop Latimer—who had himself once presided at the burning of a friar—uplifted our hearts with its noble vista of nave and choir. The crowned tenant of that choir, King John, ought to be troubled in his gilded rest by the proximity of a Prince Arthur, though not the Arthur to whom he did such grievous wrong. The best of the cathedral is, to my thinking, the solemn grace of the crypt, beneath whose light-pillared arches stand about various stone figures of rueful countenance. After their centuries of sunlight, high-niched on the central tower, the Restorer has scornfully dislodged them and dungeoned them down here.

Just below Worcester the Severn is augmented by the Teme, which has valiantly cut its way through the line of western hills to join the court of Sabrina, and at Tewkesbury, on the Gloucester border, it receives its most famous affluent, Shakespeare's Avon. Tewkesbury was new to us, and we lingered there two days, wishing we might make them twenty. As it was we had to forego the delightful trip on the Severn to Deerhurst, an old monastic town whose pre-Norman church is said to be of extremely curious architecture.

Tewkesbury Abbey, which outranks in size ten of the twenty-eight English cathedrals, is one of the most illustrious churches in the United Kingdom. Unlike most of the larger monastic establishments, it was under the control of a succession of great families whose deeds and misdeeds form no small part of the history of England. Fitz-Hamon, kin to the Conqueror, swept away what buildings of the old Saxon abbey he may have found there, and erected the magnificent Norman church which still awes the beholder. The ashes of Fitz-Hamon, who died in 1107, rest near the High Altar. The next lord of Tewkesbury to be buried in the Abbey was Gilbert de Clare, one of the signers of the Magna Charta. The name of his father, Richard de Clare, headed the list, and one of the seven copies of the Great Charter was deposited in the Abbey. Every

lord of Tewkesbury after Gilbert de Clare was interred in this church, which, for the next two hundred and fifty years, until the lordship of Tewkesbury was absorbed into the Crown, grew ever more splendid with costly monuments. The widow of Gilbert de Clare married the brother of Henry III, Richard, Duke of Cornwall, but although she thus became a countess of many titles and one of the first ladies of the land, she asked in dying, to be buried beside the husband of her youth in Tewkesbury. To this her second husband would not agree, but he was magnanimous enough to send her poor, homesick heart back to the Abbey in a silver vase, which was duly placed in Earl Gilbert's marble mausoleum.

The De Clares of Tewkesbury, Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, were a warrior race. The second Gilbert, called the Red Earl, fought both with Simon de Montfort, and against him, and the third Gilbert, his son, fell at Bannockburn. By his early death the lordship of Tewkesbury passed from the De Clares, who had held it for nearly a century, to the young earl's brother-in-law, Hugh le Despencer. This new Earl of Gloucester had succeeded Piers Gaveston in the perilous favor of Edward II. When Roger de Mortimer, by the unhallowed aid of Queen Isabel, triumphed over the king, the elder Despencer, a man of ninety, was hanged at Bristol, and his son, Hugu le Despencer, crowned with nettles, was swung from a gallows fifty feet high, in a hubbub of mockeries and rejoicings, at Hereford. His widow collected the scattered quarters of his body, exposed in various towns, and interred them in the Abbey under a richly carved and coloured monument. The Despenchers, though no longer Earls of Gloucester, held the lordship of Tewkesbury for wellnigh another hundred years, cherishing and beautifying the fabric of the church and adding lavishly to its memorials of bronze and marble and to its treasure of chalices, copes and jewels.

Early in the fifteenth century the male line of the Despenchers became extinct, and the Lady Isabel, sister of the

last Lord Despencer, succeeded to the ecclesiastical honors of the family. Married in the Abbey at the age of eleven to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester, she was widowed ten years later and found her solace in building an exquisite chapel, known as the Warwick Chantry, in her husband's memory. Her second husband, cousin to the first, was Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whom she commemorated in the still more elaborate Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick; but she herself chose to lie at Tewkesbury. Her daughter married Warwick the King-maker and became the mother of two fair girls of most pathetic story. The elder, Isabel, was wedded to George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward III,—“false, fleeting, perjurd Clarence”—who is supposed to have been murdered in the Tower through the agency of his brother Richard—drowned, the whisper went, in a butt of Malmsey wine. A fortnight earlier his wife and an infant child had died, probably of poison. A son and daughter survived, who, for the royal blood that flowed in their veins, were regarded with uneasiness by the Tudor kings and ultimately sent to the block. The daughter, Margaret Plantagenet, superintended the education of the Princess Mary, and was once described by Henry VIII himself as “the most saintly woman in England.” But she was the mother of Cardinal Pole, who had angered the tyrant and was on the Continent out of his reach; so this reverend and gracious lady, at the age of sixty-eight, had her stately head clumsily hacked off by a prentice executioner on Tower Hill, where her innocent brother had perished forty-two years before. The second daughter of the Countess Isabel had an even more pitiful life than her sister's, for her first husband was Prince Edward, the last Lancastrian, and then, after he had been foully slain, she strangely accepted the hand of one of his murderers, Richard of Gloucester, the worst of the Yorkists, by whom she was soon, it would appear coolly put out of the world. A favorite saying of the county, probably having reference to the extraordinary number and wealth of its religious houses,

runs: "As sure as God in Gloucestershire," but one can hardly read these tragedies of Tewkesbury without feeling that the Devil has been no stranger there.

The lamentable Wars of the Roses, which had drenched England with blood, threw up their last red spray against the Abbey. The resolute Queen Margaret and her son had attempted, with an army raised by the Duke of Somerset, to get possession of Gloucester, but they found it already held by the Yorkists and hastened on to Tewkesbury. Still weary from their forced march, they were attacked by Edward at break of a summer dawn (1471), while the monks were chanting matins in the Abbey, and sustained a signal defeat. The place of slaughter is still known as Bloody Meadow. The Duke of Somerset, with a few knights and squires, took refuge within the sacred walls, but Edward and his followers, hot for vengeance, rushed in to slay them even there. The abbot, who had just been celebrating mass, came from the altar and, holding the consecrated host high in his hands, stood between the furious Yorkists and their prey. The war-wrath was for the moment stayed, and Edward gave his word to respect the peace of the sanctuary. But after a service of thanksgiving, the blood-anointed king and his fierce nobles withdrew to a house hard by, where that unhappy younger Edward, the legitimate heir to the throne, was brought a defenceless prisoner into their presence, insulted, assailed and slain. The rumor went that the king himself had with his gauntleted hand struck the royal youth across the mouth and in an instant the others, like wild beasts, were upon him, Richard of Gloucester in the front. It is believed that the mangled, boyish body was buried in the Abbey under the central tower.

But while the lords of Tewkesbury stormed through their brief careers, coming one after another to lie, battle-bruised, stabbed, headless, quartered, even with the halter-mark about the neck, within the solemn hush of the great church, its Benedictine monks went on a quiet way, tilling the soil, writing glosses, copying service-books, chanting

prayers, exercising a large hospitality and a larger charity. At the Dissolution, the townspeople, who had from time immemorial used the nave as their parochial church, bought the choir and chapels from Henry VIII, so that this noble structure, so significant in English story, escaped the fate of Furness, Tintern and the many more.

We had ourselves a little difficulty in getting beyond the nave. We had gone in an hour before service on a Sunday evening, hoping to be allowed to walk around the choir, but we incurred scathing rebuke from a red-haired verger, who had practiced like eloquence on Sunday automobile parties until his flow of denunciation was Hebraic. We gave way at once, expressed due contrition, and meekly sat down to wait for evensong. Whereupon, after furtively eyeing us from behind one pillar after another, he cautiously approached and with searching little blue eyes severely inquired if we really intended to stay for the service,—“all through the sermon, ye understand; not just for the music.” Our reply so raised us in his opinion that he actually took us on the rounds, proving an intelligent and even jocose conductor, and we, for our part, heard the sermon to the end, not daring to stir from our places until the last note of “Milton’s organ” had died away.

Many visitors come to this attractive old town, with its timbered houses and pleasant river-walks, for the sake of “John Halifax, Gentleman.” The scenes of Mrs. Craik’s tender romance, Abel Fletcher’s dwelling, the mill on the Avon, the tannery, the remains of the famous hedge, the garden where the two lads talked, are pointed out as soberly and simply as that ancient house in Church Street whose floor is said still to keep the stain of princely blood, or the cross where the Duke of Somerset and his companions, dragged from the shelter of the Abbey in violation of the king’s own promise, were beheaded.

But the Severn, with ever-broadening flow, a tidal river now that fills and shallows twice a day, bears onward to the sea. Her course lies for a while through orchards and

wheat-fields. The Cotswolds, separating the Severn valley from the basin of the Thames and constituting the bulk of Gloucestershire, rise in billowy outlines on the east and, presently, Dean Forest, one of the few remaining patches of England's formerly abundant woods, uplifts its "broad and burly top" on the west. The earth beneath those oaks and beeches has hoards of mineral wealth, and furnaces are scattered through the forest glades. At Gloucester the Severn divides, that

"with the more delight
She might behold the towne of which she's wondrous proud."

And a fine old town it is, still keeping in its four right-angled streets, the original Roman plan. Large vessels can make their way up the Severn as far as Gloucester, which Elizabeth, to Bristol's neighborly disgust, chartered as a sea-port, though the Berkley Canal, opened in 1827, is now the regular channel. The cathedral stands upon ground hallowed since the seventh century. This building, for all the solemn grandeur of its Norman nave, is of most interest, from an architectural point of view, because of its gradual development of the Perpendicular style, gloriously manifest in choir and cloister. Its masons seem to have been particularly ingenious, for the building abounds in original and fanciful features of which the Whispering Gallery is only an example. Its martyr is John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. One of Mary's earlier victims, he was sent from London back to Gloucester, where he was greatly beloved, to be burned before the eyes of his own flock. Many royal prayers have been murmured beneath these vaulted roofs, and many royal feasts of Severn salmon and lamprey-pie held in the grey city. The Saxon kings were much at Gloucester; William the Conqueror spent his Yule-tides here whenever he could, and here, in the chapter house, he ordered the compilation of Domesday Book; Rufus, Henry I, Henry II and John often visited the town, and Henry III, as a boy of ten, was crowned in the cathedral. Parliaments were held in Gloucester by Ed-

ward I, Richard II, Henry IV and Henry V, and from Gloucester Richard III, with whom murder had grown to be a habit, is supposed to have sent secret orders to the Tower for the smothering of his little nephews. In a side-chapel is the tomb of Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror. The effigy, of Irish oak, is so instinct with force and vigor in its only half recumbent posture that the iron screen seems really necessary to hold the Norman down. But the royal burial that made the fortunes of the cathedral was that of the wretched Edward II, whose canopied tomb in the choir became a favorite shrine of pilgrimage.

Still the Severn, now with a burden of heavily-freighted barges, a mighty flood that has left more than one hundred miles behind the tiny pool, three inches deep, in which it rose, sweeps on, past the stern walls of Berkeley Castle, where Edward II was cruelly done to death, toward the Somerset boundary. Here it receives the waters of the lower Avon, on which the great port of Bristol stands, and so the proud Sabrina leads her retinue of streams into the Bristol Channel,

"Supposing then herself a sea-god by her traine."





Benjamin Jowett, Teacher, Platonist, and Scholar*

By Paul Shorey

Professor of Greek in the University of Chicago.

THE irresistible charm of his style and the wide acceptance of his translations of Plato, Aristotle, and Thucydides sufficiently account for the reputation of Jowett the author. But the career of the teacher and the personal power of the man were deeply rooted in the peculiar conditions of English University life. Balliol scholar at the age of nineteen, fellow of Balliol while still an undergraduate at twenty-one, tutor at twenty-five, Regius Professor of Greek at thirty-eight, master of Balliol from fifty-three till his death, Vice-Chancellor of the University from sixty-five to sixty-nine, never married, absorbed in the routine of tutoring and college administration, he might seem to have led the typically scholastic life of the dons whom in one of his sermons he maliciously described as "sitting in their chairs and growing—narrower year by year." Two things redeemed him. He taught not a technical specialty but the Greek classics, to know and love which is in itself a liberal education. And he taught them not by impersonal lectures to a mob of Sophomores, but in intimate personal communion with the chosen

*This is the fifth in a series of studies of famous Englishmen which will appear in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley by Bishop Williams of Michigan (February); Sir Edward Burne-Jones, by Prof. Cecil Lavell (March); Benjamin Jowett by Paul Shorey; Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks.

youth of all England, who for fifty years went out from Balliol to make a name in literature, law, statesmanship, or science.

The college was his family, he said, and the honor, love, obedience, troops of friends that encompassed his old age, were the rich recompense of his never failing devotion to the spiritual welfare and worldly interests of every member of it both before and after graduation. This result was due, however, not to the man alone, but as in all great things, to the conjunction of the man and the opportunity. It was possible, only in Victorian England, where two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, and two courses of study, classics and mathematics, divided between them the entire flower of the nation's youth. Jowett's career can hardly be repeated in twentieth century England. Still less is it within the reach of any German lecturer, or any isolated American professor in any of the forty competing departments of the twenty or thirty competing universities whose overlapping spheres of influence cover our land from Maine to California. The list of his college mates, students, correspondents and intimate friends fairly staggers the imagination. It includes Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Ruskin, Walter Pater, Sir Henry Taylor, F. T. Palgrave, John Addington Symonds, Andrew Lang, Ernest Myers, W. H. Mallock, Mark Pattison, Professor Sellar, Sir Alexander Grant, Macaulay, Gladstone, Baron Bunsen, Sir Robert Lowe, Sir George Trevelyan, G. N. Curzon, Arnold Toynbee, Lecky, Archbishop Tait, Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Palmer, and noble lords, reverend bishops and *grandes dames* by the score not to speak of mere scholars and professors.

Among the guests to be met at his little dinners at the Lodge were also Turgenieff, George Eliot, Lewes, and Professor Tyndall. Because of the somewhat mixed character of the company at these dinners, the profane called them "Jowett's Jumbles." The Balliol dinner given at the opening of the new hall in 1877 was in the eminence of the

speakers and the guests, all Balliol men, a striking revelation of the unique position of the college. And when the end came sixteen years later, the little college chapel was filled to overflowing by the most distinguished gathering ever seen at Oxford.

Despite his genius for friendship and the wide range of his personal influence, Jowett was not by temperament or habit what we should call a sociable man or a "good mixer." He constantly reproaches himself in his journals for lack of geniality and inability to get near to men. And in his old age he complained that he had lost a third of his life by shyness. He took little part in general conversation, and in a party of three the two others generally conversed across him. He had little small talk and though he studied the art of conversation in his note books, two of his maxims are fatal to it. The one borrowed from his favorite Dr. Johnson, was: "Always say everything as well as you can." The other was, "Never speak unless you have something to say." Swinburne writes enthusiastically of long rambles and talks with the master about Shakespeare and Johnson and all things knowable and unknowable. But another pupil suspects that Swinburne was himself such a gushing fountain of speech that all he required was a good listener and intelligent critic.

The Jowett legend lived mainly in the oral traditions of Oxford, though portions of it got into print in the chapters of reminiscences published by the magazines after his death. Much of it is pure mythology. The master himself, when challenged, declared that there was not a word of truth in the current story of how he suppressed the strike of the ladies who did the laundry work of the college. Such legends would inevitably attach themselves to an eminent teacher living for fifty years unmarried in college chambers, and the intimate life of the Oxford quadrangles gives them a peculiar racy flavor of the soil.

Real intimacy between pupil and teacher prospers best while the latter is still young. Social intercourse is apt to

grow a little stiff and self-conscious as the gap of years widens. There were tales of long silent walks in which the student's desperate efforts to make conversation were finally rewarded with "I don't think much of that last observation of yours." There were stories of awful breakfasts at which the undergraduates nervously chattered while the host sat dumb, finally dismissing them with "Good morning, gentlemen, I think you must cultivate your powers of conversation."

More or less apocryphal caustic comments in students' compositions are a large part of every such professorial legend. To the student who began a flowery essay: "'Know thyself,' was the immortal inscription carved on Delphi's golden gates," he murmured, in a pained tone: "Oh don't!—next essay, please." To one who sent in an ambitious English poem he observed: "It doesn't matter how much poetry you write—if you burn it all." After reading a copy of Greek iambics submitted by a prize boy from another college he asked with a far away look: "Have you any taste for mathematics, Mr. ———?" A somewhat airy metaphysical essay was met with the criticism: "You can turn a sentence neatly, that is all there is in that." An exhaustive study of the Greek state was dismissed with the comment: "You have omitted to mention the two chief things, that the Greeks lived a long time ago and their states were very small." Last come the repartees and anecdotes associated with occasions of college discipline, examinations and official consultations. To a youth who, in an examination in natural theology answered that he could find no evidence of a God anywhere, he replied: "You must find it before midnight or you will go down tomorrow." A bright lad who was supposed to be well aware of his own merits was greeted when he came to make his term report as follows: "The college, Mr. X., thinks highly of you; perhaps too highly; but not half so highly, I am sure, as you think of yourself."

Such stories, with all due allowance for exag-

geration, and the fact that a college is not a drawing-room, puzzle us. Do English teachers take this tone with their students, and do the students like and tolerate it? There is some evidence that they did not all like it. Jowett's reputation as the "great Balliol tutor" was built up in his younger years. After he became master, the average undergraduate, while admiring him from afar, greatly impressed by his occasional sermons, and awestruck by his reputation and the distinguished guests who visited the Lodge, got little from him personally. He worked chiefly with small groups of favored students, chosen it was sometimes thought for capricious reasons undiscoverable by the college at large. The dissentients even went so far as to argue that the successes of Balliol men both in university competitions and in after life were due, not to the quality of Jowett's teaching, but to the fact that his reputation drew to the college the picked men of the university. But after all deductions the fact of an unexampled personal influence remains. And the explanation, given the character and the fine intelligence of the man, is not far to seek. He worked with and for his students. Of what avail are the most scrupulous politeness and justice if the man withholds himself? And what matter a few oddities, mannerisms and human partialities if the man gives himself? The real source of Jowett's power was the stream of young men bearing essays, versions, exercises in prose and verse composition that entered his chambers every night from eight till twelve, when other teachers are busy with their families, their career, their pleasures. Here was a genuine and fruitful commerce of mind with mind in which all the self-consciousness of what is mis-called social intercourse disappeared, and the difference of age and position ceased to be a barrier between the older and younger man when each could say:

"But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine."

The stories of the stiff breakfasts and the silent walks

make better anecdote. But it was in these long hours of personal, individual teaching that Jowett's true life lay and his best work was done. Such teaching is the realization of the Platonic ideal when a "man finding a congenial soul with the help of true knowledge sows and plants therein thoughts which have the power to defend themselves and their author, not fruitless but bearing a seed from which growing again to a new and different life in other souls they preserve this power undying." Such teaching is impossible in the overgrown classes of the modern college. But it is by such teaching freely offered to those who can receive it rather than by forcing an artificial social relation, that the wise teacher will endeavor to bridge the gulf which the years are ever widening between him and his pupils.

Jowett's first important publication was his edition (in 1855) of "The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, with critical notes and dissertations." Though now little read, the work, as often happens with a scholar's first book, contains some of his best writing, notably the essay on "Natural Religion," and the fragment on the "Character of St. Paul." The accusation which the book brought upon him in old fashioned circles, of latitudinarianism (a long word to fling at a fellow as he wrote to a lady friend) was confirmed by the essay on "The Interpretation of Scripture" which he contributed to the famous collection known as "Essays and Reviews" published in 1860 within a few months of the publication of Darwin's "Descent of Man." We can hardly realize today the tempest in a tea-pot produced by these innocent and now forgotten essays. Writing of Darwin's book in 1861 Dr. Asa Gray says: "The book I have no doubt would be the subject still of a great row, if there were not a much greater row going on about 'Essays and Reviews.'" Jowett at once became a dangerous heretic by his affirmation of the elementary principle that the Bible must be studied and interpreted by scholars and critics like any other book—a proposition which would excite nobody today except a yellow editor trying to make

trouble for a professor in a denominational college. "He reads Plato on Sunday," it was whispered about. He was for some years rarely invited to preach except at Westminster where his old friend, Dean Stanley, always welcomed him. And the heresy hunters magnanimously contrived to delay the endowment of his Regius Professorship of Greek until the year 1865.

The translation of Plato proved to be Jowett's chief work. He did not so intend, for he thought ten years of life all that a man ought to give to any one task, and as is the way with scholars, he overestimated his own strength and could not realize the shortness of our working hours. He was in the habit of drawing up lists of *agenda*, courses of reading, books to be written, educational reforms to be achieved. These lists grow pathetically longer as the end approaches. On his seventieth birthday he prepares the following scheme for eight years of work:

One year: Politics, Republic, Dialogues of Plato.

Two years: Moral Philosophy.

Two years: Life of Christ.

One year: Sermons.

Two years: Greek Philosophy, Thales to Socrates.

THE END.

Of this program nothing was accomplished except the translation of the "Politics" and the revision of the Plato for the third edition. We need not greatly regret this. All the general ideas which Jowett could have put into these books will be found in the introductions to the dialogues of Plato. He did not possess the learning, the patience, or the critical method that would have enabled him to produce masterpieces of systematic scholarship. Instinct is often a better guide than ambition. And the thing a man actually does, rather than the thing he wishes to do, is what he is best fitted for. Jowett was eminently fitted for the work of translation and discursive commentary. It exercised and displayed his fluency and felicity of expression, his sanity of judgment, his genial suggestiveness. It did not demand the simultaneous grasp of huge masses of detail, the

fierce concentration of all the power, the inexhaustible patience, the stiffer-clayed brain of the great constructive scholar. It was a task that interruption did not set back, but that could be taken up and dropped as occasion permitted. Once begun it was inevitable that it should fill all the interstices of academic and administrative routine and social dispersion, and so postpone indefinitely more systematic and strenuous labors.

While still a tutor in 1847, Jowett had added to the traditional study of Aristotle's "Ethics" a course of lectures on Plato's "Republic," an innovation, the consequences of which are still felt in English and American University education. Aristotle is an excellent drill master. But when studied alone, his definitions are apt to be committed to memory as formulas of ultimate truth, and the result is scholasticism—an unhistoric, unesthetic, unphilosophic temper. Plato taken alone may be even more harmful to sentimental or unsystematic minds, but Platonism does not easily degenerate into formula and dogma. Plato shows us all ideas including those of Aristotle in the making. He awakens the historic sense, kindles the imagination, stirs the feelings. The addition of Plato to Aristotle in England, the substitution of Plato for Aristotle in America, is, then, a very significant fact in the history of education.

In connection with his lectures, Jowett completed in 1855 the first draft of a commentary on the "Republic" which after many revisions was published thirty-nine years later by Professor Campbell as the Jowett and Campbell edition. The translations grew out of the analyses now prefixed to them. Jowett's first aim was to do what Grote did later in a very different style and what many Germans are attempting still—to resume in abbreviated analysis all the essential thoughts of the dialogues omitting no significant ideas. But while engaged in revising the "Republic" with a reading party of his students in the vacation of 1864, he became convinced that there is nothing in Plato which may be safely omitted as superfluous and that the "Republic"

at least must be translated entire. From this, he was naturally led on to the translation of the whole. The first edition in four octavo volumes appeared in 1871, and was instantly recognized as an English classic. The habit of this kind of work once established, he went on to translate Thucydides and Aristotle's "Politics" and this, with the preparation of the second edition of the Plato which appeared in 1875, employed all his leisure. The second edition, though still revealing many errors to the critical eye, was a great improvement on the first. The prefatory essays were also enriched by the criticism of Utilitarianism in the introduction to the "Philebus," the account of Hegel in that to the "Sophist," the discussion of psychology in connection with the "Theætetus" and many other valuable additions.

These essays, apart from their exquisite style, appeal to us by a wealth of suggestiveness due to their gradual enrichment by the deposits of a lifetime of reading, reflection and teaching. Everything that Jowett studied at any period of his life was, in his mind, related to Plato, and his matured opinions find their final utterance here. His old students recognized many a felicitous expression or neat epigram that had been circulating in Oxford notebooks for a generation. Mr. Bright thought that these essays together with the translations were evidences of a greater mind than that of the original author of the dialogues—whom he did not estimate very highly. It is not necessary to go to the other extreme in order to indicate some reserves. Charming as the essays are they will never quite satisfy logical or systematic minds. They touch delightfully but somewhat evasively on all subjects. They completely elucidate none. Jowett's critics said that he never went to the bottom of anything. His admirers retorted that he was the only scholar who ever came up from the bottom. In truth, his weakness was closely allied to that which constituted his strength—his cult of exquisite diction the ruling passion of his life and teaching. We cannot repeat of him what he said of Carlyle "that his power of expression quite outran his real intelligence." For

Jowett was extremely intelligent. But it quite outran his scholarship and sometimes his patience in the quest for truth. As happens to all men of this type, a well turned sentence to him almost proved itself. "Could I write as well as Renan?" he somewhere asks. In his teaching, we are told, he was satisfied with no interpretation that could not be expressed in perfect English. This would be an admirable counsel of perfection for our slovenly American class-rooms. But the scholar who adopts it will be under constant temptation to ignore niceities of thought that do not easily fit the traditional forms of classic and idiomatic English. And he will be reluctant to sacrifice in the interests of truth and precision any happy phrase that has once occurred to him. This quality of Jowett's mind, even more than the limitations of his scholarship, makes it not quite safe to use his admirable translations even in the definitive third edition for any argumentative or critical purpose. And it is to this that is due the inconclusiveness as well as the charm of many of the essays.

Jowett, in short, was not in the technical sense of the words a great scholar. His early proficiency won him prizes and a fellowship. His Latin prose was much admired in the years of his tutorship, and he read the Greek classics freely all his life. But he never made or desired to make any original contributions to human knowledge. He was not only distrustful of conjectural text emendation, but he took no interest in the main task which philological science has set itself, the filling up by patient induction and combinatory reasoning of the gaps in our imperfect tradition of classical antiquity. To a student who quoted a German dissertation and spoke of the present state of the question he replied impatiently, "There is no present state of the question—the question is where it was twenty years ago." Of a man deeply versed in the commentators on Aristotle, he said: "That sort of learning is a great power if a man can only keep his mind above it." Bentley, he thought, had injured English scholarship. For he kept bad com-

pany and knew the scholiasts and secondary writers better than he did the supreme classics. In fine Jowett viewed the classics solely from the standpoint of "culture"—the limited culture and discipline of undergraduates and the general reader. "The time for minute criticism on the classics or on most of them has passed," he wrote to a friend. "I want to get them turned into English classics and sent far and wide through the world." That is as if one should say: "The time for minute investigations in science is past. I want to get good popular handbooks written that will diffuse our present knowledge far and wide through the world." A man may and must limit his own life-work,—he cannot set bounds to the high curiosities of the human spirit. For the American (undergraduate) college, Jowett's ideal of culture should be dominant, and it is a gospel which needs to be preached in correction of the excesses of the German invasion, and the premature obtrusion of university methods on unprepared minds. But we need not, for this reason, ally ourselves to the sentimentalists who declaim against that indispensable instrument of higher philosophical training, the doctoral dissertation, and would limit the function of the university professor to imparting "inspiration" and teaching the "spirit" of literature by brilliant essays and eloquent outpourings of soul. There is a time for all things—a time to gush, a time to construe, and a time and place for minute scholarly research.



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REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What counties of the Severn basin lie close to the Welsh border?
2. What rivers of this region form tributaries to the Usk?
3. What is the situation of Shrewsbury?
4. What noted personages are associated with it?
5. What remains of the old city of Uriconium?
6. How are we reminded at Wroxeter of the Roman occupation?
7. What victory is commemorated by Battlefield Church?
8. What traditions of the Mortimers belong to Ludlow Castle?
9. What young princes spent their childhood here?
10. What famous woman is buried in the church of St. Lawrence?
11. What two works of literature have added to the fame of Ludlow Castle?
12. What family once ruled at Wigmore Castle?
13. What is the story of Brampton-Bryan Castle?
14. What traces of Anglo-Saxon days are to be found in this region?
15. What virtues are attributed to the "Man of Ross?"
16. Who was Geoffrey of Monmouth?
17. What is the history of Tintern Abbey?
18. With what famous name is Chepstow associated?
19. What is the character of West Monmouth?
20. What famous poem belongs to the Malvern Hills?
21. Describe the view from these hills.
22. What ruined abbeys here are a reminder of the Middle Ages?
23. What claims to distinction had Layamon?
24. What historic associations has Worcester?
25. What tragic interest has Tewkesbury Abbey?
26. What modern author had added fame to the town?
27. What are the chief attractions of Gloucester?



SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Thomas Fuller?
2. For what is Jeremy Taylor remembered?
3. With what period of English Literature is Shenneston associated?
4. Who was Richard Baxter?
5. What was Domesday Book?
6. Who was Caractacus?
7. What English play and poems commemorate the British Queen Boadicea?
8. Who was Sir Scudamour?

End of May Required Reading, pages 145-216.

Child Labor Legislation in England*

By Owen R. Lovejoy

Assistant Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee.

"The untimely labour of the night, and the protracted labour of the day, with respect to children, not only tends to diminish future expectations as to the general sum of life and industry, by impairing the strength and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation, but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance and profligacy in the parents, who, contrary to the law of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring."

Thus wrote Dr. Percival in a series of resolutions he laid before the newly formed Manchester Board of Health one hundred and eleven years ago. The resolutions were written for the purpose of urging governmental regulation of the cotton mills, those great industrial institutions destined to make Manchester famous the world over. The resolutions also expressed the belief that "we shall have the support of the liberal proprietors of these factories in proposing an application for parliamentary aid . . . to establish a general system of laws for the wise, humane and equal government of all such works."

These resolutions may fittingly stand as the prophecy of better things which England, through a full century, and by halting and feeble steps, has been attempting to fulfil.

Factory employment was then a new phase, a form of commercial activity destined to drive the so-called "home industries" ever farther from their dormant position until they should finally degenerate (at least in large cities) into the tenement sweatshops so familiar today. It must not be supposed, however, that even then home industries were uniformly well conducted or that children were free from

*This is the fifth in a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January); "The London County Council," by Milo R. Maltbie (February); "The Garden City Movement," by John H. Whitehouse (March).

abuse. In his "Notes of a Tour in the Manufacturing Districts" the elder Cooke Taylor relates conversations with many old weavers who described the system of home industry as worse than conditions created by the introduction of machinery. "The creatures were set to work as soon as they could crawl, and their parents were the hardest of task-masters." So prevalent was the idea that the child should be set to some useful task at the earliest possible moment, that there was scarcely a protest though large numbers of children were employed in homes in the framework knitting trade from five or six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.

The workhouse was the "conventionalized" home factory of the period, and the parishes did a flourishing business in ridding themselves of their little paupers by placing them at hard labor. Many a devout churchman shared the belief of the author of an "Essay on Trade" who, in 1770, advocated that all children of four years who must be brought up at public expense, be sent to the public workhouse. "Being constantly employed at least twelve hours in a day . . . we hope the rising generation will be so habituated to constant employment that it would at length prove agreeable and entertaining to them." The next sentence is refreshing in its sincerity and helps to explain the cruelties of the old home industries, the curse of child slavery in the parish workhouse, the excessive hours and crowded, unsanitary conditions in the early factories, and the dreary and devious way through which labor legislation in other countries as well as in England has passed. "From children thus trained up to constant labor we may venture to hope the lowering of its price."

The first steps in government regulation were taken because of the evident social menace in a system which encouraged overcrowding, malignant disease, permanent ignorance and excessive hours of labor. Dr. Ferrier, an associate of Dr. Percival, discussing the prevalence and virulence of fevers among the factory population—due to the dirt and

misery in which they lived—suggested that “the safety of the rich is intimately connected with the welfare of the poor.”

Even had there been general agreement as to the need of factory regulation, no other form of social legislation was so difficult to render justly effective. A century passed between the enactment of the “Regulation of the Health and Morals of Apprentices Act” in 1802 and the “Factory and Workshop Consolidation Act” of 1901. During this period forty-one important factory laws were enacted by Parliament.

The form of the evil which naturally appealed most strongly to popular sympathy was the employment of very young children through excessive workdays—or nights. Accordingly the first legislative efforts looked to the restriction of hours and the establishment of a minimum age for employment. But laws fixing hours and age limits had little effect, beyond that of recording a new standard of popular conviction, for it required the first quarter of the nineteenth century, as Walpole observes in his *History of England*, to restrict a child of nine to a sixty-nine hours week, and that only in the cotton mills.

It was not enough to enact that children below a given age should not be employed, or that hours of labor be limited. Such laws require methods and machinery for enforcement. The Act of 1833 is therefore rightly regarded the most important early step in factory legislation, as by this act factory inspectors were appointed with power to enforce the law.

The principle of factory inspection is opposed in America today on the theory that it infringes upon free labor. Age limits and regulation of hours are opposed on the ground that they will ruin industry or will promote poverty. A century ago the poet Coleridge wrote a friend to learn if Parliament had not passed some law to restrict “what is ironically called ‘Free labor’ (i. e., soul murder and infanticide on the part of the rich, and self-slaughter on that

of the poor!)" Practically every position then held in England against public regulation of "private enterprise" is now occupied in many American commonwealths by employers and their political retainers, who are apparently ignorant that their arguments long since passed into senility.

But the public-spirited manufacturer will be interested to know that the most important features of the English factory laws were enacted either upon the suggestion, or with the direct aid, of manufacturers. The Commission appointed to review the need for legislation in 1833 noted this fact, and remarked that the demand for factory inspectors came chiefly from "those manufacturers who desired to see the hours in other factories restricted to the level of their own." This observation upon enlightened self-interest was probably just, for the most progressive employers of labor in England, as also in other countries, have consistently followed the policy of Sir Robert Peel who proposed the Act of 1802 for the purpose of correcting certain abuses in his own factories, and of Robert Owen who, having established many radical reforms in his extensive manufactories, urged Parliamentary action to enforce the same conditions in other mills.

The opposition to government inspectors, presented by factory operatives in 1833 was probably due not so much to an unwillingness to have their work places inspected, as to the feeling that the inspectors likely to be appointed would be but the paid representatives of the employing class. The *Leeds Intelligencer*, representing the sentiments of the operatives, said: "The inspectorships are a lumbering affair and will turn out, in practice, we suspect, a nullity; their chief recommendation with their projectors is probably the patronage they afford."

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to even sketch the various changes that have been wrought during the century of legislation in England. The chief advances have been a higher age limit for employment, a decrease in the length of the working day, requirements of educa-

tional and physical fitness for labor, a constant widening of the field of legislative regulation through the inclusion of an increasing number of industries, and a steady improvement in the power and methods of factory inspection.

The labor of children in factories and workshops is now regulated by two acts: (1) The Factory and Workshop Consolidation Act, 1901, and (2) The Employment of Children Act, 1903. The first law is practically a codification of existing laws relating to workshops and factories, while the second law confers upon local governments the power of making regulations supplementary to the specifications of the first named law. These local regulations must be confirmed by the secretary of state who may receive objections to the proposed regulation and may investigate local conditions.

The details of these laws, referring to meal-times, holidays, special industries, exemptions, etc., it would be impossible to include in this paragraph, but the main features may be noted. (Summarized from Bulletin 59, Bureau of Labor, Washington, 1905.) It is forbidden to employ children under twelve years of age in factories and workshops, or children under eleven in street trades. Local authorities have power to make regulations concerning street trading for persons under sixteen years of age, and in making such rules "shall have special regard to the desirability of preventing the employment of girls under sixteen in streets or public places." The mining laws prohibit the employment underground of boys under thirteen and of females of any age. As to hours of labor children twelve to fourteen years of age may be employed in factories and workshops only half time, *i. e.*, either in the morning or afternoon, or on alternate days. Night work for children and young persons is prevented through the limit placed on the time during which most of these establishments may be operated—not earlier than 6 a. m., nor later than 8 p. m. There are, however, special exceptions in certain industries.

The present law lays great emphasis on proof of the

Child Labor Legislation

age of a child or young person seeking employment—failure to require which has proved to be the ruin of so many child labor laws in the United States.

The following statistics from the 1902 report of the Chief Inspector of Factories show the extent of child labor in the textile mills:

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Half-timers (ages 12 and 13).....	16,898	19,613	36,511
Full-timers (under 18).....	71,707	148,888	220,595

This is a total of 257,106 children and young persons under eighteen years of age, of whom 88,605 are boys and 168,501 are girls. These tables do not give the number under sixteen years.

The report for 1904 gives the following statistics for non-textile factories (1901):

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Half-timers (ages 12-13).....	3,681	1,352	5,033
Full-timers (under 18).....	327,142	175,014	502,156

This report also shows a steady decrease in the number of half-timers employed in both textile and non-textile factories, the total number in 1889-90 being 98,888 as against 41,544 in 1901.

The development of factory inspection marks the most important feature of factory legislation. The value of the public service rendered by these officials in England is so highly regarded that those who aspire to this work are encouraged to prepare, by special university and technical training, for their difficult and delicate task. The creditable work performed by many factory inspectors in America is in the absence of adequate public support. The niggardly appropriations provided for the departments in some states and domination of corrupt political influence in others, are elements that naturally tend to deter able men and women from entering this highly honorable calling.

Yet it is disappointing, after reviewing the legislation of a century to record that the principle of factory regulation, especially the restriction of child labor, has not yet been consciously accepted even in England. Every advance in legislation is fought, as in this country, by arguments so specious that only greed or ignorance could advance them. Large groups of industries are still practically without government regulation, and thousands of little children are "free"

to be employed through long days or nights, at wages which fasten the millstone of permanent poverty upon them, and under conditions that offer the maximum menace to health and morals.

The half-time system, so popular a few years ago, has been condemned alike by manufacturers, educators and parents. It has been wholly barren of educational value—the only claim it has to social favor—experience having proved that it is impossible to successfully operate a system which seeks to teach the child during one half the day and to exploit him during the other half.

But though it is gratifying to know that this system is being abandoned, the factory acts, which have dealt only with children working in places subject to legal inspection, have had the effect of driving an increasing number of children to work out of school hours "in the streets, in the fields, in shops, or at home, for the longest possible hours and in the hardest and most irksome work without any limit or regulation." In 1901 a Commission was appointed, representing the Home Office, the Board of Education and the Board of Trade. Extensive investigations were made and a large number of witnesses examined. The inquiry demonstrated that not less than 200,000 juvenile workers were employed in industries wholly outside the scope of factory inspection or regulation. Miss Nettie Adler, Secretary of the Committee on Wage Earning Children (which presented 7,000 cases to the Commissioners), reports the following facts in "Juvenile Wage-Earners and their Work" (July, 1906): The occupations carried on by the children were roughly divided under the following heads—shops, street trading, domestic work and home industries, and agriculture. More than 76,000 were found to be working in shops under conditions that produced fatigue, anaemia, deformities, nerve and heart signs of serious character. About 17,000 children were described as engaged in street trades carried on, in the words of the report, "by a worse class of children and under worse moral influences than any other."

It was reported that many children slept out at night, afraid to go home on account of the small amount they had earned; that they stole, gambled, "and that the girls had sunk yet lower in order to raise sufficient money to bring home." A discussion of the sweated industries is unnecessary, as the abuses of child labor in our own cities have made the American reader familiar with the shocking conditions reported to the English Commission. But it may be instructive to those who have believed that agricultural employment is free from objection, that the Commission found children in the fruit and vegetable gardens and hop fields, working under conditions that were a menace to health and an effectual bar to education.

Recent attacks made upon the work of the National Child Labor Committee in America, on the ground that more than a million of the 1,750,000 children reported as wage-earners are in agriculture and therefore in no need of social protection, will doubtless have the effect of inviting special attention to a form of industry which, while less disastrous in its effects upon the average worker, still offers so many dangers to juvenile health, virtue, and education as to demand an exhaustive investigation.

Since the report of the English Commission in 1901, which led to the enactment of the law of 1903, a large number of municipalities have passed local ordinances that have greatly reduced child labor, especially in street trades. The Home Office has been somewhat conservative in approving these local ordinances—having declined to accept the very advanced by-laws passed by the London County Council, although the evidence seemed entirely to justify those enactments. Still the regulation of street trading through the use of permits, badges, and educational restrictions, is so far in advance of anything we have developed in America as to put our best achievements to shame.

A glance at English factory history, viewing the successive steps in legislation as well as the wide field of industrial activity still entirely unrestricted, presents a con-

vincing argument for the collective control in every country of all occupations in which young children are employed. But a ready acquiescence in such control can be expected only as a result of accurate knowledge of existing conditions. Even in Massachusetts, where the protection of the American child has gone farthest, one will observe a note of anxiety among the friends of child labor reform, lest the virtue of that state should militate against her industrial interests—it still being the popular view that child employment is profitable and its restriction an altruistic virtue.

That government regulation is not a deterrent in industry is amply shown in England and should put an end to the ancient cry that regulation ruins trade. The factories—particularly the cotton factories, which have been the special object of “parliamentary attack” have gone steadily forward improving their machinery, methods and equipment, as well as the conditions under which employes labor,—while the unregulated industries have either not advanced, or have positively fallen, until today, in London, Paris, New York, Pittsburg and Chicago, alike, these crowded tenement workshops house ignorance, poverty, vice and fever. Every great industrial country can demonstrate the truth of the statement made by the Committee of the House of Lords in 1889—that the worst conditions, the longest hours, and the lowest wages exist in the domestic workshops, which we in America as well as they in England have been so concerned to leave free from any government regulation.*

*The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to “A History of Factory Legislation” (Hutchins & Harrison, London, 1903), from which facts not otherwise credited have been gleaned.

Representative English Paintings

"The Huguenot"

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[John Everett Millais was born on June 8, 1829, in Portland Place, Southampton. At the age of eleven he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy where he remained for six years, winning every prize for which he competed. He became an Associate of the Academy in 1853, a full Academician in 1863, and President in 1896. He was created a Baronet in 1885. On August 19, 1896, he died and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.]

At the time Rossetti was exhibiting the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" Sir John Millais had entered at the Royal Academy his "Christ in the Home of His Parents." Concerning this picture Charles Dickens wrote in *Household Words*:

"You come . . . to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds all post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations, and to prepare yourselves as befits such a subject—pre-Raphaely considered—for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and repelling."

This was but one of the vehement attacks made upon the Brotherhood as soon as their revolutionary aims became known. The "Christ in the House of His Parents" was sold, but to a dealer on whose hands it remained for a long period. The next year Rossetti did not exhibit, Holman Hunt tried with one picture and Millais with three. The storm of abuse raged more furiously than ever until the defensive letters signed "The Author of Modern Painters" first appeared in the *Times*. Then it was that the forces of the enemy began to waver.

Millais' early pictures in which he followed the Pre-Raphaelite principles were, perhaps, the least successful of any of his works. Within a comparatively short time after the formation of the Brotherhood he began to realize that it was not in the application of those principles that his power lay. But it was not until "The Vale of Rest" appeared in 1859 that he completely forswore the creed of the Pre-Raphaelites, or as he expressed it "emerged from his



"The Huguenot," Painting by John Everett Millais.

Artistic puberty." For him the "minute rendering of natural objects" had served its purpose. It shows itself, however, in the treatment of "The Huguenot" first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852. The background and the foliage, although painted with great breadth, are rendered with an amazing amount of detail which, however, does not, in the least detract from the picture as a whole.

The explanation of the picture as it appeared in the catalogue is as follows:

"A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, refusing to shield himself by wearing the Roman Catholic badge." It had been ordered that "when the clock of the Palais de Justice shall sound upon the great bell at daybreak, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen around his arm and place a fair white cross in his cap." The tender solicitude on the face of the girl and the calm reassuring strength and confidence of the man have made the picture deservedly popular for many years. At first, however, the picture was scorned on all sides. Millais, himself said, "It was received with condemnation. Tom Taylor was an exception—he gave me a splendid notice in *Punch*."

The Millais family had always been intimate with the Lemprières of Roselle in Jersey and it was General Lemprière who sat for the lover. A professional model was employed for the girl, a Miss Ryan, who had previously sat for "Proscribed Royalist." "The Huguenot" was painted for D. L. White, a dealer who agreed to pay for it £150 in instalments. But the engraving of the picture proved so successful that he added £50 to the original price. According to Mr. Holman Hunt, it was Millais' first intention to make the two lovers represent the "War of the Roses" having one with a white rose, the other with a red; but after hearing "The Huguenots" at the opera he changed his plans. Sir John Millais was a painter for the people. Although he had neither the majesty of a Michelangelo nor the charm of a Raphael, he did possess a wonderful power of story-telling and the ability to interest mankind.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

NOW let me return to the question: How begin to be good? Not by being baptised, although when you make public profession the badge is baptism—pure water—symbol of gospel grace—baptism accepted as a present act or acknowledged as an act of parental love for you in your infancy. Baptism is the flag of our faith. You cannot say too much in favor of the national flag. It signifies a nation's power, it reflects a nation's glory, it suggests a nation's record, it predicts a nation's future. Don't go into battle without the flag—*But* in battle you need more than a flag. Baptism is not the all and in all of religious life.

How begin to be good? Not by belonging to the church although loyalty to the church as an agency of good in the world cannot be overstated. The law of combination and coöperation holds in the spiritual world. "Where two or three are met together there am I"—said Christ. The soul of man demands society. Society requires association with a common understanding and under laws of life. The church is a symbol of God's Kingdom on Earth. The church is the representation in visible form of human faith in God, of human allegiance to God. It is another form of the flag—a symbol of union—a profession. The church is an agency for teaching and for doing good—a "Society," a "School," a "Brotherhood," an "Army"—a beginning of the universal "Kingdom" of God in the universe—a Kingdom of individuals who acknowledge the King and who call Him Father! You join the church to help on the Kingdom. You join the church of believers to help the believers. You join the church to combine in a great race movement in favor of the righteousness Christ brought into the world and for which the Church stands.

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the March CHAUTAUQUAN.

The Vesper Hour

There are many families in the Church of Christ,—the Baptist family, the Congregational family, the Disciples family, the Episcopal family, the Greek family, the Presbyterian family, the Methodist family, the Roman family. The more families the larger and the stronger the town they constitute and support. Differences are good. Uniformity may be as bad as diversity. Varied unity—this is the mode of power. Better 500 separate houses than only one house, one hotel in a town—capacious enough to entertain everybody.

How begin to be good? In any way that satisfies your conscience and fosters good will among thinking and reasonable people. The color of costume, the style of hat,—these are small matters, if the head be true and the heart earnest and sound and the modes you adopt, the terms you employ, the ceremonies you observe, the badge you wear, the ecclesiastical government you approve, these are small matters; not to be despised but to be selected and respected. The principal thing is to *be good* that you may *do good*.

The marriage ceremony is very beautiful. A manly and virtuous man reaches out his hand to a fair and modest woman. She looks into his face, smiles assent and places her true hand in his. A vow is made, a benediction pronounced and the two are one. In a true marriage love grows stronger as years go by. Who cares when and how and by what ceremony these two souls become one.

One begins to be good in God's way by the acceptance of Christ. That is why ours is a Christian religion. I say to you "Be good." You say "I cannot." I reply "You can." I say to you "Go to Europe." You say "I cannot for the ocean rolls between this land and Europe and I cannot swim and I cannot walk on water."

I say to you "Step aboard the great steamer and simply live there—and soon you will tread the soil of the Continent beyond." On board the ship you ask yourself one day of storm—"How strong am I—I a frail thing on

this vast sea?" And you answer, "I am as strong as the ship on which I rest." And this is a parable that explains how you may be good—you who are weak and wrong and fearful. Our strength is Christ. In Him we rest. His strength is ours. We begin to be good by accepting Christ. A babe's strength is in its mother's arms. In beginning to be good our emotional moods are of slightest importance. Love may show itself in smiles and tears. But love may show itself in the plainest domestic service. You may glorify God as your Saviour by noble anthems nobly rendered or by washing dishes, sweeping floors, mending torn trousers.

To *be*, to *love*, to *do*, to *rest* the soul in God, this is beginning to be good. Supernatural signs we do not need. Wise people do not at all care for them. They may, they would, if continued weaken faith, "Whom having not seen you love." Tears and agonies and raptures we do not want. They mean temperament, not character. Therefore if you would be good begin with a desire and a resolve and surrender. Begin where you now sit. Say "I will trust thee O God. I will rest in Thee." Thus you begin to pray. Confess your sins to God. If you have wronged a neighbor—at your first opportunity confess to him. Confession to the Church or to the minister, or to the priest may do more harm than good. Confess to God and to the person you have wronged. And having confessed—as far as possible *forget*. God forgets, so he says. Why should not you? Don't keep raking over the ashes of your past. "Forgetting the things that are behind" is the divine order. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Do you think I make it too easy? Did Jesus make it too easy for the leper who cried, "Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean?" Do you remember what Jesus said—and did? Did Jesus make it too easy for the prodigal son who fell into the open arms of his glad father?

Begin today a career of doing good. Begin by beginning to *be* good. As you commit your past and the things that have happened—to God, also commit your future and the

things that may happen—to God. It may be a long journey before you. It is a long journey for it reaches out into Eternity. Start today. Start now! When you come to plains cross them; when you find tunnels go through them; when you reach mountains go over them.

Let this day mark a new epoch in your personal life; let it open to you a new career ennobled by confidence in the true science of religious faith; a new career of surrender to the true, the beautiful and the good as revealed in Jesus Christ; a new endeavor to do good by being good is God's way.

Never mind how many times you have begun and failed before. Begin again. One asked Christ "If my brother sin against me seven times shall I forgive him?" Jesus smiled and answered (I know he must have smiled when he said it) "I say not unto thee until seven times but until seventy times seven!"

It is a beautiful record in the life of Charles Kingsley. He wrote in his journal, "Tonight I have been walking by the sea and looking out on the vast expanse of waters beyond me and looking up at the stars in heaven overhead I made a solemn covenant with my God which by His grace shall never be broken for time nor for Eternity." And so today I ask you in silence, every one of you, to make a secret compact with God from this hour forward to give yourself up to Him. His plan, His love, His way of life and His service!



“Piers the Plowman”

Upon the Malvern Hills one May morning the author of “Piers the Plowman,” “went to rest down by a broad bank beside a burn, and as [he] lay there leaning, and looked in the water it sounded so merrily that [he] fell into a slumber. Then [he] dreamed a marvelous dream.”

The author of “Piers the Plowman”—if but one author there were—is commonly thought to have been William Langland, a clerk of some learning and an obscure officer of The Church. Little is known of his life save that he was a contemporary of Chaucer, born, possibly, in 1332, and dying about 1400. He wrote several poems of which “Piers the Plowman” is the best known. It is an allegory written in alliterative Middle English verse plentifully interlarded with Latin. In some respects it resembles “Pilgrim’s Progress” written three centuries later. The great difference between the two, however, is that whereas “Piers the Plowman” pictures the evil state of contemporary society and seeks the remedy, “Pilgrim’s Progress” pictures merely the trials of the soul in its efforts to attain personal salvation.

“Piers the Plowman” may, therefore, be classed with the Utopias such as the “Utopia” of Sir Thomas More, “Looking Backward” of Edward Bellamy and “News from Nowhere” of William Morris. It differs in one important respect from all other social romances, however, in that it does not outline a new and improved social system. The author has no radical theories of society. He has merely an almost morbid appreciation of the ills of his time, ills which he bitterly portrays. His remedy is an ethical one: The triumph of righteousness and truth over evil and self-seeking. He

does not find it necessary to remodel social institutions to establish his universal brotherhood; a moral awakening he thinks sufficient. The poem of "Piers the Plowman" is interesting, therefore, because of the light it throws upon the England of the fourteenth century and because of its moral earnestness and dignity. It is not significant in the history of constructive social thought.

The allegorical form of the poem and a certain lack of logical unity make it in part rather trying reading to the modern reader even in its modernized prose version, that of Kate M. Warren. Allegory at the best is not attractive to the modern taste and Langland's conceptions are not as a rule so human and striking as are those of the "Pilgrim's Progress" the one great allegory with which the average reader is acquainted. But if the reader persists, he will be rewarded by frequent passages of moral force and dignity, illuminating flashes which more than compensate for the intervening obscurities. The story of the allegory is briefly this:

The dreamer is accosted by a fair woman, Holy Church, who explains to him the meaning of a beautiful castle and a dismal dungeon which lie before him; the castle is that of Truth and the dungeon that of Care. Holy Church expounds the beauty of Truth and the uses of Conscience and Charity.

The dreamer asks further how he may know falsehood. Thereupon he is made aware of a woman beautifully dressed and adorned with jewels. She is Meed the Maid. "Meed" signifies in its broadest sense reward, but it is here used in the sense of reward gained by dishonor—bribery—or perhaps better our modern word "graft." Meed is to be married to Falsehood and the celebration is in progress when Theology objects that Meed (reward) should be married to Conscience not Falsehood. The wedding is halted and the dispute is taken before the King. Meed is fawned upon by all of the corrupt functionaries at the court, who are bought by her wealth, but Conscience will have none of her and explains her falsity to the King. Meed, he says, is not true reward but corruption and not to be allied to Conscience. Meed defends herself with sophistries and seems to have the better of the argument. The King urges the match, but Conscience refuses unless he shall be so counseled by Reason. Reason is sent for and condemns Meed although she is defended by Law and the minions thereof. Meed is

sent from court but is followed by some who favor her, a sizer, a summoner, and a sheriff's clerk, lower officers of the court.

The allegory turns next to a field preaching. Reason the Minister preaches and his arguments seconded by Repentance move the seven deadly sins to confession and the resolve to live better lives. Then the multitude, stirred by this sight, resolve to seek Truth. They ask a Palmer who has been to the Holy Land to show them the way, but he cannot. A plowman named Piers who has been taught the way by Conscience and Mother Wit offers to lead them. The journey is delayed for the plowman must first plough his land. He sets all the pilgrims to work, meanwhile, and to this they are spurred by Hunger. The lazy rebel but are beaten into submission by Hunger. Those unable to work are gladly fed by those who are strong and efficient.

Truth hearing the good works of the plowman and his followers sends Piers a bull of pardon for him and his heirs. The pardon bears but two lines: "And those who have done good shall go into life eternal and those who have done evil into everlasting fire." A priest disputes the efficacy of such a pardon, and in the midst of the debate the dreamer awakes to ponder his strange vision. He gives it as his opinion that though The Church may grant indulgences and pardons for sin yet a man were better off, if, at the Judgment, he have Do-well beside him to help him.

With this sensible conclusion the poem ends. Its allegory when briefly outlined is not uninteresting; but it is certainly far less interesting than the pictures of the times which are to be found throughout the narrative, pictures which make the twentieth century with all its social evils, seem an agreeable place by comparison with the fourteenth.

The King's English in England

The following extracts are taken from that very interesting study of English society, "England Without and Within," by Richard Grant White. Mr. White's entertaining account of English speech is perhaps not unduly flattering but is without prejudice as all who have read the entire work will admit. Mr. White was a sympathetic and scholarly observer, one who had unusual opportunities to know English life in all classes of society.

The first peculiarity that attracted my attention in the speech of Englishmen was a thick, throaty utterance. It was not new to me, but I was struck by its general diffusion. The attempt is somewhat as if the speaker were attempting to combine speech with the deglutition of mashed potato. This peculiar utterance, in which a guttural *aw* seems to prevail, is, however, far from being universal. It is not high-class speech. Yet it begins to manifest itself somewhat high in the social scale, being perceptible just below what may be called the Oxford and Cambridge level. Then it broadens down from precedent to subsequent, until, when it reaches the lowest level, it is broad enough and thick enough for the foundation of a very substantial theory of peculiarity in national speech. It manifests itself chiefly in the utterance of some of the sounds of *a*, *o*, and *u*, in combination with *l* and *r*; for example, in such words as *ale*, *pale*, *people*, and *royal*, which are spoken by Englishmen of the lower and lower-middle classes much as if they were written *ayull*, *payull*, *peopull*, and *ryull*, the *l*s being gobbled low in the throat with a turkey-like gulp. The tendency to this mode of speech seemed to be strongest in those who were short-necked and corpulent. I remember one obese, red-faced shopman who gulped at "Royal Wilton" in such a strangling fashion that I should hardly have been surprised to see him fall down upon the spot in a fit of apoplexy. General negative assertions are unsafe; and I shall therefore not say that this gulp is never heard among educated English gentlemen and ladies; but I am sure that in such society I never heard it.

The ill treatment which the letter *h* receives from a very large proportion of the English people has long been known to the most superficial observers of their speech. It is the substance and the point of a joke which never loses its zest. Mr. Punch's artists, when hard put to it for the subject of a social sketch, can always fall back upon the misfortunes of the aspirate. *H* in speech is an unmistakable mark of class distinction in England, as every observant person soon discovers. I remarked upon this to an English gentleman, an officer, who replied, "It's the greatest blessing in the world; a sure protection against cads. You meet a fellow who is well dressed and behaves himself decently enough, and yet you don't exactly know what to make of him; but get him talking, and if he trips upon his *h*'s that settles the question. He's a chap you'd better be shy of." Another friend said to me of a London man of wealth, and of such influence that comes from wealth and good nature, "The governor has lots of sense, and is the best fellow in the world; but he hasn't an *h* to bless himself with." And there seems to be no help for the person who has once acquired

this mode of pronunciation. Habits of speech, when formed in early life, are the most ineradicable of all habits; and this one, I believe, is absolutely beyond the reach of any discipline, and even of prolonged association with good speakers. I have had opportunities of observing many English persons of both sexes who came to "America" in their early childhood, who were educated here, and who had attained mature years, and yet they could not utter the initial *h*, but for example, would say *ee* for *he*. If they did, by special effort, sound the *h*, it was with a harsh ejaculation, and not with that light touch which, although so distinctly perceptible, is but a delicate breathing, and which comes so unconsciously to good speakers in England, and to bad speakers as well as good—to all—in "America." In England I observed many people in a constant struggle with their *h*'s, overcoming and being overcome, and sometimes triumphing when victory was defeat.

The number of *h*'s that come to an untimely end in England daily is quite incalculable. Of the forty millions of people there cannot be more than two or three millions who are capable of a healthy, well breathed *h*. Think, then, of the numbers of this innocent letter that are sacrificed between sun and sun! If we could send them over a few million of *h*'s a week, they could supply almost as great a need as that which we supply by our corn and beef and cheese.

There is a gradation, too, in the misuse of this letter. It is silent when it should be heard; but it is also added, or rather prefixed, to words in which it has no place. Now the latter fault is the sign and token of a much lower condition in life than the former. The man who puts on a superfluous *h*, and says *harm* for *arm* and *heyes* for *eyes*, will surely drop the *h* from its rightful place, and say *ed* and *art* for *head* and *heart*; but the converse is far from being true. The superfluous *h* is a much graver solecism than the suppressed. It is barbarous. To hear it you must go very low in the social scale. But, on the other hand, the suppression of the *h* is a habit that creeps up towards the very highest ranks, diminishing in strength and extent as it rises, until it wholly disappears. For example, only Englishmen of the very uppermost class and finest breeding say *home* and *hotel*; all others, '*ome* and '*otel*. And the latter are unconscious of the slip, so sure that they do say *home* and *hotel*, that if they are charged with dropping the *h* they will deny it, and make desperate efforts to utter the sound, which result only in throwing a very great stress upon the *o*. These two words are the last and most delicate test of the *h* malady. Past that line English speech, when not impaired by individual incapacity or tainted by affectation, is perfect, "express and admirable."

* * *

I was passing a hatter's shop, and seeing the shop-keeper himself, as I supposed, at the door, and thinking that he looked like the sort of man I should like to talk with, I stopped, and, entering, asked the price of a hat. "Seven and six, sir, that style. Them, nine shillin. But if you'd like to 'ave sumthink werry helegant, 'ere's our tiptop harticle at ten and six." I thought it right to tell him that I did not intend buying, but I was attracted by his hats, and wished to know the price. He was perfectly civil and good natured, as I always found London shopmen, whether I bought or not; nor did I ever encounter among them either servility or brow-beating. He answered, with a rueful little *h'm* and smile, "Hi thought so. Hi see your 'at was too new for you to want another. *Would* you be so good to let me look hat it, sir?" I doffed and handed it to him. "H'm! Lincoln and Bennett! Hi thought so. Hall you swell gents does to them, 'cos they've got a big name, an' so they gits big prices. But there's hother people knows 'ow to make a 'at as well as Lincoln and Bennett. Look 'at that 'un," handing me one of our tiptop harticles. Then, with a burst of enthusiasm, "*Would* you be so good as to put on that 'at, sir?" I complied. "There, Hi do think that sets you hoff, helegant. Hanythink nobbier Hi never see." As the hat was decidedly too small for me, to say nothing more, I did not agree with him, and set it down in silence. "That 'at, sir, 's a harticle Hi'm proud of, and I'll set it agen hanythink that hever come hout of Lincoln and Bennett's shop." "I beg pardon," I said, "but you call *at* an article; I thought it was a preposition." The temptation was irresistible; but I did not know what might come of my yielding to it, and I prepared for a quick retreat. But I was safe in the density of his mental faculties. "Proposition' sir?," said he, after a moment. "I 'aven't 'eared hany; but I shall be happy to 'ave one, though I couldn't put it hany lower to you than wot I 'ave." To tell the truth, I felt a little ashamed of myself. The man's ignorance was not his fault. Putting my own proposition on my head, I bade him good-day; and as I turned the corner—it was the next one—I saw him looking after me with that bewildered air of one vainly struggling at apprehension.



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"There was no hunger, war nor strife
For none was wronged and none oppressed,
But every man just led the life
And thought the thoughts that he loved best."

The C. L. S. C. has from the beginning laid emphasis upon "the college outlook" which it aims to give to readers of its four years' course. It is natural, therefore, that changes which gradually take place in the attitude of the college world toward the study of certain subjects should find their counterpart also in the C. L. S. C. Course. Very significant have been some of these changes as pointed out by President Faunce at the last Mohonk Peace Conference:

"Today the most attractive subjects in most universities are found in social and political science. We remember, all of us, how, twenty-five years ago, it was physical science with its dazzling triumphs that drew the majority of our young men; how a little later it was biology, to unravel the secrets of human life; how, still later, they turned to psychology, thinking it would explain the basis of our mental life. But today it is the study of the family, society, social institutions, the development of the village community, the city, the state, the nation, our international relations, international law, that is most attractive to a large percentage of our students.

"But social science has no patience with the old drum and trumpet histories of the past. It finds more interest in the cabin of the peasant, in the livelihood of the farmer, carpenter and mason, more interest in the struggle and uplift of the laborer than in the

man on horseback; and the modern investigator in social and political science finds far more of interest in commercial, industrial and international development than in the parade of cavalry or the clash of swords. I do not believe we shall be able to make college men take much stock in the old fallacious adage that in times of peace we must prepare for war."

It is very fitting that Chautauqua students should observe International Peace Day, May 18, as one of the most important days in the C. L. S. C. calendar; for those who are gaining something of this newer "college outlook" are under obligation to pass it on to others, and to show how surely, if but slowly, a new era of peace is coming and by what means we may help to bring it in.



NEW POINTS OF VIEW OF WAR.

One of the indications of the change of public sentiment with regard to war is the growing number of books dealing with this subject and its relation to possibilities of peace. Tolstoy's "War and Peace," his "Sebastopol," an appalling picture of the sordidness of war, Jean de Bloch's "The Future of War," which was one of the influences which led the Tzar to call the first Hague Peace Conference, Baroness Von Suttner's "Die Waffen Nieder" (Lay Down Your Arms), which has gone through some thirty editions in Germany and has been translated into all the principal languages of Europe, and the important addresses of Channing and Sumner on this subject which have been put into book form by the International Union and published by Ginn & Company. To this same series have recently been added Andrew Carnegie's "A League of Peace," Tolstoy's "Bethink Yourselves," both ten-cent pamphlets, "The Moral Damage of War" by Walter Walsh, one of the delegates to the International Peace Conference in 1904, and "World Organization" by Raymond L. Bridgman. Another new book dealing as its title indicates, not so much with the evils of war as with the possibilities of peace is Miss Jane Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace." This has been consid-

ered such an important contribution to modern ideals of progress that it is to form one of the required books of the coming "American Year" in the C. L. S. C.



PROGRAM FOR PEACE MEETING.

The subject of International Peace is not one to be dealt with merely by sentiment or by diplomacy. It is a practical twentieth century issue and it begins at home. The fact that President Roosevelt is to use his peace prize for establishing a tribunal for industrial disputes is a case in point. Our immigrant countrymen who represent every country on the globe are vitally concerned in such an organization. As we cultivate international neighborliness at home, we shall become less provincial towards our neighbors over the seas. Would it not be a good thing for every circle to arrange for a Sunday evening peace meeting on May 19? Let it be a Union Meeting of Circles or of Churches and discuss some of these interesting questions. Some topics for such a program are here suggested:

1. International Peace at Home. (What the immigrant is looking for in this country. What he finds here and what he can do to better his condition.)

2. Labor Organizations and Peace. (See Advocate of Peace for December, 1906, price 10 cents, published by American Peace Society, 31 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.)

3. Significant events in the Peace Movement. (See this Round Table, also Advocate of Peace for January, February, July, August and especially December, 1906, which contains numerous items of interest. Ten cents each.)

4. The Coming Hague Conference. Proposed subjects for discussion. (See Advocate of Peace, December, 1906, pp. 243-244.)

"A Primer of the Peace Movement," by Lucia Ames Mead, contains a great number of admirable suggestions which will be found very helpful. It can be secured for 10 cents from the Peace Society as noted above. In the Round Table in THE CHAUTAUQUANS for April, 1905, and April, 1906, additional suggestive programs will be found.



A YEAR'S PROGRESS TOWARDS PEACE.

The following brief statement of the principal facts connected with the international peace movement during the past year has been furnished to THE CHAU-



Sir Henry Irving's Tomb, by the Side of Garrick in Westminster Abbey.
Overlooking the Tombs is the Cenotaph of Shakespeare.

TAUQUAN through the courtesy of Mr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, Secretary of the American Peace Society, Boston, Mass.

1. The number of treaties of obligatory arbitration has now reached forty-four. Two of these, that between Denmark and Holland and that between Denmark and Italy, are without limitation, stipulating the reference of all disputes for all time to the Hague Court. The treaty between Norway and Sweden, since their separation, stipulates the reference of the question of honor and vital interest to the Court.

2. The Hague Court has had no case before it the past year, chiefly because there has been no important case to refer to it, and because the nations are now so much more friendly than they once were that controversies are decreasing.

3. The House of Commons voted unanimously last spring in favor of the reduction of British armaments, and also to bring the whole question of limitation of armaments before the coming Hague Court. The British Prime Minister has declared the determination of the British Government to carry this matter to the Hague Conference. He is supported by the Italian and French governments and the governments of all the smaller powers of Western Europe. In his Thanksgiving dinner speech in London Ambassador White-law Reid said that it was probable the whole Western world would go to the Hague Conference united in favor of the limitation of armaments and that Great Britain and the United States would probably do the same thing.

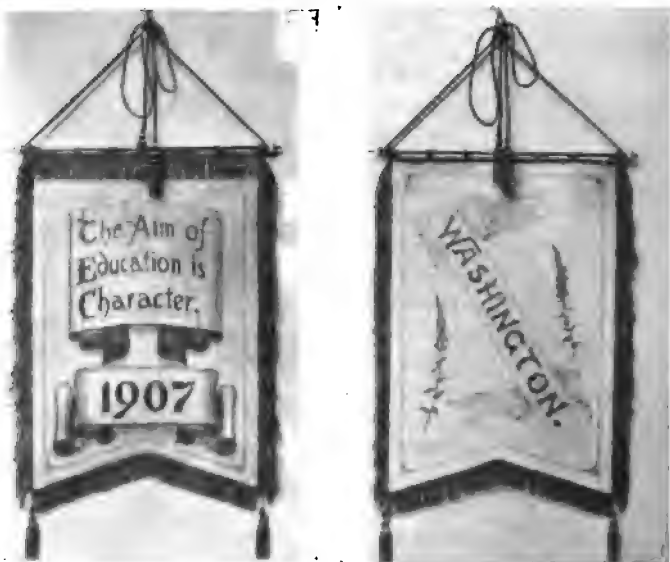
4. The Pan-American Conference at Rio Janeiro has greatly promoted friendship and good understanding among the American Republics. The reorganization of the Bureau of American Republics has practically brought about an international union or federation of the twenty-one states of this hemisphere. The Conference voted to renew the arbitration treaties adopted at the Conference at Mexico City in 1901-1902.

5. The Italian government and the municipal authorities of Milan, Italy, welcomed the Fifteenth International Peace Congress to Milan in September last in a most cordial and generous way, and Emperor William of Germany invited the members of the twenty-third conference of the International Law Association, held at Berlin the first of October, to be his guests at luncheon at the Imperial Castle in Berlin. "*Quorum minima pars fui.*"



A SHAKESPEARE MUSICAL PROGRAM.

April 23, Shakespeare's birthday, which is one of the Memorial Days of the C. L. S. C., might be very effectively celebrated by Chautauqua Circles with a musical program. Many circles will be glad to know that such a program is rendered easily possible by the recent publication in Ditson's "Musicians' Library" of a volume of fifty Shakespeare Songs gathered from many sources and edited by Charles Vin-



Banner of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1907.

cent. These fifty songs include: 1. Songs mentioned by Shakespeare in his plays; 2. songs possibly sung in the original performances; 3. settings composed since Shakespeare's time to the middle of the nineteenth century; 4. recent settings. Several pages of notes on the songs give interesting facts respecting their origin with, in each case, a brief sketch of the life and peculiar genius of the composer. This volume, which, is quarto size, is printed in large clear type and may be secured from the Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y., in paper binding with cloth back for \$1.50, or in full cloth for \$2.50, postpaid. In ordering state whether edition for high or low voice is desired.

This will be a good opportunity for a circle to secure the friendly co-operation of local musicians and perhaps to hold an open meeting. In rendering the program some brief explanation of the historic significance of each song would add interest to the exercises.

1907'S CLASS BANNER.

One of the picturesque features of the Recognition Day procession at Chautauqua is the array of banners which reveal the personalities of the different C. L. S. C. Classes. Many ingenious designs have been worked out in these banners, some of them having been the actual work of some member of a Class. The unveiling of the banner is always an important event in class history, and the photograph of 1907's banner here reproduced will be in the nature of an "unveiling" for hundreds of members who cannot be at Chautauqua this summer, but whose interest in class affairs is none the less keen. The 1907 banner is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Smith of Franklin, Pennsylvania. The color scheme is in soft shades of green with gold trimming and the class name, motto and flower appear, as will be seen, on one or the other side of the banner.

The class secretary reports a number of orders for pins as a result of the recent announcement in the Round Table. Both the gold and silver pins seem to meet with favor and the Secretary reports that she will be able to fill orders at any time after April 1st. The price of the gold pins is \$1.75 and of the silver \$0.75. Address Miss Rannie Webster, 309 East Second street, Oil City, Pennsylvania. Letters from readers in different parts of the country show with what spirit they have carried through their four years' course. One who is reading alone writes from Missouri:

"My plan of study is to complete a book, then fill out memoranda for it. This method gives me more time for supplementary reading. I cannot express in words the pleasure that I have derived from the C. L. S. C. course. It has widened my literary horizon and established a taste for the best literature. I feel that I have accomplished a great work though studying alone, and feel great enthusiasm for the success of our class. I cannot hope to attend the Mother Chautauqua the coming summer yet I shall be there in spirit."



POETRY FOR CHILDREN

The Macmillan Company has done a service to lovers of poetry, and of children by bringing out in attractive form and at the low

price of fifty cents each, two admirable collections of poetry for children. "The Children's Treasury of English Song" by Frances Turner Palgrave has been arranged on the principle of giving pleasure to children "in the stage between childhood and early youth." It contains the poems which every child ought to own and learn to enjoy and which will in most cases make their own appeal. "The Listening Child" by Lucy W. Thacher is more in the nature of a historic survey of six hundred years of English poetry, limited, however, to selections appropriate to youth, a collection which will be a permanent enrichment to a child's library and be more and more appreciated as he grows in his understanding of literature. The two volumes admirably supplement each other, very few of the poems being duplicated.



NOTES.

That the C. L. S. C. is literally a school for out of school people is evident: each year from the number of readers who add seals to their diplomas. No member is required to do any written work in order to graduate, yet hundreds of readers take pride in writing out the answers to the review questions, thus training themselves to think clearly and to state their ideas concisely. Five white seals at graduation may be won in recognition of this work. The Bible course is a favorite supplementary course of reading, for many people like some slight spur to regular systematic reading of the Bible and an additional seal may be won for the diploma by reading the entire Bible and answering the review questions which are furnished for a fee of fifty cents. Many members of the classes of 1908, 1909 and 1910 will enjoy adding this supplementary biblical reading to their four years' course.

Many C. L. S. C. readers do not realize that the reading of a year's course without filling review questions, entitles them to the annual certificate, which is a beautifully illustrated reminder of the year's work. Some of last year's readers have not yet claimed their privilege. It is not too late for them to send their reports now. The new certificate for the current year is in preparation and will be a reproduction of the famous Burne-Jones tapestry at Oxford entitled "The Adoration of the Magi."

A Michigan member of the C. L. S. C. is anxious to secure a copy of "Citizen Bonaparte," by Erckmann-Chatrian. The book is reported out of print. If any member has a copy and would like to sell it, please notify the C. L. S. C. office at Chautauqua, New York.

From a Mississippi member: "I became a member of the class of 1909 at the Montegale Assembly. I have been an invalid much of the time since then but I have done my required reading in spite of it and it served to pass many a lonely hour. I hope to receive my annual certificate and next year to do better still. I am charmed with the small size of THE CHAUTAUQUAN as well as its contents and all of the reading for the coming year."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS FOR APRIL AND MAY.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23. SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second
ADDISON DAY—May 1. Sunday.
INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR MAY.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: English Men of Fame: Benjamin Jowett.
Required Book: Literary Leaders of Modern England. Chapters
XVII and XVIII.

SECOND WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Counties of the Severn Valley" to page 168.
Required Book: Rational Living. Chapter IX.

THIRD WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Counties of the Severn Valley" to page 191.
Required Book: Rational Living. Chapter X.

FOURTH WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Counties of the Severn Valley" concluded.
Required Book: Rational Living. Chapters XI and XII.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

Review of article on "Jowett, Teacher, Platonist and Scholar" in
English Men of Fame Series, page 205.
Roll Call: Quotations from Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."
Review of Chapters XVII and XVIII in Literary Leaders of Mod-
ern England.
Book Review: Carlyle's "Past and Present," or his "Sartor Re-
sartus."
Reading: Selections from Froude's Life of Carlyle.

SECOND WEEK.

Roll Call: Current Events Relating to England (see Highways
and Byways.)
Review of Reading Journey article on Shropshire and Herefordshire.
Oral Report: The history of Wales in relation to England (see
histories and encyclopedias).
Reading: Selections from "The Bard" by Thomas Gray (see
Ward's English Poets or other collections of English poetry.)
Review of article on "The Garden City Movement in England" (see
THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1907).
Oral Report: The story of Milton's "Comus" with reading of selec-
tions, especially his description of Sabrina.

Discussion of Chapter IX in Rational Living. It would add to the interest of the discussion if each member should bring some illustration from biography or other form of literature bearing upon the point brought out on page 168: "The significance of the situation opened itself only so. Action brought experience of some new value that we could not choose before with full heart, because we did not know it." Sir Launfal might serve as an example. Other illustrations can readily be found.

THIRD WEEK.

Map Review: General survey of the Arthurian localities in England. (See *An Arthurian Journey*, *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1890.)

Reading: Description of Caerleon in Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid" with the telling of the story of the poem.

Oral Reports: The significance in English history of the following battles: Shrewsbury, Mortimer's Cross, Edge Hill, Worcester, Evesham and Tewkesbury.

Reading: The Man of Ross, Pope.

Discussion: Child Labor in England as compared with that in America. (See article by Owen Lovejoy in this magazine and "Charities" for February 9, 1907. Send 10c to 109 E. 22nd St., New York City.)

Reading: "An American Missionary to East London Children," the *Outlook*, Sept. 14, 1895.

Review of Chapter X in Rational Living.

Roll Call: Quotations from this chapter, each member selecting the one which has most impressed him.

FOURTH WEEK.

Roll Call: Current Events relating to England.

Readings: Selection from "England Without and Within." (See The Library Shelf); Wordsworth's Lines on Tintern Abbey.

Brief Paper on Spenser's Faerie Queen and its significance.

Reading: Description of Sir Scudamour, Book III, Cantos XI and XII.

Study of Gloucester Cathedral. (See *Century Magazine* 17:680. Article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.)

Review of Chapters XI and XII in Rational Living.



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

TWENTY-THIRD PROGRAM.

Map Review: General Characteristics of The Counties of the Severn. Paper: The history of Wales in relation to England. (See histories of England and encyclopedias).

Reading: Selections from "The Bard" by Thomas Gray. (See Ward's English Poets or other collections.)

Paper: Personal traits of Shrewsbury's famous citizen, Darwin. (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN 45:66, December, 1906; also article in Warner Library of the World's Best Literature, Life and Letters of his son and numerous magazine articles.)

Book Review: Darwin's "A Naturalist's Voyage."

Oral Report: The story of Milton's "Comus" with reading of his description of Sabrina.

Roll Call: Current Events relating to England.

TWENTY-FOURTH PROGRAM.

Roll Call: Review of historic incidents relating to Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. (See Reading Journey article, Baedeker, histories, etc.)

Paper: Roman ruins of the Severn Valley.

Readings: Tennyson's poem on Queen Boadicea; also one by Wm. Cowper.

Discussion: Comparison of Hereford and Gloucester cathedrals. (See paragraph on English Architecture in January Round Table; also *Century Magazine*, 17:680, article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.)

Reading: The Man of Ross. Alexander Pope.

Paper: Spenser's "Faerie Queen," its story and its significance.

Reading: Description of Sir Scudamour, Book III, Cantos XI and XII.

TWENTY-FIFTH PROGRAM.

Map Review: General survey of the Arthurian localities in England. (See An Arthurian Journey, *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1890.)

Reading: Description of Caerleon in Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid."

Oral Reports: The significance in English history of the following battles: Shrewsbury, Mortimer's Cross, Edge Hill, Worcester, Evesham, and Tewkesbury.

Reading: "Piers Plowman." (See Library Shelf in this magazine.)

Book Review: George MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael."

Discussion: Child Labor in England as compared with that in America. (See article by Owen Lovejoy in this magazine and "Charities" for February 9, 1907. Send 10c to 105 E. 22nd St., New York City.)

TWENTY-SIXTH PROGRAM.

Reading: Wordsworth's lines on Tintern Abbey.

Review of article on The Garden City Movement in England. (See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1907.)

Book Review: Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Reading: Selections from Professor Shorey's article on "Jowett, Teacher, Platonist, and Scholar," in this magazine.

Roll Call: Current Events relating to England.



ANSWERS TO APRIL SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Christ Church. 2. Corpus Christi. 3. Sanford and Merton. 4. Merton. 5. In the Liddon Memorial Chapel of Keble College. 6. Chief Keeper of the King's Castle under Edward III, architect of Windsor Castle, Keeper of the privy seal, 1364, Secretary of State 1366, Bishop of Winchester 1367, Lord Chancellor 1367-71, founded St. Mary's College at Winchester and New College, Oxford, rebuilt Winchester Cathedral. 7. Balliol. 8. One hundred and one, for the old number of students. 9. The University of Chicago.



NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"You will find it quite worth your while," said Pendragon as he held up a small pamphlet, "to bear in mind that we have a memorial day next month, International Peace Day. This little

'Primer of the Peace Movement' is something that every circle ought to own. You may feel that the subject is somewhat outside of the regular work, but possibly further thought will convince you that it is not. Unless our studies make us easier to live with and more capable of helping to make effective the idea of world brotherhood, we may be sure that we are on the wrong track." "I am inclined to think," remarked a Louisville mother, "that if we don't, we're not getting a 'broad outlook' but a hopelessly narrow one. We still have to submit to jingoism in government and to military schools in our educational system, but when fashion dictates that even our gentle, peace loving daughters shall walk to the harsh notes of a military heel, I rebel, peacefully you understand!" "Suppose you test the possibilities of a Sunday evening Peace Service," said Pendragon. "Let your program committees note the suggestions given elsewhere and see what they can evolve. This is a chance to start new lines of thinking in many communities."



"May I express our pleasure in seeing the photograph of the new 1907 banner?" remarked a member from Punxsutawney, Pa. "I speak for ten members of the graduating class in our circle, some of whom are planning to graduate at Chautauqua. All told, we have forty members and a fine circle. We have enjoyed Shakespeare greatly. We read Winter's Tale in one evening that we might take up Richard III, wishing another historical play. We had a long session New Year's Eve and watched the old year out in reading Tennyson's 'Death of the Old Year.' We invited another reading club and will have soon an evening of travel through England by stereopticon. Our school principal has the views taken by himself and gives a number of good lectures and his pictures are fine so we feel quite favored."

"This report from a 1907 circle really ought to be followed by one from a 1907 individual reader," said Pendragon, "but I think we must defer that until next month as today we have planned to hear from the Graduate Circles especially. There are far too many of them to give all a chance I fear, but we can hear from enough at least to show what variety of method is possible." "These letters," he continued, indicating a pile on the table, "are reports from absent graduate circles. It is encouraging to note that one and all approve the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. We are anxious to know today three things: 1. What our graduate organizations are studying; 2. in what way they recognize the graduates of later years; 3. how they are helping to serve the community. Suppose we call first for the president of the New Haven Society of the Hall in the Grove, Mr. Tullar." "We have, as you know," replied the

delegate, "a Union of members in New Haven which represents at least one hundred and fifty Chautauquans, many of whom are in circles while others read alone. The Union brings all these members together at stated times and so is an important influence in extending the work. Our S. H. G. have been taking up this winter one English writer each month, and we plan to hold one public meeting to which we invite all Chautauquans. The heaviest snow storm of the season fell upon our open meeting this winter when we had an address on Wordsworth by a clergyman whose home had been among the haunts of the poet, but the lecture was so delightful that we hope to repeat it later."

"We have all been so much absorbed in the study of Shakespeare," reported the delegate from Belfast, Maine, "that our S. H. G. was for the time being merged with the Seaside Circle, but we have since been specializing on THE CHAUTAUQUAN articles and using the Travel Club Programs. At our annual meeting in September we welcomed the two graduates of the class of 1906, observing the salt ceremony used at Chautauqua in token of good fellowship and singing the Chautauqua song of '86. One of the graduates read aloud Mr. Griggs' delightful Recognition Day address and the other gave personal reminiscences of her visit to Chautauqua. We held a C. L. S. C. Rally in October which seems likely to result in a new circle and our churches united in a C. L. S. C. Vesper Service one Sunday afternoon, the address being given by our Unitarian minister who had spent some days at Chautauqua in August. We prepare a list of good books each year to be added to our public library, and we co-operate with the Improvement Society of our city."

"You'll observe that our S. H. G. is of a very different type from these energetic societies that have just reported," remarked an East Cleveland, Ohio, member. "We meet twice a year only. We are not a study club for our Chautauquans are scattered all over this big city, but our two meetings have in them an amount of Chautauqua fervor which has encouraged both the older and younger graduates to keep up their habits of study. We meet on the first of October, listen for the ringing of the Bryant bell, talk over our summer experiences at Chautauqua, and the plans for the winter and close with a prayer for 'Courage, Love, Strength and Contentment.' In June we have what is always a delightful social gathering when our undergraduates are specially invited. As to altruistic work, we have none officially but most of us are individually helping in civic improvements and one member is working toward a library in a poor town in the South. A year ago this town hadn't a bound book. Now it has two hundred."

"You must notice these programs of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Chautauqua Alumni," said Pendragon. "The alumni number seventy members and as they have decided this year to take up the regular course again after some years of study in various fields, they have divided the circle into neighborhood groups, holding a general meeting once a month, and taking special pains to bring the new graduates into the circle. Another program worth your attention is this of the Round Table of Kokomo, Indiana. Their membership includes graduates from '84 to 1906. The basis of organization, you see, is social, each monthly meeting offering a brief program dealing with some topic of interest, and so keeping the graduate members in touch with each other." "I see," he continued, "that the Kansas City delegate is here and as they have an unusually effective form of organization we must have their report."

"I can't say that we can claim any credit for special altruistic work in our S. H. G.," responded the delegate, "but we are trying not only to extend our boundaries but to cheer along our own members, so incidentally we are benefiting the community. Our meetings are of a social nature but, like the modern novel, they have a 'purpose.' In October, we have a reception for the new graduates. In January a literary meeting, when we invite all the circles. Our business affairs are attended to in May, and in June we have a picnic, always a most festive occasion. In March we had a banquet at the Coates House of sixty Chautauquans with Professor George E. Vincent, President of Chautauqua as our guest of honor. You all know how inimitable he is. We are still talking of his visit. You may like to see our program:

TOASTS.

Mrs. F. W. Bartlett.....	Toastmistress
Invocation	Rev. Chas. W. Moore
Chautauqua Ideals.....	Dr. Geo. E. Vincent
Chautauqua Reminiscences.....	Mrs. E. Harriett Howe
Piano Solo.....	Mrs. Fred Cunningham
Chautauqua from a Business Man's View Point.....	C. L. Brokaw
Chautauqua from a Clergyman's View Point.....	Rev. Wm. A. Brown
The Chautauqua Woman.....	Mrs. G. W. Campbell
The Circle.....	Miss Nettie Hamilton
Piano Solo.....	Mrs. Fred Cunningham
Chautauqua and Philanthropy.....	Rev. Chas. W. Moore

"I believe we are rather unique in having a County Alumni organization." The speaker proved to be from Jefferson County, New York,—“but that doesn't discourage us in the least. Some of you will try it perchance one of these days and be surprised to find how interesting it is. We have nearly one hundred members, and have been holding yearly meetings for eight years. We meet once a year in September, being entertained at different towns in turn and have a luncheon together and always a most interesting

program. You would realize how deep into our lives Chautauqua has gone if you could attend one of our meetings and see how many of the older graduates take an active part."

"Just what our achievements may develop into," commented a member from Benton Harbor, Michigan, "I can't say. We have organized two other circles in this county, at Eau Claire and Berrien Springs, and there seems to be no reason why we may not have equal success elsewhere. We believe it an important work for the S. H. G.'s to undertake. Who should be able to interest people in Chautauqua, if not those who have found help in its work? We have been studying THE CHAUTAUQUAN and Shakespeare's plays and also MacMaster's history of the United States. The two subjects make connections with each other much oftener than you might think. We are helping to build a hospital so our S. H. G. stands for service to the community.

Pendragon next called for brief reports from various delegates, interspersing these with items from letters revealing the widespread character of this graduate work. Glencoe, Minn., reported twenty-five graduates studying Shakespeare. Ashville, New York, no formal S. H. G., but a few graduates having secured books from the State Library to supplement the C. L. S. C. course, persuaded eight people to read as a study class, though not yet ready to join the general circle; in Westfield, New York, a young S. H. G. helps to foster the alumni spirit while at least twenty of the graduates do their studying with the undergraduate circles. At Sinclairville in the same state, a very small community, the old Chautauquans have met yearly since '86, twenty-five of them, to sing the old songs and recall old memories. Tarentum, Pennsylvania, graduates have secured a dozen new members this year and are working with them on the regular C. L. S. C. course,—a fine instance of persuasive power. The S. H. G. of Syracuse, New York, is responsible for the "White" Circle and each year sends out circulars to persons who might be won over to the C. L. S. C. The Des Moines, Iowa, Chautauquans are reaching the community at many points with their many circles and the Chautauqua League which brings them all together at occasional intervals. Fostoria, Ohio, has a stalwart S. H. G. who have formed themselves into a Shakespeare Study Club with a permanent and accomplished leader. They meet every Monday night and study carefully three plays a year. In October they gather together all the graduates for a reunion and banquet at the Log Cabin Hotel at Meadow Brook, a nearby suburb.

Pendragon glanced at the graduates who still awaited their chance to speak. "Time will fail us, I fear," he said, "to tell of the good work of Creston, Iowa, Wichita, Kansas, Shelbyville, Illinois,

Cincinnati, Coudersport, Pennsylvania, Holley, N. Y., Troy and Toledo, and the new S. H. G. at Norwalk, Ohio, and other organizations from the Middle West and the Pacific Coast. We must close, I think, with the report of the Marion, Iowa, S. H. G." The Marion delegate explained that their S. H. G. belonged to the city federation. "We believe it's a great thing," she said, "to keep in touch with other clubs whether they are taking our course of reading or not. We can always get ideas from others and they often use Chautauqua material in their clubs. We all help to support the public library and our S. H. G. sees that a bound volume of *THE CHAUTAQUAN* is placed in the library each year. Then we contribute to the federation lecture course. Two lectures on 'Story Telling' and on 'Tuberculosis' were immensely suggestive to us. Our regular study work is the English Reading Journey supplemented by Shakespeare's play of 'Richard III.' We are very enthusiastic and trying to learn all we can about England."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

February 7.—John D. Rockefeller gives \$32,000,000 to the General Education board.

16.—Senate: The Administration's plan to settle the Japanese school question is approved by the adoption of the conference report on the Immigration Bill.

20.—Senate: By a vote of forty-two to twenty-eight the title of Reed Smoot to his seat is confirmed. Prof. Harry Pratt Judson is chosen president of the University of Chicago.

25.—Texas Senate exonerates U. S. Senator Bailey of charges made against him.

26.—John F. Stevens, chief engineer of Panama canal, resigns.

FOREIGN.

February 9.—Thousands of prominent English women join in a great street demonstration in favor of woman suffrage. A Russian imperial decree provides for the issue of \$35,000,000 in four per cent. bonds to meet expenses for famine relief.

12.—The British Parliament is opened by King Edward, who proposes in a speech reform of the House of Lords and of Ireland's government. He also pays tribute to America for her assistance to the sufferers in the Kingston earthquake.

13.—Suffragettes make determined attempts to enter the House of Commons and fight fiercely with the police; sixty arrests are made.

OBITUARY.

February 7.—Viscount Goschen, celebrated English statesman.

10.—Sir William Howard Russell, editor of *The Army and Navy Gazette* and a well-known war correspondent.

12.—Ex-Governor Frank W. Higgins, of New York, dies at his home in Olean.

15.—Giosue Carducci, the Italian poet and critic, to whom the Nobel prize for literature was awarded last year, dies at Bologna.

The Lizard Light, Cornwall
Photograph by F. H. Tims, Truro.



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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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MAY, 1907.

No. 3



IT would be highly interesting and suggestive to compare the constitution which the conventions of delegates from Oklahoma and Indian territories adopted with the constitution of the states that came into the Union a quarter of a century ago, or even later. Each new constitution is a landmark, a sign-post of progress. Each period has its ideas, features, tendencies, and a constitution (or even a local charter) reflects these more or less faithfully.

The Guthrie convention adjourned in March after a session of 115 days. The convention was democratic (in a party sense), and remarkably enough, delegates of Indian extraction were more influential in it than white delegates. Its spirit was radical, except on the issue of race or color, and a number of things it proposed to do attracted national attention and led to sensational reports. It was said that President Roosevelt had threatened to reject the constitution and prevent statehood in the event of the adoption of a "jim crow" article—an article for separate railroad coaches for whites and blacks and another provision prohibiting railroad corporations from protecting their property against violence and assault during strikes and industrial trouble. The President has no power to carry out such threats and the reports must have been exaggerated and misleading.

Among the provisions of the constitution that are considered significant and "advanced" are these:

Prohibition of stock watering, and publicity, with official inspection, for all corporations.

Corporations cannot deal in real estate outside of incorporated cities.

Railroads may not own or operate any other productive enterprises (coal mines, oil wells, etc., for example).

An elective railway commission is created.

Passenger fares must not exceed 2 cents a mile.

Prohibition for 21 years in Indian Territory.

Direct primary nominations for all state officers, and nominations of federal Senators at the primaries.

No incumbent in any state office to succeed himself.

Creation of commissions on labor and arbitration, charities, agriculture, insurance, mines, etc.

A strong employers' liability clause.

Woman suffrage in school elections, but in no others.

The establishment of the Referendum and the Initiative on the Oregon model.

There are other articles in the constitution which illustrate the trend of political and social thought in the country. The people of the two territories will vote on this organic charter on August 6. It will undoubtedly be ratified, and the new state will start upon its independent career with the good wishes of the whole country. Even conservatives wish some of the modern ideas to be given a practical trial somewhere.



The Railroad Unrest and the Government

Unforeseen developments of a remarkable character have followed the enactment by Congress under the President's guidance and pressure, of the "rate" act, the act limiting the hours of labor of train men and telegraph operators despatching or signalling trains, and the act doing away with the fellow-servant doctrine in accidents on railroads resulting in injury to employes. The railroads, after fighting and condemning these acts, seemed to bow to the inevitable. A few leading men in the industry even admitted that the legislation had done good and would conduce to prosperity and stability. It was recognized that rebating and discrimination and the free-pass abuse had resulted in much harm; that the accident problem was too

serious to be neglected, and that stock manipulation and juggling with railroad values and securities in the name of "finance" needed to be curbed.

At the same time, however, "warnings" were sounded by railway men in regard to the effects of the agitation on the credit of the transportation companies and on the disposition of the investors to buy railroad bonds and stocks. The railroads needed new capital for improvements, extensions, new trackage, and the money was not forthcoming. Some roads succeeded in floating loans in France, but even there it was said American railroad securities were regarded with some distrust. It was necessary to restore confidence, it was said, to induce investors to put their savings in railroad bonds, but no definite specific suggestions were made as to how this should be done.

Then came a "flood" of bills in the state legislatures dealing with the railroad question. Many were rate-reduction bills (2-cent fare bills), some had to do with the supply of cars to shippers, others established commissions to regulate state lines, and still others were concerned with capitalization. In Missouri, Nebraska, Indiana and elsewhere 2-cent-a-mile fare bills were speedily enacted into law. In Wisconsin the railroad commission ordered fares reduced from 3 to 2½ cents a mile.

The railroad managers, who had been objecting to federal regulation and invoking "state rights" at once shifted ground and raised the cry of "danger" and "confiscation." Some began to appeal to Washington for relief, and interviews, speeches, statements followed in which co-operation of the railroads with the President was proposed, provided he would, in some way, "stop the legislatures." Conferences at the White House were suggested; individual bankers and railroad men visited the President to discuss possible means of checking the "flood" and saving the railroads. A sudden stock panic in Wall street, which caused railroad "values" to shrink to an extent that involved an aggregate loss of \$300,000,000 (according to some esti-

mates) lent emphasis to all this agitation against agitation. The railroad securities soon recovered at least 50 per cent of the loss, and business at large was not in the least affected by the Wall street disturbance.

The "crisis" is over for the present, but several lessons have been learned meantime. As the *Wall Street Journal* said:

The very federal power which they [the railroads] formerly feared now appeared as an ark of refuge. Instead now of invoking the power of the state against the federal authority, they cry aloud to the federal authority to save them from the states. Nothing more extraordinary than this has happened in the recent history of the United States. Moreover, it may be said that the railroads are well within their rights in calling for the protection of the federal government. If the federal power is imposed upon them for the purpose of protecting the shipper and the consumer against the rebate, the secret rate and the corrupting pass, certainly the railroads have the right to demand that this same federal authority shall protect them against threatening confiscation. President Roosevelt's policy has received a magnificent vindication, while the railroads are discovering that the very power which they most feared is now the one from which they are most likely to obtain protection.

There will be additional railroad legislation, federal and state; but it will be legislation directed against abuses, stock-gambling, inflation and "high finance." President Roosevelt, Governors Hughes (New York), and Deneen (Illinois) are advocating legislation to prevent stock watering and provide control of railroad finance. Public opinion is in favor of such legislation, for it is not only just but protective of the interests of investors and shippers and promotive of the confidence, stability and security that the railroads need. Against hasty, unreasonable rate-reduction legislation there has been something of a public reaction. However, the courts will have the last word in all matters of railway legislation, and of course "confiscation" is only a bugbear. The real problem is the establishment of just conditions that will warrant and produce stability and security.

Endowing Social Study

A new departure in philanthropy is represented by the Sage Foundation. Mrs. Russell Sage has set aside the sum of \$10,000,000 for this foundation, and has asked several leading charity workers and practical philanthropists to act as trustees of this fund. The income of the foundation is to be devoted to the study and improvement of social and economic conditions in the United States. In other words, Mrs. Sage has endowed social research and social reform.

The trustees are given broad discretion and the scope of the foundation is singularly wide. Any existing reform or relief agency may be helped out of the fund, and new movements or agencies may be started by the trustees, the only restriction being that no assistance shall be given to work that is already sufficiently endowed and effectively prosecuted. Among the problems that are to be studied are "ignorance, poverty and vice;" any promising scheme toward the theoretical or practical solution of these problems may be encouraged and fostered by the trustees. They may authorize special inquiries and studies, the collection of statistical data, and so on, and they may actually relieve poverty and cure ignorance and vice in any way that they may deem expedient and fruitful.

This is unquestionably a new line in practical beneficence. Other wealthy men and women have endowed colleges, trade schools, hospitals, "homes" for the aged or poor, scientific research, libraries, art galleries and museums. Mrs. Sage has endowed social reform and sociological research.

It is not probable, as one editor has said, that the Sage Foundation will help the radical schools of reform—Socialism, the Single Tax, Communism, Tolstoyism, etc.—but there are many reform enterprises of a more moderate character which have commanded sympathy and approval of late years, but which have suffered from the lack of adequate means. Model tenements, playgrounds for poor chil-

dren, clubs for boys and girls of the congested and alien or semi-alien neighborhoods, lectures and rational entertainments, vacation schools—these are some of the things which the Sage Foundation is expected to promote.

However, the trustees have not formulated any plans or made any definite announcements. Speculation concerning their probable action is based on their known interest in and practical connection with education, relief, and hygienic work among the poor.



Russia's Second Parliament

Early in March the second Russian Parliament met at St. Petersburg. Little enthusiasm or hope greeted it; the nation was in a pessimistic mood, and few believed that it would escape the fate of its predecessor—sudden and premature dissolution by imperial decree.

The elections had resulted in a "red" douma. The repressive policy of the government had failed of its purpose. The country had not been pacified; the terrorists had continued their activity, and the advanced liberal elements were as distrustful as ever. The government had hoped to secure a moderate douma; it had only succeeded in strengthening the radical factions.

In the first douma the controlling party was the Constitutional Democratic, which demanded a responsible ministry representing the parliamentary majority, wide agrarian reform and genuine constitutionalism, but which did not attack the monarchical form of government. The government outlawed this party and suppressed its organs. During the whole electoral campaign it was hampered and persecuted, and officially it was without a "ticket."

In the present douma the Constitutional Democrats have but 90 deputies, as against 150 in the first assembly. But what they lost was gained, not by more moderate parties, more friendly to the government, but by "leftist" and extreme parties, parties really and confessedly revolutionary—

the Social Democrats, the Group of Toil and the Social Revolutionists. Together these extreme parties command about 200 seats in the douma.

But whereas in the first assembly there were no conservatives, in the present one there are 80 or more reactionaries, anti-Semites and conservatives. The moderate Liberals—Octobrists and Regenerationists—are weak, while the Poles, the Baltic group and the Progressives are in alliance with the Constitutional Democrats.

On the whole, the douma is "redder" than the first, hence the fears and misgivings which were expressed on all sides at the time of its assembling. The government was prepared for the conflict with it and its organs loudly threatened dissolution in the event of revolutionary demonstrations or an attempt to use the hall of the legislature as a forum for dangerous and incendiary propaganda. The leftist groups, in turn, affected great confidence and seemed to invite a struggle in the belief that the government would not venture to dismiss another douma.

However, almost from the first day the douma has displayed great self-restraint and caution. The Constitutional Democrats convinced two of the leftist factions that it would be rash and futile to provoke the government needlessly. Tact and "diplomacy" were perceived to be the conditions of success, and the errors of last year, due to excessive optimism and ardor, were not to be repeated. The policy decided on was to credit the government with good faith, proffer coöperation in constructive and reform work, and refrain from pressing measures which the government might regard as "illegal" and as furnishing a pretext for dissolution. This is a wise decision, and it promises to yield even better results than the leaders anticipated. It has disarmed the fanatical reactionaries, the enemies of the new regime, and there is at this writing little talk of dispersing the douma and undoing the work of the past two years.

Premier Stolypine, in his official statement to the douma, not only professed an earnest desire to transform

Russia into a constitutional state, and put an end to civil war and chaos, but outlined a comprehensive scheme of practical reforms. He will offer bills dealing with personal liberty, habeas corpus, freedom of speech, local autonomy, popular education, and so on. Land is to be given to the starving or suffering peasants, and for the benefit of factory workmen bills will be introduced for shorter hours, old-age insurance, compensation for accidents, etc.

The Social Democrats attacked this program as well as past misdeeds of the ministry, but the majority voted to proceed with the business of the session and avoid a collision with the government. An honest effort is apparently to be made by the douma to coöperate with the government along constructive and reformatory lines. But is the bureaucracy honest and will the cabinet keep its promises?

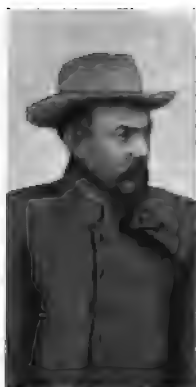


Self-Government in the Transvaal

The first parliament elected in the Transvaal under the new Constitution, which gave that colony "responsible" government and autonomy, has entered upon its work. It is controlled by the Boers, who elected General Beyers as speaker of the assembly. The first Transvaal ministry since the war is headed by Gen. Botha, and among his associates are Generals Schalk-Burger and Delarey.

The English population of the colony outnumbers the Dutch, but the latter had the support of two of the English parties—the Nationalists and the Laborites. There is little sympathy between these parties and the Progressives, who are imperialistic and under the influence of the mining and capitalistic interests of the Rand.

The policy of the Botha ministry and of the Boer majority in the lower house of the legislature is not, however, hostile to the mining interests. The Boers acknowledge with gratitude the generosity with which the British government has treated them and profess a desire for internal peace and harmony. South African federation is an im-



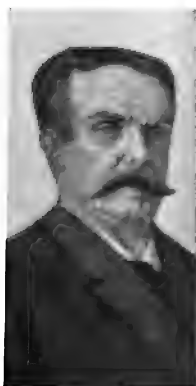
General Botha,
Prime Minister
of the Transvaal.



General George W.
Davis,
U. S. Commissioner
to Hague Peace
Conference.



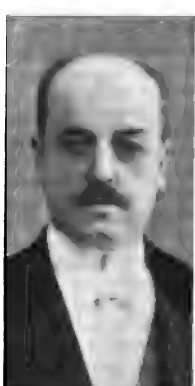
Joseph H. Choate,
U. S. Commissioner
to Hague Peace
Conference.



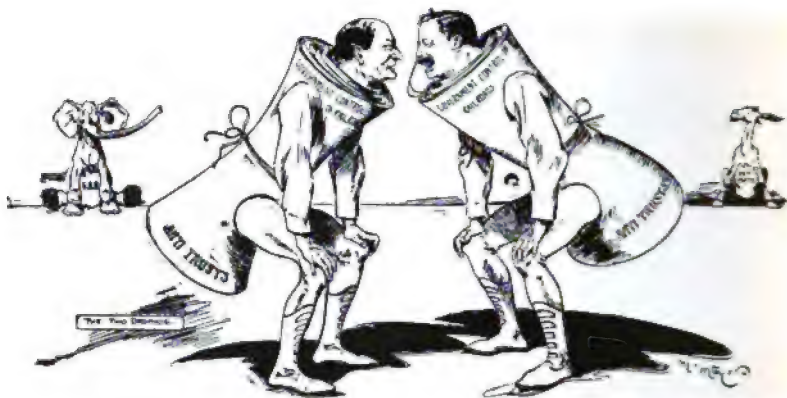
The Late Casimir
Perier
Ex - President of
France.



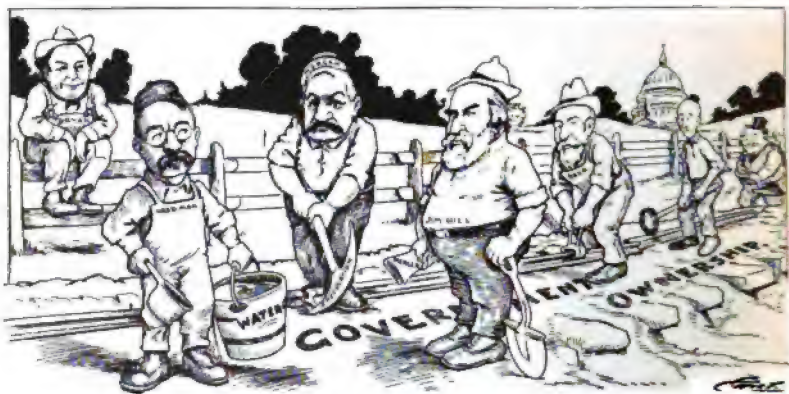
The Late Thomas
Bailey Aldrich.



The Late Count
Lambsdorff
Ex-Minister of For-
eign Affairs (Rus-
sia).



The Two Dromios
—From the New York Times.



The Railroad Magnates of the Country Are Working Every Day
on the Roadbed of Government Ownership

Weary Willie (on the fence)—I couldn't do it better myself
than they are doing it.—From the Minneapolis Journal.

portant feature of the Boer program, and in order to bring such union about it is felt that racial conflicts must be avoided as far as possible.

One of the first acts of the Parliament was one to prohibit the immigration into the Transvaal of Japanese, British Indians and other Asiatics. This restriction is favored by 99 per cent. of the population, including English settlers and workmen. On the other hand, the Botha government has assumed a very moderate attitude toward the vexed question of Chinese labor. The importation of Chinese to work in the mines under semi-servile conditions was stopped by the British Liberal government; but those coolies who are already in the colony will not be repatriated at the expiration of their contracts, unless native or unskilled white labor can be found to replace them.

The Transvaal government has made a very favorable impression in England, even on the Tories and imperialists. The general feeling is that the policy of conciliation and trust in the Boers will be vindicated by the practical results and that the enlightened system of colonial autonomy will work as well in the Transvaal as it has worked in Canada and Australia. It should be added, however, that the upper house of the Transvaal legislature, or the council, is an appointive body, and is more English than Dutch.



The Municipal "Revolution" in London

For eighteen years the London County Council has been controlled by the Progressive party, a party which believed in extending municipal functions, keeping private monopoly at arms' length, and improving, reconstructing and beautifying London. The Moderates, the opponents of the Progressives, have opposed what they called "municipal socialism" and the policy of public ownership of street railroads, houses for the poor, river steamers, lighting plants, etc., and have advocated municipal economy and reduced taxation.

In the March election the Progressives suffered a severe defeat. Their majority was wiped out, and the Moderates were placed in power.

The interpretations of the election vary, naturally enough, according to the views of the writers. "A blow at municipalization," say those who oppose that policy. "The result of a mendacious, corrupt and reckless campaign, engineered by the private monopolists," is the opinion of the Progressive organs. The impartial journals say that, while misrepresentation had not a little to do with the result, there is no doubt that the rate-payers were alarmed at the steady growth of taxation, municipal indebtedness and expenditures on parks, plants, sanitary improvements, and so on, and really believed that bankruptcy was threatening London. The Progressives had added \$100,000,000 to the debt of the metropolis, and were planning further municipal enterprises, including a great electrical power plant, which would have necessitated a substantial increase of the debt.

No one denies, however, that most of the improvements were necessary, and that London would have been unspeakably filthy, unhealthy and ugly without them. It is not at all certain that the Moderates can keep their promises of retrenchment and economy. The municipalized services are not to be handed over to private corporations; no backward step is to be taken. In the matter of health, education, police and fire-department service no economy is possible. But it is probable that franchises will be granted to companies to carry out a number of semi-public undertakings which the Progressives wished to preserve for the city.

This "revolt of the rate-payers" is not confined to London. Other counties and boroughs in England have likewise "gone Moderate" and voted against further extension of the policy of municipal trading.

Notes from Abroad

Through the courtesy of Lord Crewe a meeting of promoters of a scheme for purchasing the Coleridge Cottage at Nether Stowey, Somerset, for the nation was held lately in Committee-room C of the House of Lords, Professor Knight in the chair. Although Coleridge was its tenant for only a few years, the cottage at Stowey is the only one of his residences which can now be secured for a memorial purpose. All his finest poetry was composed in the Quantock district, and most of it written in this cottage. Some pictures of places associated with him, drawn by distinguished artists, have already been sent to the secretary. These will be ultimately hung on the cottage walls, with copies of all the portraits of Coleridge that can be obtained, and those of the friends who visited him at Nether Stowey, and a few other memorial relics. The aim of the promoters is mainly to preserve the cottage, so far as possible, in the state in which it was during the poet's residence, and to replant the orchard garden; but it is also hoped that the annex to the house—built since Coleridge lived in it—will be taken down to make way for a library to benefit the village and district.

* * * *

Mr. Henniker Heaton has arranged (subject to the approval of his colleagues) a chess match between the House of Commons and the combined Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.



From Punch

It is denied that, during the friction between Sir Alexander Swettenham and Rear-Admiral Davis, the German Emperor expressed the heartfelt wish that nothing might arise to disturb the good relations which he hoped would always exist between Great Britain and America.

* * * *

The Lords, Mr. Birrell announces, are to be given a second chance. *If they do not take that—well then they will be given a third chance.*

* * * *

More shocking Revelations about the Lords! From Mr. Stead this time. *"The average area of each peer is about 38,000 acres. This is no natural growth. It has been artificially fostered for nearly nine hundred years."* Personally, we have never yet met a peer of the above dimensions; but if we ever do we shall agree with Mr. Stead that it is no natural growth.

* * * *

A daily paper recently stated that Prince Robert de Broglie, who is conducting the Tivoli orchestra, had "rejected his father's overtures again." Whilst it is interesting to note that Prince de Broglie's musical tastes are inherited, one cannot be surprised that in their present strained relations the Prince should decline to introduce his parent's compositions to the London public.

* * * *

"The bridal corsage was completed by a bevy of pretty bridesmaids."—*Weekly Scotsman*.

America manufactured 38,000 motor-cars last year, but they killed only 134 persons. We look for things on a larger scale than this from America.

* * * *

The Little Room and how Large it is!—"Miss Murcutt said when she went to live and work among the people of the East End of London she found 300,000 persons, divided into families, living in one room."—*Scotsman*.

* * * *

The visit of the Ameer to India proved a great success. A quite charming incident happened at Agra. When tea was served Lord Minto rose and helped the Ameer to milk. At that the Ameer quickly rose and poured milk into Lord Minto's cup, saying, "I will help you." It was a pretty act of courtesy, none the less graceful because Lord Minto possibly did not want milk.

* * * *

"The Man with a Hoe" is the title of an article in *The Rapid Review*. Is he, we wonder, a relation of "The Man without an Aitch?"

* * * *

One of the duties of the City Sword-bearer, it is stated, is to keep the Lord Mayor reminded of the banquets which he has to attend. The fact that this functionary has to be armed with a sword bears eloquent testimony to the fact that even a Civic dignitary revolts, at times, against over-feeding.

* * * *

There is nothing like calling a spade a spade. *The Gentlewoman*, in discussing the health of Cabinet Ministers, says, "Probably Mr. Haldane has the stoutest physique of any member of the present Government." Certainly, to look at Mr. Haldane, one would never imagine that he was opposed to a policy of Waist.

* * * *

"Neither of these artists show a spark of the 'milk of human kindness' which in Dickens' prose redeems his tendency to caricature."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

* * * *

"Mr. John Burns," says *The Daily News*, "is a man who gets up early, and a man who wants to know the reason why." We cannot oblige him; it has always seemed to us a most unreasonable habit.

* * * *

"Eighteen miles is the longest distance at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where a man shouting 'Bob' at one end was plainly heard at the other, eighteen miles away."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

This works out at a mile and a half for a penny, so it isn't so wonderful after all.

* * * *

"Young Lady (Protestant) requires situation as Post Office Assistant."—*Local Paper*.

Yet there are hardened men about who can buy a ½d. stamp of a Roman Catholic without even blushing.



The Sea Group: Somerset, Devon and Cornwall

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College

THE three south-western counties of England, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall, reach out, like the hearts of their sons, into the wild Atlantic. Many a Westward Ho adventure was sped from Bristol, Bideford, Plymouth, Dartmouth, and even from Topsham, which long served as the port of Exeter. The far-sea Elizabethan sailors and their dauntless commanders, those "Admirals All" whose praises a living poet of these parts, Francis Newbolt, has sung, came largely from this corner of England. The father of Sir Francis Drake was a Tavistock tar. That dreamer of illimitable dreams, Sir Walter Raleigh, was born in the little village of East Budleigh. Another Devon village familiar to Raleigh's boyhood, Ottery St. Mary, is the native place of Coleridge, whose immortal sea-ballad came into being just over the Somerset border, in those radiant days when he and Wordsworth, two young poets in the ful-

*This is the last of a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which appeared in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The Journey began with the Border and Lake Country and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles which have previously appeared are "The Border" and "The Lake Country," December; "Lancashire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire," January; "The Heart of England: Warwickshire," February; "The Cotswolds," and "Oxford," March; "The Counties of the Severn Valley," April.

ness of their friendship and the freshness of their inspiration would go wandering together, from their home in Nether Stowey, off on the Quantock Hills,—days commemorated by Wordsworth in "The Prelude:"

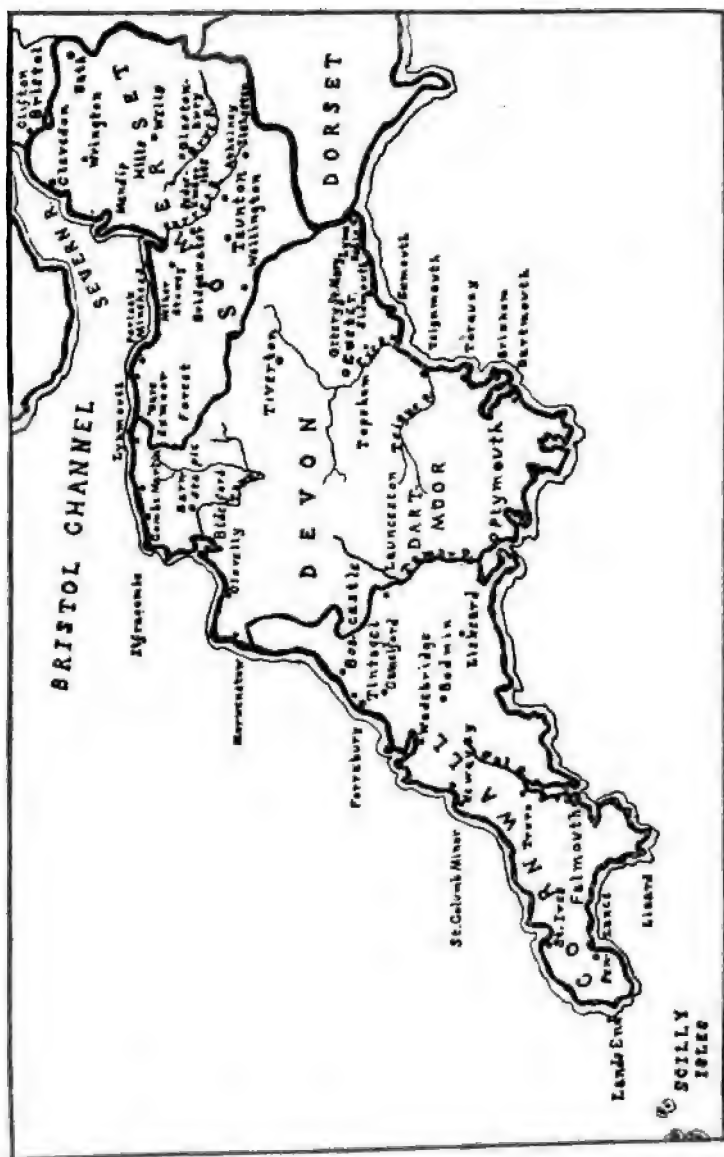
"Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved,
 Unchecked we loitered 'mid her sylvan courts;
 Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
 Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner."

My first view of the Quantocks was had, some years ago, from Exmoor. Coming through North Devon, we had been walking for hours, knee-deep in heather, over that high, rolling moorland where the red deer still run wild. The pollen rose in clouds about our heads. Black-faced sheep and white-tailed rabbits and startled, flurrying heath-cocks shared, but did not break, the rapture of that solitude. Bell-heather and rose-heather and white heather mingled their hues, at a little distance, in a rippling sea of purple. We lay down in it, and the fragrant spray closed warm about us, while the soft sky seemed almost to touch our faces. We were supremely happy and we hoped that we were lost. We had long been out of sight of human habitation, but our compass served us better than we wished, and when, with a covert sense of disappointment, though the sun was red on the horizon, we came at last upon a woman and child gathering whortleberries in a dimple of the moor, we learned that we were, as we should have been, in the heart of the Lorna Doone country.

All lovers of Blackmore's delectable romance remember that its modest hero, John Ridd, of the parish of Oare, was a Somerset man. "Zummerzett thou bee'st, Jan Ridd, and Zummerzett thou shalt be." But the Doone glen, which actually was, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the hold of a marauding band of outlaws, lies on Badge-worthy Water, a part of the Devon boundary. We ate our handful of whortleberries in Devon, but soon, following directions, found ourselves on the brow of a steep incline, peering over upon a farmhouse, known as Lorna's Bower, in

the valley below. Scrambling down the declivity as best we might, we crossed the Badgeworthy by means of a log and a hand-rail, climbed a fence inhospitably placed at the end of this rude bridge, and thus made unceremonious entrance into Somerset. They were gruff of speech at Lorna's Bower, but kind of heart, and treated the belated wanderers well, feasting us on the inevitable ham and eggs, with a last taste of Devonshire cream, and giving us the warm corner of the settle by the great, peat-burning fireplace. A sheepskin waistcoat, with the wool yet on, lay across the rheumatic knees of our host, and hams and sides of bacon dangled from the rafters overhead.

According to the saying, "It always rains on Exmoor," the next morning broke in storm, and we made slow progress under the rain and over the mud along the Badgeworthy. All our path was a Waterslide, yet we came at last to the Doone valley, where tumbled heaps of stone mark the site of the felons' houses. Foxglove and bracken and heather would have whispered us the gossip of the place, but a sudden spurt of especially violent rain drove us on to a shepherd's hut for refuge. Two sportsmen, booted and spurred, with their horses saddled in the shed, all ready to mount and ride if the Exmoor hunt should sweep that way, were there before us. One of them told us that his own house had the dints of the Doone's terrible blows on one of its oak doors. As the weather had gone from bad to worse, we abandoned our walking-trip, bestowed ourselves in a creaky cart, the only vehicle then and there obtainable, and drove past the little Oare church, where John and Lorna were so tragically wedded, over "Robber's Bridge," and on to the top of Oare Hill. Here we paused for a memorable view of the rain-silvered landscape, with Dunkery Beacon glimmering above. On through blurred pictures of beautiful scenery we went, into the village of Porlock, sweet with roses, and plunging down Porlock Hill, we held on our gusty way to Minehead. The hostelrys of this favorite watering-place being full, we pushed on by evening



Sketch Map of the Southwestern Sea Counties

train to Taunton, a fair town of heroic history. In the stormy times of Charles I, it was twice gallantly defended by Admiral Blake, himself a son of Somerset, against the cavalier forces. Forty years later, when the unpopular James II had succeeded to his brother's throne, Taunton frankly embraced the perilous cause of the Duke of Monmouth, welcoming him with joyous ceremonies. In Taunton marketplace he was proclaimed king, and from Taunton he issued his royal proclamations. The Duke was utterly defeated at Sedgemoor, three miles to the east of Bridgewater, in what Macaulay designates as "the last fight deserving the name of a battle that has been fought on English ground." The simple Somerset folk who had followed the banners of Monmouth were punished with pitiless severity. The brutal officers made a jest of the execution. A range of gibbets, with their ghastly burdens, crossed the moor, but Taunton was the especial victim of the royal vengeance. A hundred prisoners were put to death there by Kirke and his "lambs," and wellnigh another hundred hanged by such process of law as was embodied in Jeffrey's "Bloody Assize."

But we would not linger in Taunton,—no, not even for the sake of its gentle Elizabethan poet, Samuel Daniel, nor would we stay our journey for trips to the places of varied interest on either side. A little to the southwest is Wellington, which gave the Iron Duke his title. Going north from there one would come soon to Milverton, the birthplace of Dr. Thomas Young, that ingenious linguist who first began to read the riddle of the Sphinx; for he had deciphered some half a dozen of the Egyptian hieroglyphics in advance of Champollion's great announcement. A few miles farther to the north is Combe Flory, the pleasant parsonage which Sydney Smith made so gay, even binding his books, and theological books at that, in brightest colors. To get a tropical effect, and to hoax his guests, he hung oranges from his garden shrubs, and to gratify a lady who hinted that deer would ornament the little park, he fitted out his

two donkeys—who doubtless had their opinion of him and of his doings—with branching antlers, and stationed them before the windows for a pastoral effect.

The county of Somerset, a land of broad, green valleys, enclosed by rugged ranges of hill and upland, has been compared in form to an arm slightly bent about the eastern and southern shores of Bristol Channel. The river Parret crosses it at the elbow, dividing it into a southern section,—moors, bogs, mountains, with the one deep vale of the river Tone—and a northern part, larger and more populous, but hardly less broken. Above the Parret, and almost parallel with it, runs the river Brue, draining that once vast peat swamp known as the Brent Marshes. Glastonbury now stands on the north bank of the Brue, but at some remote period was islanded in the midst of the river. The Britons—if the wise say true—called it The Apple-tree Isle, or Avalon,—a name caught up in the golden meshes of Arthurian romance. The wounded king but

“passes to the Isle Avilion,
He passes and is heal’d and cannot die.”

The Britons in their heathen days had dreamed of a fairyland where death and sorrow entered not, the Celtic Tir-na-n’Og, an Island of Immortal Youth hid somewhere in the flushed mysterious west, and the Christian faith, that came so early to Glastonbury, did not destroy but gathered to itself the wistful hope, so that the site of one of the earliest churches in England became the center of strangely blended legends. It was in the Isle of Avalon, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, that the sword Excalibur was forged, and after Arthur had passed from mortal ken, he was not dead, but still, through the waiting centuries,

“Mythic Uther’s deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watched by weeping queens.”

Yet the medieval voices, that we would gladly believe more simply than we may, tell us that Arthur was buried

at Glastonbury in a sarcophagus hollowed out of the trunk of an oak, that the penitent Guenevere was laid at his feet, that the skeletons were uncovered and removed to the church in the reign of Henry II and were seen by so sane a witness as Leland so late as the middle of the sixteenth century. But in King Arthur, death is life, and not his reputed grave, nor the giant bones folk wondered at, nor the golden lock of Guenevere that crumbled at a monk's too eager clutch, could shake the faith in his second coming. Malory, writing in the fifteenth century, illustrates even in his half-denial the persistency of that expectation:

"Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place, and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life, but many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rexque futurus.*"

Arthurian legends are attached to other places in Somersetshire, notably to Cadbury, whose earlier name was Camelot, and to its adjacent village of Queen's Camel. Here on the river Camel cluster Arthurian names,—King Arthur's Palace, a moated mound; King Arthur's Well, a spring of magic virtues; King Arthur's Hunting Causeway, an old track across the fields; and here the tradition of a great battle lingers. But Glastonbury is not only an Arthurian shrine; it was once, in purer days than ours, the keeper of the Holy Grail.

"To whom the monk: 'The Holy Grail! *
* * * *

What is it?

The phantom of a cup that comes and goes?"

"Nay, monk! what phantom?" answer'd Percivale.
The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord,

And there awhile it bode; and if a man
 Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
 By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
 Grew to such evil that the holy cup
 Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd'

To whom the monk: 'From out old books I know
 That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
 And there the heathen prince, Arviragus,
 Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;
 And there he built with wattles from the marsh
 A little lonely church.' '*

Dreamy hours were those we spent under the shadows of Glastonbury Tor, among the scant ruins of that once so glorious abbey, strolling about with a motley company of sheep, chickens and tourists over what is perhaps the most ancient consecrated ground in England. Hither came St. Joseph of Arimathaea with his eleven companions and here the staff of the saint as he thrust it into the ground, put forth leaf and blossom as a signal that the resting-place was reached. The little wattled oratory that the Archangel Gabriel commanded and the pagan king permitted them to build on a waste island of the marsh was succeeded, in course of time, by a primitive form of monastery, where St. Patrick, his mission to Ireland accomplished, dwelt many years and died. Here in a later century great St. Dunstan held the post of abbot and waged at his forge stern warfare against the Devil. And it is sober history that here a Christian church and brotherhood lived on in unbroken peace from British times to English. "What Glastonbury has to itself, alone and without rival," says Freeman, "is its historical position as the tie, at once national and religious, which binds the history and memories of our race to those of the race which we supplanted."

The after-story of Glastonbury is as tragic as that of Whalley. A mitred abbey, enlarged and enriched from generation to generation, it became a court whither the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were sent for nurture in gracious manners; a school of learning whose library was one of the most precious in the realm; a seat of princely hospi-

*Tennyson's "The Holy Grail," 36-64.

talities and lavish charities. When the storm burst, Abbot Whiting strove to hide from the spoilers some of the abbey plate. He was forthwith arrested at his manor of Sharpsham—the very house where Fielding the novelist was afterwards born,—sentenced at Wells, dragged on a hurdle to the top of Glastonbury Tor, and there hanged and butchered, his head being spiked above the abbey gate. The magnificent church and extensive conventual buildings, stripped and abandoned, long served the neighborhood as a quarry. Richly sculptured blocks were built into barns and garden-walls and broken up for making a road over the marshes. Little is left for the gazer now save a few weed-crowned columns, an exquisite Early English chapel on the site of St. Joseph's wattled church, a gabled tithe-barn, an old pilgrim inn, and the Abbott's Kitchen, a witchcap structure whose four vast fireplaces must all have roared with jollity when Abbot Whiting chanced to be entertaining five hundred "persons of fashion" at a single dinner-party. As we wandered over the daisied pastureland from one gray fragment to another, we realized the invisible Glastonbury all the more in the peace that has come with the perishing of the visible. "Time the Shadow" has but softened the splendor. More than ever is this

"the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows."

It is only six miles from Glastonbury to Wells, one of the loveliest cathedral cities of England, not a place to hurry through, but to settle in and quietly enjoy. Lodgings in Vicar's Close, leisurely strolls through the gardens of the Bishop's Palace, hours of tranquil revery in choir and chapter-house and Lady Chapel,—it is so that one is taken to the heart of all this holy beauty. The foundation dates back to the beginning of the eighth century, but Saxon church melted into Norman, and Norman into Early English,—substantially the cathedral of today, with that wonderful facade of which

Fuller truly said: "England affordeth not the like." The story of the city is the story of the church, and the story of the church is one of honor and untroubled peace. Not being a monastery, it was untouched by the blow that smote Glastonbury down. The rage of war has passed it by. Its bishops have left saintly memories. Above this matchless group of ecclesiastical buildings tender benignities brood like outspread wings. There is blessing in the very air.

Wells lies in a basin at the foot of the Mendip Hills, whose limestone cliffs rising sheer, terrace above terrace, are full of fascination. Traces of prehistoric man, as well as of extinct animal species, have been found in its deep caverns. In the Hyaena Den, when disclosed in 1852, the eyes of geologists could discern the very places where our shaggy forbears had lighted their fires and cooked their food. It seems a far cry from those low-browed cave-folk to Lord Macaulay, who loved this West Country so well, and to John Locke, who was born in the village of Wrington,—a village which furthermore prides itself on one of the noblest church-towers in Somerset and on the decorous grave of Hannah More.

All manner of literary associations jostle one another in the town of Bath, to which at home I have heard English visitors liken our Boston. They meant it as a compliment, for Bath is a handsome city, even ranked by Landor, one of its most loyal residents, above the cities of Italy for purity and consistent dignity of architecture. To reach Bath we had journeyed east from the Mendip Hills into the valley of the Lesser Avon. Here "the Queen of all the Spas" holds her court, the tiers of pale stone terraces and crescents climbing up the steep sides of the valley to a height of some eight hundred feet.

Of the sights of Bath the Abbey is most disappointing, and well it may be, for it was stripped not only of its glass but even of its iron and lead by Henry VIII, and only a bleak framework left to pass through a series of purchasers to the citizens. The west front wears a curious design

of ladders on which battered angels clamber up and down. The interior has no "dim religious light," but gilt and color and such a throng of gaudy monuments that the wits have made merry at the expense of the vaunted mineral springs.

"These walls adorned with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

The Romans knew the virtue of these waters, and modern excavation has disclosed, with other remnants of a perished splendor, elaborate Roman baths, arched and columned and beautifully paved. A Saxon monastery was founded here, where, according to the Exeter Book, still "stood courts of stone," and the baths were known and frequented throughout the Middle Ages and in Tudor and Stuart times. But the Bath of the eighteenth-century society-novel, the Bath of which Miss Burney and Miss Austen, Fielding and Smollet have drawn such graphic pictures, owed its being chiefly to Beau Nash. The city to which the gallant Oxonian came in 1703 was a mean, rough place enough. The baths were "unseemly ponds," open to the weather and to the view of the passer-by, who found it amusing to pelt the invalid bathers with dead cats—poor pussies!—and frogs. But Nash secured a band of music for the Pump Room, set orderly balls on foot, and soon won the title of King of Bath, which he made such a focus of fashion that the place grew during his lifetime from its poor estate into the comely city of today. This arbiter of elegance maintained a mimicry of royal pomp. His dress glistened with lace and embroidery and he traveled in a chaise drawn by grey horses, with a full complement of outriders, footmen and French horns.

The Pump Room is worth a visit. It is an oblong saloon, with a semi-circular recess at either end. At the west end is a music gallery, and at the east a statue of Beau Nash. A three-fourths square of cushioned seats occupies the middle of the room and opens toward a counter. Here a white-capped maid dispenses, at twopence a glass, the yellow fluid, which hisses up from a fountain just behind her

and falls murmuring into a marble vase. And all about, a part of the spectacle, sit the health seekers, sipping the magic water from glasses in decorated saucers and looking a trifle foolish.

Here, or in steering one's course among the Bath chairs that claim a native's right of way in park and promenade, fancy may choose almost any companion she will. Pope hated Bath, to be sure, and called it "the sulphurous pit," but not even Pope kept out of it; Beckford the author of "Vathek," lived here; Butler, author of the "Analogy," died here; Pepys scribbled a page of his "Diary" here; Herschel the astronomer played a chapel-organ here; Lord Chesterfield's manners and Sheridan's wit found here an apt field of exercise; but for my part—and it was a scandalous choice, with the ghosts of Pitt and Burke, Wolfe and Wilson, Cowper and Scott and Goldsmith and Moore ready to do escort duty—I wished for the company of Chaucer's Wife of Bath, for such a glorious gossip could not have failed to add some entertaining items to the story of the town.

Our pilgrimage to Clevedon revealed it as a lonely village which has within half a century become a popular summer resort. It lies

"By that broad water of the west"

where the Severn merges into the Bristol Channel. Here is Myrtle Cottage, where Coleridge and his bride had their brief season of joy.

"Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtle blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined."

It was here that this poet of boundless promise,

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead
The heaven-eyed creature,"

wrote his "Æolian Harp," and other lyrics touched with an

unwonted serenity and sweetness, and here that Hartley Coleridge was born.

But our first walk took us by the beach and across the fields to that "obscure and solitary church" where lies Tennyson's Arthur, son of Henry Hallam the historian, and himself a poet. He was in Vienna when

"God's finger touch'd him and he slept,"

and Tennyson linked the Austrian and the English rivers in his elegy.

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

"There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the bubbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

The ancient church, now but seldom opened for service, was locked, and we had to hunt for the sexton. It was dusk when he arrived, but we groped our way to the south transept and, by the light of a lifted taper, made out the pathetic farewell:

VALE DULCISIME
VALE DILECTISSIME
DESIDERATISSIME
REQUIESCAS IN PACE

It was this tablet that haunted the restlessness of Tennyson's grief as, on moonlight nights, he would seem to see the lustre which fell across his bed slipping into the transept window and becoming "a glory on the walls."

"The marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

"The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey;

"And then I know the mist is drawn
 A lucid veil from coast to coast,
 And in the dark church like a ghost
 Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."

From Clevedon, from Bath, from Cheddar, from Wells, the roads lead to Bristol, which must not, if only for the sake of poor Chatterton, be ignored. This worn, dignified old city has had something of a vagrant career. Before the Norman Conquest, and for long after, Bristol stood north of the Avon and was a Gloucestershire town. In course of time it stretched across the river and lay partly in Somerset. And in the fourteenth century, when for wealth and consequence it ranked second only to London, Edward III created it a county by itself. From the dawn of its history it was a trading-mart. Nothing came amiss to it, even kidnapping, so that among its gains it gained the title of "Stepmother of all England." The merchants and the mariners of Bristol stood in the front of English enterprise. Even in the time of Stephen it was deemed wellnigh the richest city of the kingdom. When a foreign war was in hand; Bristol could be counted on for a large contingent of ships and men. Its merchants lived in towered mansions, with capacious cellars for the storage of their goods, warehouses and shops on the street floor, the family parlors and bedrooms above, and attics for the prentices in the sharp-pitched gables. The banquet-halls, at the rear of these spacious dwellings, were splendid with carven roofs, rich tapestries and plate that would have graced a royal board. Even the critical Pepys, who visited Bristol after its Spanish and West Indian trades were well established, found its quay "a most large and noble place."

Bristol sailors bear no small part in the tales of English sea daring and records of discovery. As early as 1480, Bristol merchants were sending out tall ships to search west of Ireland for "the Island of Brazil and the Seven Cities." Sixteen years later the Venetian mariner, John Cabot probably accompanied by his son Sebastian,— "shadow-seekers," the old Bristol tars would call them—had touched the coast

of North America. On his return the "Great Admiral" clad himself in silk and was a notable figure in the Bristol streets. Mere literary folk would have been embarrassed by little enough attention as they went their quiet ways. What was Chatterton to the trading, ship-building, ship-lading town, but a bright-eyed Blue Coat boy? And how those hard-headed merchants would have chuckled over the eager scheme of three penniless poets, Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell for founding a community on the Susquehannah—a river of melodious name and delightfully far away—where no one should labor more than two hours out of the twenty-four!

"The pride of Bristowe and the Western londe,"

is St. Mary Redcliffe. This superb structure, ever since the day when Queen Bess called it "the fairest, the goodliest, and most famous parish-church in England," has gone on adding praise to praise. It is of ancient foundation, still observing, at Whitsuntide, the ceremony of Rushbearing. It was in this church that Chatterton pretended to discover the manuscript poems of his invented monk Rowley; it was here that Coleridge and Southey wedded the ladies of their Pantisocratical choice; and every good American is expected to thrill at the sight of the armor, hanging from one of the piers, of the gallant admiral, Sir William Penn, a native of Bristol and the father of our Quaker.

The last great city in our summer path was Exeter, whose greatness is of the past. Exeter is, like Bristol, a county by itself, and yet stands, in a true sense, as the capital of Devonshire. It is, moreover, the heart of the whole West Country. "In Exeter," says Mr. Norway, a Cornishman, "all the history of the West is bound up—its love of liberty, its independence, its passionate resistance to foreign conquerors, its devotion to lost causes, its loyalty to the throne, its pride, its trade, its maritime adventure, all these many strands are twined together in that bond which links West Countrymen to Exeter. There is no incident in their past

history which does not touch her. Like them she was unstained by heathendom and kept her faith when the dwellers in less happy cities further north were pricked to the worship of Thor and Odin at the point of Saxon spears. Like them she fought valiantly against the Norman Conqueror, and when she fell their cause fell with her. And since those days what a host of great and stirring incidents have happened here, from Perkin Warbeck beating on the gates with his rabble of brave Cornishmen, to William of Orange going in high state to the cathedral, welcomed already as a deliverer to that throne which it lay almost with Exeter to give or to withhold.

We rendered, of course, our first homage to the cathedral, rejoicing in the oft-praised symmetries of the interior and, hardly less, in the tender color-tones that melted, blues into grays, and fawns into creams, with the softening of the light. The cathedral library contains that treasure of our literature, the Exeter Book, an anthology of Anglo-Saxon poetry, "one great English book of divers things, song-wise wrought," left by the will of Bishop Leofric, who died in 1072, to "St. Peter's minister in Exeter where his bishopstool is." Miles Coverdale, translator of the Bible, was bishop here in Tudor times, and also Sir Jonathan Trelawney, one of the "Seven Bishops" who clashed with James II and were thrown into prison. His home was in Cornwall, and a famous song thunders the wrath of the West Country:

"And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why."

Of the secular buildings in Exeter, we visited the fine-fronted guild hall in High street and Mol's Coffee House in the Cathedral Yard. The custodian of the guild-hall proudly pointed out the beauties of its fifteenth century carvings and hospitably invited us to try on the gorgeous robes of the civic dignitaries and sit in their great chairs of fretted oak,

but we contented ourselves with viewing the various treasures of the old burgh there on exhibition. We went away wrapt in visions of those blithe Midsummer Eves when all the Exeter guilds, preceded by a mounted band consisting of Mayor and Alderman and Council, made the circuit of the city walls, the image of St. Peter borne before the Fishmongers, that of St. Luke before the Painters, and every other trade in like manner preceded by its especial patron saint; but Mol's Coffee House called up a later picture of

"Sir Francis Drake, and Martin Frobisher,
John Hawkins, and your other English captains,"

who, with their Devonshire countrymen, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Walter Raleigh, used to meet in the oak-paneled hall of this Tudor mansion for such high, adventurous talk as must have made the wine leap and sparkle in their cups.

Every mile of Devonshire has its charm, not to be mapped out in advance, but freshly discovered by each new lover of the moorland and the sea, of soft air and the play of shadows, of folklore and tradition, of the memory of heroes. Those who cannot know fair Devon in actual presence may find her at her best in the romances of Kingsley and Blackmore and Phillpotts. The shire abounds in sea-magic. The south coast, with its wealth of sheltered bays and tempting inlets, has so mild and equable a climate that its dreamy windings have become dotted with winter resorts as well as watering-places. Lyme Regis, on the edge of Dorset, Sidmouth and Exmouth and Dawlish, Teignmouth, whence Keats dated his "Endymion," and fashionable Torquay are perhaps the most in favor, but all the shore is warm, and wonderful in color, set as it is with wave-washed cliffs that glisten ruddy and white and rose-pink in the sun. These shining headlands, about which beat the wild white wings of sea-gulls, are haunted by legends wilder yet. Halfway between Dawlish and Teignmouth are two red sandstone pillars, the statelier with a top suggestive of a tumbled wig, the lower standing with a deferential tilt. In these are shut

the sinful souls of an East Devon clergyman and his clerk, who longed too eagerly, in hope of their own preferment, for the death of a Bishop of Exeter.

Farther down the coast the health seekers and holiday folk are somewhat less in evidence. The old, cliff-climbing town of Brixham, where William of Orange landed, goes fishing for a livelihood. Dartmouth, not so joyous today as when Coeur de Lion gathered there the fleet that was to win for Christendom the Holy Sepulchre, not so turbulent as when Chaucer suspected his wild-bearded seaman, little better than a pirate, of hailing from that port, not so adventurous as when one John Davis, of Sandridge on the Dart, sailed out from her blue harbor with two small vessels, the *Sunneshine* and the *Moonshine*, to seek a passage to China by way of the Polar sea, is mainly occupied in the training of midshipmen. A steamer trip up the Dart, that sudden and dangerous stream of neighborhood dread,

—"River of Dart, river of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart"—

brings us to Totnes, where, on the high authority of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the first king of the Britons, Brutus, grandson of the pious Aeneas, made his landing.

"Here I am, and here I res',
And this town shall be called Totnes."

The Brutus Stone, on which the Trojan first set foot, is shown in irrefutable proof of this event. In the course of the trip, the steamer passes Greenway House, where Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born and where, it is claimed, the potato first sprouted in English soil.

But the most momentous of all the southern ports, Plymouth, wears an aspect worthy of its renown. The spell of the briar-rose has not choked its growth, although the glamour of a glorious past enhances its present greatness. As we gazed from Plymouth Hoe, a lofty crescent on the sea front, with a magnificent outlook across the long granite breakwater and the Sound alive with all manner of ship-

ping, past the Eddystone Light to the Atlantic, our thought, even while recognizing the prosperity of this modern naval station, flew back to those brave old times when these steep streets and the high bluffs rang not only with the gruff hails of bronzed sea-captains,

“dogs of an elder day
Who sacked the golden ports,”

but with the merry quips and laughter of the gay young blades who loved to ruffle it before the Devon belles.

“How Plymouth swells with gallants! how the streets
Glisten with gold! You cannot meet a man
But trikt in scarf and feather.”

Sumptuous ocean liners call at Plymouth now; the terrible war-ships of England ride that ample roadstead; but we remember the gallant little crafts of yore, the *Dreadnaught* and the *Defiance*, the *Swiftsure*, the *Lion*, the *Rainbow*, the *Nonpareil*, the *Pelican*, the *Victory* and the *Elizabeth*. It was from Plymouth that Drake, “fellow traveler of the Sunn,” put forth on a voyage that circumnavigated the globe, and here he was, playing at bowls when on the Hoe was raised the cry that the Spanish Armada had been sighted. But not all the galleons of Spain could flurry “Franky Drake.”

“Drake nor devil nor Spanish feared;
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came,
But he said, ‘They must wait their turn, good souls;’
And he stooped and finished the game.”

His statue presides over the broad esplanade, looking steadily seaward,—a sight that put us again to quoting

“Drake, he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',
He sees it arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

"Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Rovin, tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's running low;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port of Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

It was hard to put by those visions of the Armada days even to think of Sir Walter Raleigh's tragic return to Plymouth and the block, his high heart foiled at last in its long quest for the golden city of Manca; and I hardly dare confess that we quite forgot to hunt out the nook whence the *Mayflower*, with her incredible load of furniture and ancestors, set sail to found another Plymouth on a bleaker shore.

The northern coast of Devonshire, with its more bracing air, is no less enchanting than the southern. Charles Kingsley, born under the brow of Dartmoor, has lavished on North Devon raptures of filial praise, but the scenes of "Westward Ho" fully bear out his glowing paragraphs. It is years ago that I passed an August in Clovelly, but the joy of it lingers yet. Nothing that I have ever seen on this our starry lodging-place, with its infinite surprises of beauty, resembles that white village climbing the cleft of a wooded cliff, its narrow street only a curving slope, a steep passage here and there, smoothed into steps, where donkeys and pedestrians rub amiable shoulders. At a turn in this cobbled stairway, your gaze, which has been held between two lines of the quaintest little houses, all diversified with peaks and gables, porches and balconies, window displays of china and pots of flowering vines, suddenly falls to a tiny harbor, a pier built out from the natural rock and hung with fishing-nets, a tangle of red-sailed boats, and a pretty beach from which we used to watch the sunset flushing sea and cliffs. The five hundred dwellers in this hanging hamlet must all be of a kin, for Clovelly lads, we were told by our landlady, never do well if they marry outside thecombe. Kindest of gossips! She tucked us away as best she could in such bits of rooms that, like Alice in Wonderland, we had



Gateway to the Bishop's Palace, Wells Cathedral



The Choir, from without, St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Bideford and Torridge Estuary



Old St. Andrews, Clevedon, where Arthur Hallam is Buried
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Newquay Harbor
Photograph by F. H. Tims, Truro.



Exeter Cathedral
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Drake's Statue, Plymouth Hoe



Cross in Churchyard, St. Burians

to thrust one foot up chimney, and one arm out of the window among the fuchsias and geraniums that make nothing, in Clovelly, of growing to a height of twenty feet. She would put up wonderful luncheons of duck sandwiches and heather-honey and limewater delicately flavored from the old whisky bottles into which it was poured, when we were starting out on those long walks to which North Devon air and views allure the laziest. Sometimes we followed the Hobby Drive, a wooded avenue along the top of the cliff, where for considerable distances a wall of noble timber, beech and oak and chestnut, glistening hollies and red-berried rowans, would shut out the view, and again the foliage would open and the eye could range across an opalescent sea to Lundy Island. On other days we would stroll through Clovelly Court to the summit of White Cliff, known as Gallantry Bower, whence one may look at choice far out over blowing woods or tossing waves.

Another day we walked to Stoke, seven miles thither and seven miles back, to see the Saxon church raised by the Countess Elgitha in gratitude for the escape from shipwreck



St. Cleer's Well near Liskeard



Tower, St. Colomb Minor

of her husband, Earl Godwin. All the way we were passing cottages that seemed to have strayed out of an artist's portfolio. Their rosy walls of Devonshire cob—the reddish mud of the region mixed with pebbles—were more than half hidden by the giant fuchsias and clambering honeysuckles. Even the blue larkspur would grow up to the thatch. Too often our road was shut in by hedges and we trudged along as in a green tunnel roofed with blue. Dahlias and hydrangeas, poppies, hollyhocks, and roses filled the cottage door-yards and gardens with masses of bloom. We asked a woman smiling in her vine-wreathed doorway how near we were to Hartland. "Win the top of yon hill," she said, "and you'll soon slip away into it." So we slipped away and were refreshed in another cottage doorway by two glasses of skim-milk for a penny. We found a grave old church at Stoke, with legions of rooks wheeling about the massive tower which has so long been a beacon for storm-tossed mariners. The white-bearded verger, whose rolling gait betrayed the sailor, read to us in stentorian tones, punctuated with chuckles, an epitaph which, in slightly varied form, we had seen elsewhere in Devon:



Clovelly Court



Country House near Falmouth, Showing Tropical Vegetation
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



View Across the Bay from Clovelly



Boscastle—View up the River
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Carn Brae, Redruth

Photograph by F. H. Tims, Truro.



Slate House, Tintagel

Photograph by Katharine Coman.



Church Cove, Lizard
Photograph by F. H. Tims, Truro.



A Devon Cottage
Photograph by Katharine Coman.



The Fal at Malpas
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

"Here lies I at the church door.
 Here lies I because I's poor.
 The farther in, the more to pay;
 But here lies I as well as they."

We journeyed from Clovelly to Bideford by carrier's cart, sitting up with what dignity we could amidst a remarkable miscellany of packages. Once arrived at Kingsley's hero-town, we read, as in honor bound, the opening paragraphs of "Westward Ho," crossed the historic bridge and sought out in the church the brass erected to the noble memory of Richard Grenville, who drove the little *Revenge** with such gallant recklessness into the thick of the Spanish fleet, fought his immortal fight, and died of his wounds "with a joyful and quiet mind." The exceeding charm of this Bristol Channel coast made us intolerant of trains and even of coaches, so that at lively, idle Ilfracombe we

*See the Library Shelf in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for September, 1906.



On the Fal
Photograph by Katharine Coman.

took to our feet again and walked on by a cliff path to Combe Martin. Here we were startled, on going to bed, to find packed away between the thin mattresses a hoard of green pears, hard as marbles and not much bigger, which the small boy of the inn, apparently intent on suicide, had secreted. The towered church, some eight or nine centuries old, was shown us by a sexton who claimed that the office had descended in his family from father to son for the past three hundred years. However that may be, he was an entertaining guide, reading off his favorite "posy-stones" with a relish, and interpreting the carvings of the curious old rood-screen according to a version of Scripture unlike any that we had known before. Thence our way climbed for two toilsome miles through a muddy sunken lane, in whose rockwalls was a growth of dainty fern. It was good to come out in view of the rival purples of sunny sea, and heathery hills, good to be regaled on "cold shoulder" and Devonshire junket in a stone-floored kitchen with vast



Logan Rock



The Coast as Seen from Logan Rock
Photographs by Katharine Coman.



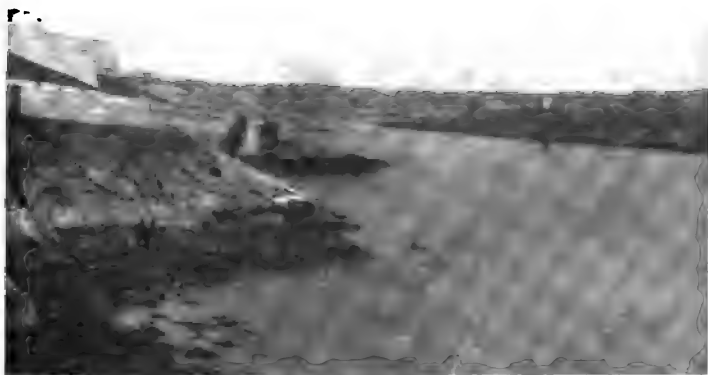
Nave of Wells Cathedral





St. Joseph's Chapel, Glastonbury





Inner Harbor, Plymouth, from which the Mayflower Sailed



Figureheads of Wrecked Ships, Scilly Isles



Street in Falmouth



Mol's Coffee-House, Exeter



The Entrance to Clovelly from
the Sea



Jacob's Ladder, Falmouth

Photographs by Katharine Coman and F. H. Tims.

fireplace and ponderous oaken settles, good to start off again across Trentishoe Common, glorious with gorse, and down the richly wooded combe, past a farmyard whose great black pig grunted at us fearsomely, and still down and down, through the fragrance of the pines. We turned off our track to follow the eddying Heddon to the sea, and had, in consequence, a stiff scramble to gain our proper path cut high in the Channel side of the cliff. We walked along the narrow way in a beauty almost too great to bear, but the stress of emotion found some relief in the attention we had to give to our footing, for the cliff fell sheer to the sunset-colored waters. We spent the night at Wooda Bay, walking on in the morning for a jocund mile or two through fresh-scented larchwoods, then across Lee Abbey Park and through the fantastic Valley of Rocks, along another cliff-walk and down a steep descent to Lynmouth, where Shelley's "myrtle-twined cottage" stands upon the beach. Lynmouth, where the songs of sea and river blend, was more to our taste, in its picturesque mingling of the old and the new, of herring-village and watering-place, than its airy twin, Linton, perched on the cliff-top four hundred feet above, but both are little paradises and, having located ourselves in one, the first thing we did was to leave it and visit the other. We lingered for a little in this exquisite corner of creation till one blithe morning we could put up no longer with the saucy challenge of the Lyn and chased that somersaulting sprite, that perpetual waterfall, five miles inland, so coming out on the heathery waste of Exmoor.

We would gladly have turned gypsies then and there, if so we might have wandered all over and over that beautiful wild upland, and down through the undulating plain of mid-Devon, with its well-watered pastures and rich dairy farms for whose butter and cheese the Devonshire sailors, as Hakluyt's narrative tell, used to long sorely on their far voyages. But the genuine garden of Devon is South Hams, below Dartmoor and between the Teign and the Tamar. This is the apple-country of which the poet sings:

"For me there's nought I would not give
For the good Devon land,
Whose orchards down the echoing cleave
Bedewed with spray-drift stand,
And hardly bear the red fruit up
That shall be next year's cider-cup."

Little as Parson Herrick enjoyed his Devonshire charge, the cider industry of the region must have appealed to him.

But this broad county, outranked in size only by York and Lincolnshire, has in its south, as in its north, a desolate table land. Dartmoor has been described as a "monstrous lump of granite, covered with a peaty soil." The rocks are rich in lead and iron, tin and copper, but the soil is too poor even for furze to flourish in it. Heather, reeds, moss and whortleberries make shift to grow and afford a rough pasturage to the scampering wild ponies, the moor-sheep and red cattle. It is a silent land of rugged tors and black morasses, of sudden mists and glooms, of prehistoric huts, abandoned mines and, above all, for "Superstition clings to the granite," of dark stories, weird spells and strange enchantments. Indeed, it folds a horror in its heart, —Dartmoor Prison where our American sailors suffered a century ago and where English convicts are now ringed in by grim walls and armed sentries. It is said that even today, when a Dartmoor child gets a burn, the mother's first remedy is to lay her thumb upon the smarting spot and repeat:

"There came two angels out of the west
One brought fire, the other brought frost.
Out, fire! In frost!
By the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!
Amen, amen, amen."

Among the mysterious groups of so-called Druid stones is a circle known as the Nine Maidens, for these uncouth grey shapes were once slender girls so fond of dancing that they would not cease on Sunday and for that sin were petrified. And still every Sabbath noon these impenitent stones come to life and dance thrice around in a circle.

But the veritable Pixydom lies south of the Tamar. In Cornwall, that stretch of desolate moors furrowed on either side by little river-valleys, that rocky promontory which seems to belong more to the kingdom of the sea than to England, the Celtic imagination has rioted at will. There were giants in the land in bygone days, for the wanderer among those strangely sculptured crags of granite, slate and serpentine, chances at every turn on a Giant's Cradle or a Giant's Chair, Giant's Spoon, Giant's Bowl, Giant's Key, Giant's Hat, Giant's Table, Giant's Well, Giant's Pulpit, Giant's Grave. Cornishmen have heard the fairy music and seen the fairy dances, spied on fairy banquets and peeped in on fairy funerals. The Small People have been gay and kindly neighbors, sometimes whisking away a neglected baby and returning the little mortal all pink and clean, wrapt in leaves and blossoms, "as sweet as a nut." These are the spirits of Druids, or of other early Cornwall folk, who, as heathen, may not go to heaven, but are too innocent for hell. So they are suffered to live on in their old happy haunts, but ever dwindling and dwindling, till it is to be feared that by and by, what with all the children growing stupid over school books, and all the poets writing realistic novels, the Small People will twinkle out of sight. The Spriggans, lurking about the cairns and cromlechs, where they keep guard over buried treasures, could better be spared. They are such thievish and mischievous trolls, with such extraordinary strength in their ugly bits of bodies, it is most likely they are the diminished ghosts of the old giants. The Piskies are nearly as bad, as any bewildered traveler who has been Piskey-led into a bog would testify. The only sure protection against their tricks is to wear your garments inside out. Many a Cornish farmer has found a fine young horse all sweated and spent in the morning, his mane knotted into fairy stirrups, showing plainly how some score of the Piskies had been riding him over night. And many a Cornish miner deep down in the earth, has felt his hair rise on his head as he heard the *tap*,

tap, tap of the Knockers, souls of long-imprisoned Jews sent here by the Roman emperors to work the tin-mines of Cornwall. The Brownies, who used to be so helpful about the house, have grown shy of late and can be depended on for assistance only when the bees are swarming. Then the housewife beats a tin pan, calling at the top of her voice: "Brownie! Brownie!" till she sees that he has heard her and is persuading the bees to settle. Offended mermaids have choked up Cornish harbors and buried sea-coast villages under sand. If you doubt it, go and look at the little church of St. Piran—the miner's saint, who came sailing from Ireland on a mill-stone and discovered the Cornish tin—the church that for seven centuries was hidden under the sands and then, as the restless winds shifted and searched them, rose again to human sight. Spectral hounds bay across the moors, and a phantom coach is sometimes heard rolling with a hollow rumble along the deep-hedged roads. Ghost ships with all sail set drive by the shores on gusty nights, and the Death Ship, tall, dark, square-rigged, with black sails and a demon crew, has been known to come, in crashes of thunder and flare of lightning for the soul of a notorious wrecker. Drowned sailors call from under the tide or speed along the strand with dripping clothes and hair. Witches, sorcerers, fortune-tellers, charmers and "cunning men" are among the historic characters of Cornwall. In fact, the Witch of Freddam still rides the seas in her coffin, stirring up storms with her ladle and broom. The luckless sailor who has set eyes on her will not see his home again.

Amid all these supernatural influences, it is reassuring to know that the Devil never enters this county, having a wholesome fear of being made into a pie. His cloven hoofs once ventured across the Tamar, but he was dismayed to find that the Cornish women put everything, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, whatnot, into pie. By the time poor Beelzebub had partaken of fishy pie, stargazy pie—made of pilchards—conger pie—made of eels, lamy pie—made of kid,

—herby pie, parsley pie and piggy pie, his nerves gave way, and he bolted out of the shire so precipitately that he strewed the hills and the coast with his traveling equipment of Devil's Bellows, Devil's Ovens and Devil's Frying-pans.

It is mainly in West Cornwall that such fantastic figurings in the rocks are referred to the Devil or the giants. On the eastern moors they are more commonly attributed to King Arthur, whose Beds and Chairs and Cups and Saucers and the Footprints of whose Horse are numerous enough to put the skeptic out of countenance. But not only our first encounter, as we entered Cornwall by the east, was with King Arthur, but almost our last, as we left the Duchy by the west,—for this shire is proud to be known as the Royal Duchy, claiming that the eldest son of the Crown is born Duke of Cornwall and only subsequently created Prince of Wales. Within what seemed but a short time after crossing the broad boundary stream, dotted with sleepy craft, we found ourselves at Liskeard, a quiet old market-town blest with a noble church on whose outer wall is a sun-dial with the grave motto: "So soon passeth it away." It was already late in the afternoon, but a dark, thin, bright-eyed Cornish woman in the railway carriage had given us most cheering information. Could we drive to Dozmare Pool before sunset? Easily; it was only a round of three or four miles and would take us by the Devil's Cheese-ring and The Hurlers and St. Keyne's Well.

The people at the inn exchanged glances when we announced our route and although, setting out at five, we confidently ordered dinner at seven, the landlady slipped a packet of sandwiches and two bottles of ginger ale into the carriage. The coachman, thin and dark and vivid of countenance, like all the rest of this new Cornish world about us, kindly but firmly refused to include in the drive St. Keyne's Well, the Cheese-ring, a curious pile of granite blocks some thirty feet high, whose topmost stone is so sensitive that it whirls about three times whenever *it hears* a cock crow, and The Hurlers, three pre-historic stone circles

reported by legend, in its latest Puritan garb, to be groups of young Cornishmen thus enchanted for indulging on a Sunday in the traditional Cornish sport of "hurling." Dozmare Pool was all that our determined Jehu would undertake, although he graciously allowed us, in passing, a glimpse of St. Cleer's Well. This is not as famous as the well of St. Neot the Pigmy, who endowed the sacred waters with miraculous virtue by standing in them, day after day, immersed to his neck, while he repeated the entire book of Psalms, or of various others, but it is a spring of old renown, covered over by a steep-pitched roof supported on time-worn pillars and arches. The niches of this little open-air baptistry are now empty and its pinnacles are blunted and broken, but beside it still stands an ancient cross. The lofty-towered church of St. Cleer was close by, and we entered to bow our heads for a moment under its vaulted and timbered roof.

Our coachman would allow no further pause. The sunset was already casting a crimson light over the wastes of fern and bracken and the earth scars of abandoned mines, for the hills all about us contain tin and copper, which it does not pay to work. Our old white nag—I hope his name was Merlin—seemed incapable of fatigue. I half suspect he was a sorcery steed of metal. Up and down the hills he scrambled with unquenchable enthusiasm. As the sun sank into a bed of bracken, we marvelled that the driver could be sure of his way across those dim and featureless moors, but he turned unerringly from one deep lane into another. As we drew nearer the Pool, that "middle mere" into which Sir Bedivere flung the jewel-hilted Excalibur, the evil powers began to array themselves against us. For the wild Tregeagle, whose howling as he is chased by demon dogs has been heard all over Cornwall, is doomed for his sins in this mortal life to labor endlessly at the hopeless task of emptying Dozmare Pool.

As we drove on, a light mist crept over the moors and defined the course of an attendant stream. Clouds and

trees took on weird aspects. There were Druid robes floating across the sky, misshapen figures crouching under the hedges, menacing arms shaken from the trees, and one wizard branch shot out and splashed our faces with unholy dew. The mist thickened and rose. The carriage left the road and bumped uncertainly along till it came to a stop at what we vaguely made out to be the foot of a hill. For by this time the clinging vapors had driven us into our water-proofs and so blurred all vision that the driver, who could not leave his fiery veteran horse, would not let us attempt the half-mile climb alone, but sent a shout plunging through that wet, white air and brought out some bogie of the moor embodied as a gaunt old Cornish dame to be our guide. Feeling her way with a stout stick, she led us up the hill and along a stony track where we could not see our steps nor one another's faces. When she stayed us with her staff and said we had reached the pool, we could discern nothing of the sort, but reckless of life and limb we followed her down an abrupt bank and over a hummocky bit of ground to the very brink, as she assured us, of the bottomless tarn. We tried to think we saw a glimmer, although we heard not even

"the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

Lacking an Excalibur, I cast a stone into the invisible, hoping I might hit Tregagle, but the hollow splash that came back aroused such uncanny echoes we all three with one accord scurried away and scrabbled back down sandy ruts to the haven of the carriage. As we gratefully munched our sandwiches, we reflected that perhaps the mystical mere was more impressive so than if we had actually beheld that little fresh-water pond, about a mile in circumference and some eight or ten feet deep, lying on its mid-Cornwall table land with the crest of Brown Gilly rising up behind. Our eyes had told us nothing that we could urge against Malory's geography, with its sea-route from Dozmare to Glas-tonbury.

"Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back, and so went with him to that water side, and when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. 'Now put me into the barge,' said the King; and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, 'Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas; this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold.' And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere cried, 'Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?' 'Comfort thyself,' said the King, 'and do as well as thou mayst, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avalon to heal me of my grievous wound.'"

But the Cornish mist in which Arthur fought his last "dim, weird battle of the west" was to us no longer a fable.

"A death-white mist slept over sound and sea;
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle."

Now that we had braved Tregeagle and done the deed, that heavy mist thinned away as suddenly as it had gathered, and when, at ten o'clock, we reached our inn, the sky was bright with stars, and a great moon was slowly drifting up from the horizon.

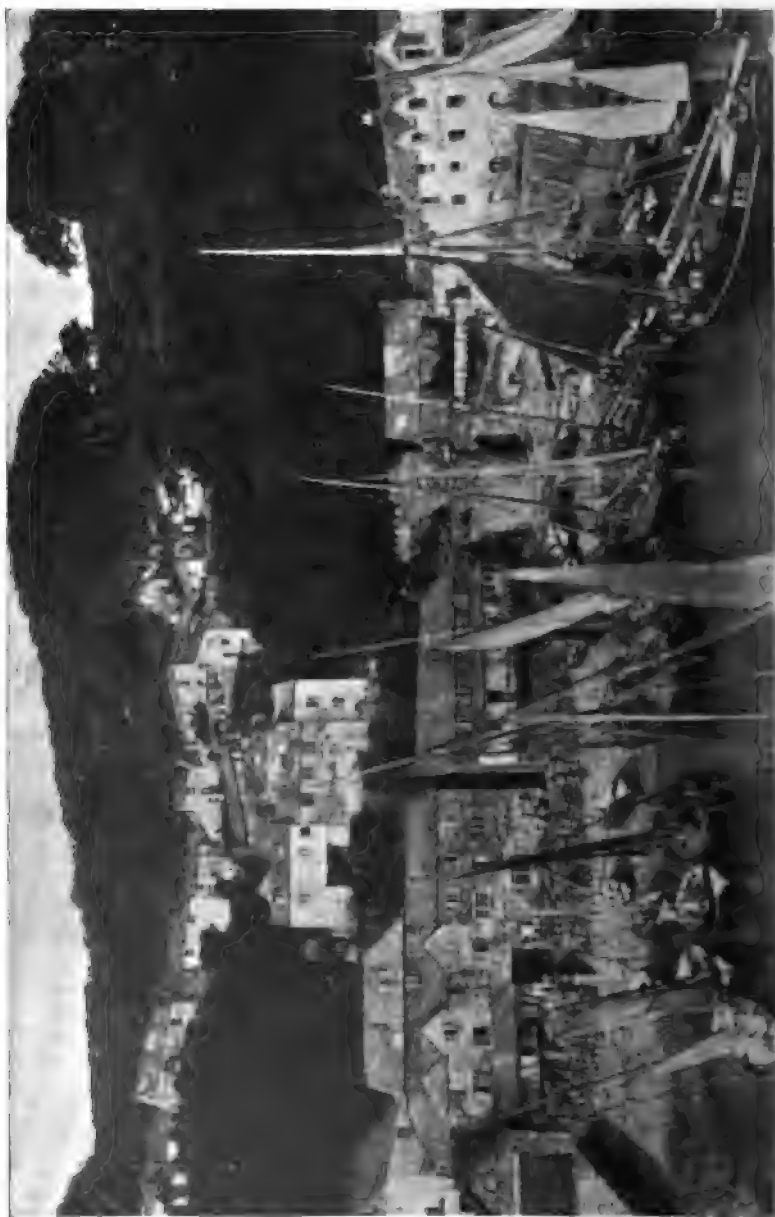
But the paramount Table Round locality in Cornwall is Tintagel on the western coast, where Arthur's Castle stands and where, moreover, the hushed tide brought him first from the mystery of "the great deep."

"For there was no man knew from whence he came;
But after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
There came a day as still as heaven and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur."

The high, bleak, rugged and desolate tract of Bodwin Moor, at whose heart is Dozmare Pool, lies between the



Clovelly as Seen from the Hobby Drive



Clovelly—From the Pier



High Street, Clovelly



Tintagel Castle and Valley



Arthur's Castle, Tintagel, and the Rocky Coast.



Land's End

Photograph by Katharine Coman.

four towns of Liskeard, Bodwin, Launceton and Camelford. This last was our starting-point for Tintagel. We had reached Camelford by a day's journey from Penzance, setting out by train through a country seamed all over with abandoned surface diggings of the tin mines, pierced by shafts and defaced by heaps of mineral refuse to which heather was already bringing the first healing of nature. We had our nooning at Newquay and would have been glad to linger on its broad beach, but we pressed on by carriage, hardly glancing at the long, low, stately-covered church of St. Columb Minor. We crossed a stone bridge of many arches that seemed too big for its river, and took train for Camelford. On our right we had the granite masses of Brown Willy and Rough Tor and presently, on our left, the great gashes of the Delalobe slate quarries.

These held the close attention of a Cornish miner who, after forty years of fortune-seeking in Australia, was coming home to Camelford for a visit. He drove up with us in the rattling wagonette, gazing on ragged hedge and prickly furze as a thirsty soul might gaze on Paradise. The fulness of his heart overflowed in little laughs, though the tears were glistening on his lashes, and in broken words of memory and joy. He kept pointing out to us, mere strangers that we were, not noting and not caring what we were, the stiles and streams and rocks associated with special events of his boyhood and youth. As we went clattering down into the little stone huddle of houses, we had to turn away from the rapture in his eyes. Brothers and sisters were waiting to greet him, with tall children of theirs that had been to him but names, yet the human welcome could hardly penetrate through his dream, through his ecstatic communion with the scene itself. As we were driving out of Camelford early the next morning, we caught sight of our grizzled Cornishman once again, standing in one of those humble doorways with the shining still upon his face.

A man like that would make anybody homesick and, to speak impartially, we thought that Camelford was far less

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worthy of such emotion than two villages we severally remembered over sea. We fell out of humor with the poor old town, would not hear of it as the Arthurian Camelot,

"a city of shadowy palaces
And stately,"

and disdained the tradition that the blameless king fell at Slaughter Bridge. My athletic comrade, however, to the admiration of a flock of little school-girls, swung herself down the riverbank to see his tombstone and reported it as reading:

Caten hic jacit filius Marconi.

The drive to Tintagel was through a world of slate,—slate everywhere. There were slate walls, slate houses, heaps of slate refuse, banks of broken slate feathered with gorse and heather, yawning mouths of disused slate quarries. We passed through defiles where slate was piled cliff-high on either side. Slate steps led up to the footpaths that ran along the top of the hedge-banks. By way of this forsaken region we come to a sleeping town. Tintagel Church lay before us, hoary, silent. Not a soul was in the streets,—not the fierce ghosts of Gorlois and of Uther Pendragon, nor the sad ghost of Ingraine, nor the loving ghosts of Tristram and Iseult. We left the carriage and climbed by slippery paths to Arthur's Castle, which is no castle, but a colossal confusion of tumbled rocks, some heaped and mortared once by human hands, some grouped in the fantastic architecture of nature. There we sat astonished and dismayed, for the place is like a robber hold, a den of pirates fortified against the land, rather than a court of chivalry. But the scene was superbly beautiful. The ocean on which we looked was a dazzling blue, and far to north and south stood out the stern, dark outlines of the coast. The sunshine that filled the surf with shimmering tints gleamed on the white plumage of a gull enthroned on the summit rock of the castle,—most likely the spirit of Guenevere, for Arthur, when he revisits Tintagel, comes as the Cornish chough, its

"Talons and beak all red with blood,"—

a bird which no true Cornishman will shoot.

The monstrous crags and huge fragments of old wall were cleft in fashion strangely suggestive of

"casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn,"

and we shuddered to imagine with what stupendous force the terrible tides of winter must beat against that naked coast.

We realized what the fury of the sea-winds here must be as we strolled through the churchyard, whose slate slabs are buttressed with masonry and even so tip and lean over those graves too old for grief. All is ancient about Tintagel church and most of all the Norman font whose sculptured faces are worn dim and sleepy with innumerable years, each year bringing its quota of babies for the blessing of the holy water.

We had to leave it,—the mysterious Titanic ruin with its bracken blowing in the wind, the sheep, chained in couples, that prick their silly noses on nettles and furze, the old church, whose bells tolled without ringers on the day that Arthur fell, the old wayside cross, the old stone dovecote in the vicarage garden, but not the cliffs and the sea. For we drove up the coast to Boscastle, pausing on the way—and that was our mistake—to see the little church of Forrabury. This is the church that longed for a peal of bells to rival those of Tintagel, but when the vessel that brought the bells was waiting for the tide to take her into the harbor, and the pilot was thanking God for a fair voyage, the captain laughed and swore that it was only their own good seamanship they had to praise, whereupon a mighty billow, far out at sea, swept down upon the ship and overwhelmed her, only the devout pilot escaping with his life. And ever since—so ballad and guide-book assured us—the tower of Forrabury Church has stood voiceless, though a muffled knell, when a storm is coming up, is heard beneath the waves. What then was our righteous wrath on finding this

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venerable edifice all newly done up in pink frescoes,—yes, and with an ornate bell-rope of scarlet twist hanging beneath the tower!

The harbor of Boscastle is a rock-walled inlet somewhat resembling that of Passajes in the north of Spain. Curving promontories shut in a tidal stream that runs green in the sun and purple in the shadow. Swift lines of creaming foam glint across where the little river yields itself up to the strong currents of the sea,—a sea which, as we saw it that brilliant September afternoon, twinkled with a myriad points of intolerable light.

It is a pity not to have time to suggest the softer beauties of the south coast. From Truro, after a visit to its brand-new cathedral with its holy memory of Henry Martyn, we drove by way of Sunny Cove to Malpas. The gulls were screaming as they sought their dinner on the flats, and a man, wading through the pools, was gathering up belated little fishes in his hands. We sailed between wooded banks down the Fal to Falmouth, which is watched over by the garri-soned castle looming on Pendennis Head. The old port lies in picturesque disorder along the inlet, while the new town stands handsomely on the height above. Here we saw, in lawns and gardens, a semi-tropical vegetation, yuccas, acacias, bamboos, aloes, palms and pampas grass. Would there were time to tell the smuggling scandals of the Killigrews that witty and graceless family who ought to have learned better from their Quaker neighbors, the Foxes! It was by a Killigrew that Falmouth was founded in the reign of the first Stuart, and Killigrews made merry in Arwenach House, and made free with the merchandise of foreign ships, for many a pleasant year. The time when piracy could be counted an aristocratic amusement has gone by in Falmouth, as well as the bustling days when this port was an important packet station whence coaches and postchaises went speeding up to London. It is now putting on gentler graces and coming into repute as a winter resort, though it has not yet attained the popularity of Penzance.

On our way from the one to the other we passed through the mining town of Redruth, near which, in the hollow known as Gwennap Pit, Wesley addressed vast audiences. On one occasion the number was reckoned as twenty-two thousand. "I shall scarce see a larger congregation," he wrote, "till we meet in the air." The more mystical doctrines of Fox took little hold on the rough fishermen and miners of Cornwall, but Wesley practically converted the Duchy, turning it from the most lawless corner of England, a lair of smugglers and wreckers, into a sober, well-conducted community. As little flames are said to be seen playing about a converted Cornishman, Wesley's path across the country must have been a veritable Milky Way. In such natural amphitheatres as Gwennap Pit, it may be that the Cornish Miracle Plays, so far excelling the English in freedom of fancy and symbolic suggestion, were given. We looked wistfully from Hayle over to St. Ives, with its long line of fishing craft tied up like horses to a church fence, but since we could follow only one road at once, held on our way to Penzance.

Beautiful for situation, the "Holy Headland" looks out over waters exquisitely colored toward

"the great Vision of the Guarded Mount."

St. Michael's Mount, a solemn cone, fortress-crowned, above which a praying hermit, when the setting sun was flooding the skies with splendor, might easily have deemed he saw the guardian wings of the Archangel.

The view ranges on across Mount's Bay to The Lizard, that peninsula so beautiful with its serpentine cliffs and Cornish heath, the wildest and loneliest part of all wild and lonely Cornwall; but our route lay to its companion point on the south-west.

As we neared Penberth Cove, the Atlantic opened out to view, its sparkling turquoise relieved by one white sail. The valley runs green to the sea and we left the carriage for a walk across the fields, a walk diversified by stiles of all known species, to Trerryn Castle. This monstrous fast-

ness of tumbled rock and jagged crag was built by a giant who was such a clever necromancer that all he had to do was to sit in the Giant's Easy-chair, to whose comfort we can testify, and will the castle to rise out of the sea. For latter-day necromancy, our guide pointed out Porthcurnow Beach, where, he said, six submarine cables land. He was a native of the coast, a fisherman, and gave us eyes to see the gulls rejoicing over their feast of pilchards and ears to hear the whistle of a young otter. The lion of Treryn is the Logan Rock, but we first encountered, in our scramble over the crags, Lady Logan, a stumpy personage whose hood and skirt, though recognizable, are of the Stone Age fashion. This granite beauty is so sensitive in her feelings that she trembles at a touch,—if it be vigorous enough. As we climbed higher among the rocks, in the exhilarating air, we won views ever more wonderful of rolling green billows shattered into clouds of spray upon the shore. The Logan itself is an enormous rocking-stone,—a boulder weighing some seventy tons delicately balanced on cubical masses of rock. It does not, like the rocking-stone in Burma on which a little pagoda has been built, oscillate in the wind, but swings at a sturdy push. It was formerly more easily swayed than now, for a mischievous young Goldsmith, nephew of the poet who was himself so prankishly inclined, undertook in 1824, when commanding a revenue cutter off this coast, to dispel the popular notion that no human force could dislodge Logan Rock. On the eighth of April, though the first would have been more appropriate, he landed with a crew of eight men, meaning to tip the stone over into the sea. But he succeeded only in moving it some four feet to the left and, even so, found his escapade an expensive one, for it cost ten thousand dollars to replace the ponderous mass—as the anger of the people compelled the Admiralty to order him to do—on its original pivot. With all his efforts, he could not hit the perfect poise, and whereas Logan Rock once had the power of healing sick children who were rocked upon it, that spell no longer works. It

was not the right hour for us to ascertain whether touching the stone thrice three times would still make a woman a witch. This test should be undertaken at midnight, when a battalion of sympathetic hags, mounted on stems of ragwort, would be hooting encouragement from their favorite rendezvous at the towering crag south of Logan Rock known as Castle Peak.

We returned to our carriage and drove on. The fields of gorse and heather suddenly slipped over foaming reefs and we were at Land's End. Great waves were churning themselves white against the ledges. A few sails glinted on the horizon; a few gulls were perching on the rocks; but we were, at first, aware of nothing save the steep, broken wall of granite and the strange, compelling song of the Atlantic. By degrees we noted lighthouses, bays, and a curious cavern, with such wave-eaten arches as we had seen at Biarritz, beneath our very feet. We walked along the edge of the cliffs, green with turf to the sheer plunge. At places, indeed, the heather runs down the rocks to meet the tide. We passed close by gulls that stood unstartled in this their own domain of crags and spray-dashed gorges, eying severely the approach of uninvited guests.

The sun was setting, and we could distinguish the Scilly Isles like gold cloudlets resting on the sea. Between these islands and Land's End once bloomed the lost Arthurian realms of Lyonesse. But weary of the past and its dim fables, our hearts followed the rippling line of splendor farther and farther west, far out across the Atlantic to the land of hope and promise, the strong young land that fronts the future, vowed to the great adventure of human brotherhood.

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William Ewart Gladstone*

By John Graham Brooks

IT was once in fashion to apply "meter tests" to the mind. If one could do "stunts" in mathematics, Greek and other studies lending themselves to these experiments, it was thought that comparative results in brain power could be reached. It was claimed at that time that Gladstone had "nineteen times as much intellectual capacity as the lowest man in his class." It is well not to be very serious about this "meter test" and yet the impression that his shining gifts make upon the student, is that his powers of acquisition and of expression are such as to put him in a class far removed from the general run of educated men. Nor is it his mind alone. Lord Derby once said, "It isn't Gladstone's mind that is so extraordinary, it is his *body*." To go from the heat of great debate in which every faculty had been used to its utmost four successive hours and yet be able to drop upon a sofa and sleep like a child almost instantaneously until the nervous tides had risen, is as much a talent as any other. His toughness and endurance were as astonishing as his versatility and resourcefulness.

Early in his career it was said of him, "Gladstone is Oxford on the surface and Liverpool beneath." He was born in that city in 1809, the son of one of its most famous mer-

*This is the sixth in a series of studies of famous Englishmen appearing in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* during the months from December to May: Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter (December); John Burns, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (January); Dean Stanley, by Bishop Williams of Michigan (February); Sir Edward Burne-Jones, by Prof. Cecil Lavell (March); Benjamin Jowett, by Professor Paul Shorey (April); Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks (May).

chants. That the more famous son should be "Liverpool beneath" expressed the gifts of this polished Oxford scholar in dealing with such brilliant mastery with every phase of finance and commerce.

His student life at Eton and for a time at Oxford was without distinction. Before leaving the university he had, however, shown such powers both as scholar and debater that the highest honors came to him. It was the great year of English reform, 1832, and because this highly tutored youth had made so thrilling a speech in the Oxford Union *against* reform, the Duke of Newcastle offered him a seat in Parliament. Gladstone was in Italy when he received this "stunning and overpowering proposal" as he wrote his father.

This is to be noted well, that he was chosen expressly to defend class privileges against the rising protest of the people. Landlords like the Duke held as private possessions more than fifty "rotten boroughs," thus depriving the people of nearly one hundred and fifty representatives in Parliament. It was at this time that Tories began to be called Conservatives. "Of very noble appearance" young Gladstone entered the House of Commons to become almost at once the darling of the whole Tory reaction. Even the West Indian slaves, of which his father owned many, were not to be emancipated, but to have Christian instruction instead. It was for this that the anti-slavery party put his name straightway on the blacklist. Against the vote by ballot, he turned both ridicule and history. He would admit no Jew to Parliament, neither should any dissenter come in until he had bowed to the university tests. He stood for the tax on corn, for retaining naval and military sinecures, even for the atrocities of flogging, and strange as it now seems, for all that was worst in the Irish Coercion Bill.

It was Gladstone's life achievement to fight victoriously against every one of his early Tory opinions. From the pet and pride of the aristocratic Carlton Club, he became the best hated man in public life by the whole body of "gig

gentry." On this low relief as background, Gladstone's greatness shows its clearest outlines and also some of his undeniable weakness. He had a passion to be thought "consistent," and his speeches were too heavy laden with tortuous passages in order to prove the undeviating line of his past activities. The foibles of the great do not surprise us because almost none of the gods are free from them. To take the quickened pace of reform periods, to keep mind and heart open to evidences of change, means growth and readjustment. Gladstone began by distrusting liberty. He ended by making it the guiding star of his policies. Very nobly he expresses this in one of his last letters, "the love of liberty, of liberty for all without distinction of class, creed or country, and the resolute preference of the interests of the whole to any interest, be it what it may, of a narrower scope." He told John Morley that his main passion was trust in an ever enlarging liberty.

• Now it needs no proof that Gladstone must have changed opinions on fundamental issues; changed them so often and so radically that he at least seemed inconsistent to all opponents. One does not start out in 1832 with the narrow bigotry of those first declarations, to become in the early eighties the terror and demagogue of all Toryism without inconsistencies. But it was an inconsistency in which his friends rejoiced. Spurgeon wrote, "We believe in no man's infallibility, but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity," lines which gave the statesman real pleasure. Though he passed from the championship of a class to the championship of the whole English people, his *integrity* was unimpaired. There are hesitations, pedantries, wordy intricacies of style that are too often plainly tiresome. Some wag said of Gladstone that he would be a great orator if he would only finish his sentence before he began the *next but one after it*. Some of his lifelong friends like John Bright and Tom Hughes believed that when pressed too hard by his great rival Disraeli, Gladstone came perilously near the arts of the demagogue. The author of "Tom

Brown at Rugby" told me in great detail why he had been forced to this conclusion. As this is a most serious charge, we are led to ask whether in the rough and tumble of party politics, any human being can play the game and remain wholly unstained by this evil thing.

In John Morley's noble biography the graver accusations have been met while the lesser frailties sink into the background of a literary portrait that symbolizes all that was best in two generations of English history. Of Gladstone's friend, Cardinal Manning, Purcell wrote a biography. It was so plain-spoken of the faults of this high prelate that some wit said it left nothing over for the day of judgment. One may say this, too, of Morley's tribute, but it carries with it no sting. We always see Gladstone on the move toward larger and more human policies. To "humanize politics" or again to "moralize politics" are not merely phrases with him, they are objects to which he gives his full strength. If he saw extravagance and petty dishonesties in the officials about him they were forthwith to be corrected. If there were too many ink-stands and too much paper he insisted that it was as inexcusable as it would be in the head of a private family. The nation should be as careful of human rights as the private person. Very early in his career, Gladstone felt this as a principle, and it was doubtless this which brought the first sharp conflict between him and his Tory supporters. It was the first high test which showed the resources of moral courage thus early at his command. He was but thirty-one years of age; Englishmen were smuggling opium into China in the teeth of Chinese law. This fact first amazed Gladstone and then roused in him something like moral rage. "What does it mean that a people should be prevented from enforcing their own laws meant for the common good?" That Englishmen should do this moreover merely for trade profits and by use of commodities that were a devastating social evil stirred all that was deepest in the coming man. He saw that no man in power cared a fig for any right or wrong in the issue. He saw

that England's prestige and commerce so overtopped all considerations that the most elemental questions of human justice could not even be raised. After his first bewilderment, Gladstone took his stand. He spoke guardedly at first but stung by some opponent he added, "A war more unjust in its origin, a war more calculated in its progress to cover this country with disgrace, I do not know and I have not read of."

When the familiar cant about the "flag once raised," etc., was flung at him, he retorted, "If it were never to be hoisted except as it is now hoisted on the coast of China, we should recoil from its sight with horror." These, in 1840, were daring words, but Gladstone soon saw that those in charge of English destinies cared as little for them as for the opinions of a country parson. China had to open four ports, give up Hong Kong and pay an enormous indemnity.

The reaction of this immense injustice on Gladstone's moral nature was direct. It helped to commit him once for all against war, which he came to think of as associated in modern times almost exclusively with the extension of trade as in the case of the "opium war."

Later in life, he called war "the greatest feeder of that lust of gold which we are told is the essence of commerce." Even this lesson is perhaps secondary to another which this struggle brought to him. The whole moral of this was so simple and clear to him that he could not believe his colleagues would fail to respond. Here for the first time he took the measure of those with whom he had cast his lot. He was forced to become their critic; forced to see, as in clear light, the hardened self interest and class bigotry of those same conservatives who were using him for their ends. From this on, Gladstone never was at ease with this group. Slowly a large life and sympathy unfolded within him until Toryism marked him as the "champion of the mass against the class." This process was slow but it never halted. From fear of the people, he passed to a gen-

erous trust tempered by prudence. Though passionately devoted to the established church, he cast off with a kind of shame his old intolerance. More than any other, he won the victories in England for religious freedom. He began by defending every privilege of the landed aristocracy and ended by land acts that are among the most radical in the history of social legislation. We saw him ask at first for Irish coercion; yet he it is who became the palladium of Irish Home Rule. From dread of the ballot, he came to plead for and win its wide extension. To accept the principle of freedom, to trust it and extend it to the whole life, to trade, politics and religion, appears to me the chief and signal characteristic of this great statesman.

One event in his career troubled seriously many Americans: the stand he took in our Civil War. He ended a speech at Newcastle with the words, "But there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy, and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation." How bitterly Gladstone came to repent these utterances, he tells us in 1896. The words are memorable enough to repeat: "That my opinion was founded on a false estimate of the facts was the very least part of my fault. I did not perceive the gross impropriety of such an utterance from a Cabinet Minister, or a power allied in blood and language, and bound to loyal neutrality; the case being further exaggerated by the fact that we were, so to speak, under indictment before the world for not (as was alleged) having strictly enforced the laws of neutrality in the matter of cruisers. My offense was indeed only a mistake, but one of incredible grossness."

James Martineau once gave me this explanation of Gladstone's error. "When Lincoln made the early statement that slavery was not to be attacked, Gladstone took him at his word saying, as many of us did, if slavery is not to be done away with, what is the object of the war."

Such truth as there is in this interpretation, together with so noble an apology, softens all harshness against the

author. It was a part of that "knightly courtesy" which was inherent in his character. It was this quality which led his tart antagonist, Lord Salisbury, to call him "a great Christian statesman." Another says, "No insult ever made him forget to be a gentleman." It is this same elevation of character which helped him to meet the suffering of his last days with a kind of gaiety which won the sympathy of so many of his lifelong enemies. No one has stated this serene quality of his habitual character more fittingly than Mr. Morley in the closing sentences of the biography.

"Let us rather leave off with thoughts and memories of one who was a vivid example of public duty and private faithfulness; of a long career that with every circumstance of splendor, amid all the mire and all the poisons of the world, lighted up in practice even for those who have none of his genius and none of his power, his own precept. 'Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.'"

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Under what circumstances did Coleridge write the "Ancient Mariner"? 2. What struggle took place at Sedgemoor? 3. What tragedy was enacted at Taunton? 4. Mention some associations of the neighboring towns. 5. What peculiar interest has Cadbury? 6. Give in brief the history of Glastonbury. 7. What famous Cathedral is not far distant? 8. What characteristic features have the Mendip hills? 9. How did Landor esteem Bath? 10. What events have given fame to the city? 11. What interest attaches to Clevedon? 12. Why did Bristol receive its nickname? 13. What famous admiral once walked her streets? 14. What claim to distinction has St. Mary Redcliffe? 15. Why is Exeter a town of first importance? 16. What is the character of the southern coast of Devonshire? 17. What memories of Elizabethan days cluster about Plymouth? 18. What is the character of Clovelly? 19. What Saxon memorial is at Stoke? 20. Describe the northern coast of Devon. 21. What is the nature of Dartmoor? 22. What are some of the superstitions of Cornwall? 23. What legend is associated with Dozmare Pool? 24. What is the nature of the country around Tintagel? 25. Describe the place itself. 26. What is the legend of the bells of Forrabury?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Hannah More? 2. What famous poem is associated with the Quantock Hills? 3. What striking architectural peculiarity has Wells Cathedral? 4. Who was Salvation Yeo? 5. What famous lighthouse lies off the Cornish coast? 6. At what period in Shelley's life did he live at Lynmouth? 7. Who was Chatterton?

End of June Required Reading, pages 271-335.

Progress in Elementary Education in England*

By John Howard Whitehouse

Secretary of Toynbee Hall, London.

THE present is still a transitional stage in the history of elementary education. Up to the year 1902 the charge of education so far as the public elementary schools were concerned, was in the care of specially elected school boards. The Act of 1902 abolished the School Boards in England and transferred their duties to the County, Town, and District Councils. The change was not accomplished without great opposition from many who held that the education of the nation was too great a duty to be imposed upon bodies already loaded with onerous public duties, and that it should be left in the hands of bodies specially elected to deal with it. The Act of 1902 also gave great offense to the English nonconformists, who objected to paying rates which, under the Act, largely supported Church elementary schools in which religious instruction from a denominational standpoint was given. This led to the Passive Resistance movement which has not yet died out. The Education Bill which was introduced by the Liberal Government last year was intended to remedy the grievances of the nonconformists. The bill was, however, rejected by the House of Lords and the religious aspect of the controversy continues. It is not, however, on the political side of the question that the present writer wishes to dwell and the above events are only touched upon so that the reader may realize the parliamentary position with regard to the question of elementary education.

*This is the sixth of a series of special articles upon English social topics of current interest. Articles which have already appeared are: "The Ancoats Brotherhood," of Manchester, by Katharine Coman (December); "The Unemployed Camp at Levenshulme, Manchester," by Katharine Coman (January); "The London County Council," by Milo R. Maltbie (February); "The Garden City Movement," by John H. Whitehouse (March); "Child Labor Legislation in England," by Owen R. Lovejoy (April).

The discussions in Parliament and throughout the length and breadth of the country on rival education bills, though largely occupied with the differences between religious bodies, have stimulated general interest in the educational system and many minds have been led to consider both its merits and its defects. As a result there has arisen a considerable school, which, tired of the sectarian aspect of the education controversy, seeks to direct public attention to reforms in elementary education and kindred matters which have been too long neglected.

The success of this school is seen in the passing last year of an act making it legal for Education Authorities to provide at the cost of the rates for the provision of meals for underfed children attending public elementary schools in England. Before considering other educational reforms—either proposed or already accomplished—it may be useful to touch briefly upon the English system, which it will be seen is much different from, and perhaps much behind the system of elementary education known in the States. In England the elementary schools founded by the Education authorities, known now as Council Schools but formerly known as Board Schools, are free. But they are not common schools for the children of well-to-do and poor alike: in theory it is open to the rich to send their children to such schools, in practice they do not do so. The Council schools are, for the most part, used only by the children of the poor. The middle classes and the rich have their private schools; they use, too, the secondary schools and the great boarding schools. Thus the education of England varies with the different classes of society. The children of the wealthy are kept at school until it is time for them to proceed to the University. The children of the poor have in the majority of cases to be content with the elementary school. They have, moreover, to leave this to go to work at an age when they are immature in mind and in body; at an age, indeed, when their education has scarcely begun.

The Common school, for rich and poor alike, is as yet not in sight. But it is the dream of many earnest reformers and of its ultimate realization they do not doubt. The division of the rich and the poor has been all to the loss of the poor. Their children have had to be content with a lower standard of education, with all that this implies. This is not said in a spirit of bitterness, or indeed of complaint, for popular education in England is still in its youth and it would be unfair at this stage to expect it to be perfect. Great developments have taken place, and the forces of progress, though subject to temporary checks, will steadily roll forward.

One great reform which we hope to see carried before long is the raising of the age for leaving school. Under the present law children may leave school at the age of 14; in some parts of the country they may leave at 13. The great majority of children at elementary schools leave not later than 14. The boys go, in most cases, to whatever employment first comes to hand. Much of this belongs to the class of unskilled labor. Such boys become messengers, errand boys, shop boys, van boys. All these receive at first higher wages than they would receive if they went to a skilled trade where they would be taught an employment by which later they could earn their living, and the poverty of the parents makes them anxious for the wage which is higher for the moment. But the system is fatal for the boys. At the age of early manhood they are no farther advanced than on the day they left school. They have indeed gone backwards: having ceased to be boys they are not wanted at the unskilled jobs they went to, and having learned no trade they are of no value to the employer who wants skilled adult labor. Thus they drift into the ranks of the unemployed, and ultimately become the unemployable. That, expressed very briefly, is the tragedy of thousands of English children.

To grapple with it we propose first to increase the age at which children may leave school. It should be raised

to 16. The child would then be started in the world with a far greater mental equipment, and fitter, physically, for the battle of life. Possibly it might be wise to grant exemption from school at the age of 14 providing the boy was leaving to be apprenticed to a skilled industry. The boys who remained at school would be given special technical training, possibly in trade schools, which are just beginning to be established.

The proposal to raise the school age raises also the question of the English secondary schools. These roughly correspond to the American High Schools and take children up to the age of 18 or 19. But, unlike the American High School, they are not free and are therefore chiefly used by the middle and upper classes. Except for facilities given in the shape of scholarships, they are largely closed to the children of the poor. In raising the school age, therefore, we want to construct a ladder from the elementary school to the secondary school, along which the children of the poor may pass without charge and continue their education until they are at least 16; in many cases, we hope, until a still later age. This, of course, means a great change in the character of many of the secondary schools. More will be needed, and many of them must take the form of technical and trade schools. The change must come gradually, but the country must certainly face a great increase in the cost of its education. We cannot doubt but that eventually this additional cost will be gladly borne by the nation which is realizing that the brains of its people are its greatest asset, and that these are not to be found in any one class of society.

The new spirit in English education is also to be seen in the importance which is now being given to the development of character and personality in the elementary schools. Many of us greatly lament that so much time has been wasted in the past on bitter discussions as to whether or no questions of religious dogma should be taught to young children. Not a few of us feel that such instruction would

fitly come later, but that in the case of the young children, the most important influence upon them in their school life is the personality of their teacher. Where this personality is great and noble and chivalrous, the character of the children will be influenced in similar directions, and will be further developed by wise religious training suited to the age of the children, and without appeal to questions of dogma which are the subject of sectarian contention.

The importance of organized play for the children of the elementary schools is also being recognized. As is well known the value of games to the great public boarding schools of England has long been recognized. Games have been one of their chief glories and have been a great factor in character building. In the elementary schools, until quite recent years, organized games have been in many cases quite unknown. The teacher's influence over the children has been confined to the hours spent in the school-room. The out-of-school life of the children has not been organized. The causes of this were various. The teachers were engaged only for the school hours. The elementary schools were frequently and necessarily built in crowded districts and adequate playing space very rarely existed. The value of organized play for the children of these schools was not sufficiently urged. Now, these conditions are being changed, and the latest code which has been issued by the Government Education department allows organized games to take place during school hours. As a result children from schools in crowded parts of London are now taken regularly to the public parks, or other suitable places, for the playing of games under the supervision, and with the coöperation of their teachers. The movement is only in its infancy but the physical and moral advantages of organized play for all the children of our schools are realized by all serious educationalists and without doubt the movement will steadily develop.

We must not end this paper without speaking of the growing realization of the country that to many of the chil-

dren in the elementary schools the State has a parental duty. Attendance at the schools is compulsory and many of the children come from extremely poor homes and from parents having low ideals of responsibility. In such cases the schools have to take the place of the parents and as far as possible to take charge of the whole life of the child. The attempt to carry out this policy is seen in the measure which has already been referred to for the feeding of under-fed children. The attempt to organize the outdoor life of the children is another expression of this sense of the nation's responsibility. In the near future we shall probably see powers obtained for the systematic medical inspection of the whole of the children in the elementary schools. Such inspections have already been partially carried out through private enterprise in several parts of the country. The results show how urgently necessary such inspections are and what great good may result therefrom. Another movement is in the direction of teaching a higher standard of personal cleanliness. Much has been done in this connection already, but it is hoped that before long no school will be built in a city which is not fitted with adequate washing baths, where all the children will regularly bathe as a matter of course, and where instruction in the details of personal hygiene will be given.

It has been urged that the assumption of these various duties by the nation must lead to a great weakening of the sense of parental responsibility. The reply of the present writer to that objection is that in many thousands of homes in England the sense of responsibility does not exist, and our problem therefore is so to train the children of the nation, physically, morally, and intellectually, that the parents of the future will be a greater and nobler race. We seek by wiser care of our children to eliminate the criminal the drunkard, the unemployable. We seek to replace them by men and women, capable of living happy and healthy lives in a country whose future must depend upon the nobility not of any one class within it, but of its people as a whole.

Arnold Toynbee

By Carl H. Grabo.

THERE are few Miltons and Tennysons to commemorate such young men of promise as Edward King and Arthur Henry Hallam, whose names have become footnotes to literary history. Many another young man to whom a short life precluded an adequate expression of his force and genius, has passed with no greater memorial than the influence which he imposed upon the lives of his friends. Such an influence is all but incommunicable; it is felt but is beyond expression, for its essence is that peculiarity of personal charm which only the greatest artists have been able to convey through the clouded medium of words. But the influence is none the less strong and enduring in that it is intangible and its only impression to be found in the lives of other men. In this is an immortality of a subtle and gracious kind—

“ The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world.”

Such are one's thoughts upon reading the brief life of Arnold Toynbee which Mr. S. C. Montague, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, contributed in 1889, to the series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. University studies in political science seldom afford entertaining reading to other than specialists and one is the more surprised and delighted, therefore, to discover from such a source, a biographical sketch which endeavors to convey and does convey, some conception of the charm which a young man of great intellectual ability and rare spiritual force exercised upon all who knew him personally. Arnold

Toynbee died at the age of thirty-one, at the very beginning of what promised to be an invaluable working life. He has left his name to an institution which has become the type of University Settlement throughout England and America—Toynbee Hall, London. He has, besides, left a few inadequate literary fragments, a promise of his maturing powers as an economist, historian, and social worker.

Arnold Toynbee exhibited early that passion for truth which characterized him in later life. His interests were two-fold, theological and historical. For his theology, he evolved a simple creed that saved him from the harassing doubts and spiritual torments which are the usual lot of men of his type. He seems to have been curiously free from spiritual conflict but was none the less profoundly interested in spiritual things. It was his part to help others who could not so readily find peace. A quotation from a letter written to a friend indicates clearly and beautifully his belief—a belief freed from all superfluities—a religion in essence:

"To love God—those words gather amazing force as life gets more difficult, mysterious and unfathomable; one's soul in its loneliness at the last finds religion the only clue. And yet how weary is the search for God among the superstitions, antiquities, contradictions and grossness of popular religion; but gleams of divinity are everywhere, and slowly in the end comes divine peace. . . . It seems to me that the primary element of all religion is the faith that the end for which the whole universe of sense and thought from the Milky Way to the lowest form of animal life, the end for which everything came into existence, is that the dim idea of perfect holiness which is found in the mind of man might be realized; that this idea is God Eternal and the only reality; that the relation between this idea which is God and each individual is religion, the consciousness of the relation creating the duty of perfect purity of inner life or being, and the duty of living for others, that they too may be perfectly pure in thought and action; and, lastly, that the world is so ordered that the triumph of righteousness is not impossible through the efforts of the individual will in relation to eternal existence. I speak of God as an idea and not as personal; I think you will understand what I mean if you ask yourself if the pure love and thoughts of a man are not all that make his personality clear to you—whether you would care that

anything else of him should be immortal; whether you do not think of all else of him as the mere expression and symbol of his eternal, invisible existence."

To this may be added the amazed exclamation of a friend—"Toynbee reads the Bible like any other book—as if he liked it."

Because of ill-health, Toynbee entered Balliol College, Oxford, at an age slightly greater than that of the average Freshman. Because of ill-health, too, he was unable to study as much as he desired. He was, perforce, driven much into college society, where his maturity, his charm of manner, and his conversational talents made him a leader. He formed many friendships, among them an enduring one with Professor Green of Balliol, a man who seems to have exerted a great influence upon the best minds of the Oxford of his day. From these friendships and from his studies, curtailed as they were, Toynbee derived great pleasure. A fragment has preserved his feeling of the value and beauty of his college years:

"The garden quadrangle at Balliol is where one walks at night, and listens to the wind in the trees, and weaves the stars into the web of one's thoughts; where one gazes from the pale inhuman moon to the ruddy light of the windows, and hears broken notes of music and laughter and the complaining murmur of the railroad in the distance. . . . The life here is very sweet and full of joy; at Oxford, after all, one's ideal of happy life is nearer being realized than anywhere else—I mean the ideal of gentle, equitable, intellectual intercourse, with something of a prophetic glow about it, glancing brightly into the future, yet always embalming itself in the memory as a resting-place for the soul in a future that may be dark and troubled after all, with little in it but disastrous failure."

Throughout his college course Toynbee interested himself, so far as his strength would permit, in the study of history, particularly in its economic and social aspects. Industrial problems were tremendously fascinating to him and his attempts at solution led him into the field of economics. In the years immediately following his graduation from college he prepared lectures upon several important topics: "Free Trade," the "Law of Wages," "Eng-



Arnold Toynbee
1852-1883

land's Industrial Supremacy," "Industry and Democracy," Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," lectures given in part at Oxford and in part as "popular" addresses in various industrial centers. Although Toynbee was a scholar, he was by no means academic. His constant effort was to make his special knowledge of service to non-university people. He preferred to lecture to wage-earners and these in conjunction with their employers. Both classes were vitally concerned in the problems discussed, and he felt that ultimate solutions involved their common welfare. His sympathies were indeed with the employed, but he was no biased partisan. His object was to reach the truth of the matter under investigation and then to suggest some practical and immediate remedy for the evils involved.

The remains are scanty from which to frame Toynbee's theory of society. Despite his idealism, he was intensely practical and devoted himself to problems for which he felt some solution might be readily attained. That he had broader theories in the background, however, is indicated by several passages in his biography.

"The problems suggested by a competitive system of society were always present to his mind. He felt as deeply as any socialist could feel the evils incidental to such a system, the suffering which it often brings upon the weak, the degradation which it often brings about in the strong. For the cure of these evils, however, he looked further than most socialists do. Owning that competition was a mighty and, in some respects, beneficent power, he wrote that 'of old it was hindered and controlled by custom; in the future, like the other great physical forces of society, it will be controlled by morality.'"

In a lecture entitled "Are Radicals Socialists?" he endeavored to define the line of separation between the functions which must be discharged by the state and the functions which may be discharged by the individual.

"He proposed three tests whereby to try the wisdom of interference in any particular instance by the state; first, the matter must be one of primary social importance; next it must be proved to be practicable; thirdly, the state interference must not diminish self-reliance."

An Irish nationalist who met Toynbee on a trip through

Ireland said of him "few men have ever impressed me so much with being possessed of so passionate a desire to mitigate the lot of human misery." It was this passion which led Toynbee to attempt more than an intellectual answer to social problems. He sought to know intimately the classes which must be most profited by improvements in industrial methods. To this end, he lectured to the workingmen of Oxford, inviting them to his house for general conversation on economic problems. He formed in this way many friendships with individual workmen. Not content with this, he threw himself into practical social work, was appointed to the Board of Guardians of the Poor and joined the Oxford Branch of the Charity Organization Society.

At a slightly earlier period he had made a yet more ambitious attempt to understand the lives of the poor through a residence in the Whitechapel district of East London. He was obliged to give up the project by reason of ill-health and it remained for others, the founders of Toynbee Hall, to put his ideals into successful execution.

Toynbee Hall was instituted as a memorial to Arnold Toynbee by his friends and admirers. A practical institution for social betterment embodying his own ideals was thought to be a tribute which he would best have appreciated. The purpose of Toynbee Hall is expressed in the appeal issued by the founders:

"For some years past the momentous spiritual and social questions involved in the conditions of the poor have awakened an increasing interest in our Universities; and the conviction has grown deeper that the problems of the future can only be solved through a more practical experience, and a closer intimacy and sympathy with the poor themselves.

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"It is the object of the 'Universities' Settlement' to link the Universities with East London and to direct the human sympathies, the energies, and the public spirit of Oxford and Cambridge to the actual conditions of town life. During the last few years, many university men, following in the steps of Denison and Arnold Toynbee, have, on leaving the Universities for London, energetically responded to the various calls for their aid. Such isolated efforts are capable of infinite expansion were the way once

laid open, and it is now proposed to offer to those who are ready a channel of immediate and useful activity and a center of right living. In a common life united by a common devotion to the welfare of the poor, those fellow workers who are able to give either their whole time or the leisure which they can spare from their occupations, will find, it is believed, a support in the pursuit of their own highest aims as well as a practical guidance which isolated and inexperienced philanthropists must lack."

Toynbee Hall has become a model for many university settlements in England and the United States and thus Arnold Toynbee is, in reality, the inspiration of a social movement which has already borne many important results and is destined to bear more. This is no small achievement for a man who died at the age of thirty-one.

Aside from the University Settlement named for him, no finer tribute to Toynbee may be found than that with which his biographer concludes the short story of his life:

"There is something which those who have known him have felt without being able to express; something which pervaded everything he said or did, something unique; irreparable, not to be stated, not to be forgotten. Most indescribable, most exquisite is this charm blending with the freshness of early youth, like the scent of innumerable flowers floating upon a gentle breeze from the ocean. Length of added years would have brought the achievement of tasks hardly begun, the maturity of thoughts freshly conceived, and the just rewards of widely extended fame and reputation; but it could not have added anything to the personal fascination of Arnold Toynbee, or enhanced the sacred regard with which all who had the great happiness to know and the great sorrow to lose him will cherish his memory while life endures."

Representative English Paintings

"Love and Death"

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[George Frederick Watts was born in London, February 23, 1817, the son of a professional musician and piano-tuner. At the age of fifteen he entered the Academy, but, finding the instruction unsatisfactory, he remained only a few weeks. After this he worked in the studio of William Behnes, from whom he received no direct instruction. His training was obtained almost wholly independently. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1867 and a full Academician in the same year. He worked with the utmost zeal until his death, July 1, 1904.]

George Frederick Watts had high ideals which he kept always before him. He often said, "I paint ideas, not things; I paint primarily because I have something to say, and since the gift of eloquent language has been denied me, I use painting; my intention is not so much to paint pictures which shall please the eyes as to suggest great thoughts which shall speak to the imagination and to the heart and arouse all that is best and noblest in humanity." Watts aimed to paint the highest thoughts of which he was capable regardless of popular taste. He was thoroughly independent, was identified with no "school," and had no great following. Yet, he is one of the best known and most admired of the modern English painters. England, France, Germany, Italy and America have been one in paying him honor.

In common with the pre-Raphaelites, Watts felt that the English school of painting was sadly in need of regeneration. The subjects of the earlier artists had been trivial if not vulgar, and art in general was losing its power. So throughout his life the artist strove to raise the standard of art in England by his own example, often sacrificing many personal advantages to this end. Watts' work may be roughly divided into two classes—his portraits and his allegorical and mythological subjects. His first successes came through his portraits which he painted, according to his own confession, more or less as pot-boilers. But his portraits are great pictures. He realized that the essence of great portraiture is not in painting the subject in the transitory moods in which he happens to be, but in search-

ing out and painting the underlying and enduring traits that make the man what he is. But it is in the field of mythology and allegory that Watts was the greatest. He believed thoroughly in an ethical art—an art that would teach through the medium of paint. He is often accused of being literary, which was, in fact, just what he wished to be—he believed that ideas could be expressed as well through painting as through literature.

One of the most famous and perhaps one of the greatest of his pictures of this class is the "Love and Death." The painter conceived the picture while painting the portrait of a rich young nobleman who was gradually wasting away with consumption. The artist was deeply impressed by the utter helplessness of the young man's relatives and friends to arrest the disease in its progress. In spite of all their loving care and the means at their disposal, their efforts could avail nothing. Musing on this, the allegory of love struggling with death suggested itself to him.

The majestic figure of Death, draped in a long white garment, advances toward the door of the house of Life, unmindful of Love who struggles to prevent his entrance. Death pushes on, crushing the wings of Love whose struggles are all for naught for soon Death will have entered the house. Is here not something in the picture that we do not at first appreciate? Is there not a kindly pity in that bowed head? Is not the whole figure suggestive of that "kind Muse who puts the children to bed" to which Watts often referred?

The beauty of the conception suggests some of those beautiful grave reliefs of the Greeks in which youths and old men bid farewell to one another as they start on the road from which there is no returning. In fact, the calm beauty and serenity of the Greeks is a marked characteristic of the pictures of Watts.

The artist painted several versions of the picture, altering minor details in each case. The best known copy is that in the Tate Gallery in London.



"Love and Death"—George Frederick Watts

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

WHILE we sit in silent thoughtfulness among the gathering shadows of this Vesper hour let us for a time reflect on the significance, the brevity and the higher values of life, especially in the light of its relation to the life to come. And as necessary to the true appreciation of this we must primarily ponder carefully and feel profoundly the fact and the extent of present personal obligation. Tenderness and tearfulness are not enough. Sentiment may soothe and thrill, but our pressing need is to face the fact of duty—our own immediate duty in all the relations of life.

And our present Vesper opportunity cannot be more wisely employed than in canvassing one aspect of life-obligation—the question of our duty to the childhood of our immediate vicinage—the nearer the better for the just appreciation of our personal responsibility. Let us think of the children at home and the neighbors' children who are influencing our children quite as much as we ourselves may be doing.

This is an age of freedom—this Twentieth Century now in its dawn. And what mature age in men and women is clamoring for, we are thoughtlessly thrusting upon young life which because of the universal spirit of freedom now prevailing needs more restraint and careful guarding than ever before in the history of the race. We are in this age neglecting children. To be sure we give more attention than ever to their education at school, to their games and sports, their dress and parlor manners, to the importance of grace of deportment before strangers and the like. But we do not emphasize sufficiently the quiet self-forgetting and modest bearing of childhood. We rather encourage and even insist upon conformity to the proprieties of fashionable

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper service throughout the year. The paper of this month is a continuation of that printed in the March CHAUTAUQUAN.

life. Just when a young girl needs self-forgetting simplicity, naturalness of manner and speech, we begin to insist upon attention to the program of conventionalities that are supposed to prepare our young maidens for what is called "society." At the very time when self-restraint, the recognition of parental authority and the habit of obedience are most necessary to a true personal development and a preparation for the realities of life, we are likely to relax authority, eschew law and laugh at the independence, laxities and impertinences of what we call "Young America." We even boast to our guests and in our children's presence laugh at, the independence and self-assertion and even the rudenesses of unrepressed and irrepressible young American life.

In many homes children never learn the reality either of law or penalty ; and the terminology of a saving theology, which it is the first mission of home to explain and illustrate by a sound practical domestic administration, is as an unknown tongue to the children God has given us to train for his glory, for social usefulness and with a view to their personal salvation.

A fundamental of social and political life is reverence for authority, the recognition of law and a prompt personal surrender to its requirements. The habit of unquestioning obedience must be acquired in the formative years. The object of home and of the parental relation is to establish in the earliest period of life an object-lesson-school, a kindergarten of theology and of social order, that children may know by personal experience the significance of the great ideas and principles on which all society is founded and especially the great ideas which are at the base of political and religious obligation.

This insistence does not require even a modicum of tyranny. It does not increase the sorrows of a child or limit in any way his personal freedom or his enjoyment of life.

The widening sphere of woman is a feature of the age. But it is easily possible to make a serious mistake here.

It may be a "wider sphere" that opens before the woman who reads three American and two foreign magazines every month, who keeps up with the Congressional proceedings at Washington, goes to the bottom of local political discussions, belongs to three or four local clubs and has an *entrée* into the most select homes of her town or city, and who, in following this complicated and crowded program must of necessity commit the training and care of her children to servants, governesses and the public school or academy—but is it a nobler sphere?

As for religious education—when that question is proposed we at once hear the questions, "Do not our children go to Sunday School?" "Do you think we are immoral as a family?" "Do we not know that the civilization of which we are a part is the noblest and loveliest that the world has ever known?"

These responses are pleasant to hear but they render it necessary for one who would really reform society to go a great deal farther than this paper has done. We must insist that the ambitious and aspiring Mrs. Foremost shall give her time and talents primarily and personally to the training of her own children; that she care a thousand times more for them than for "society" because by training them aright she will do society more good in a day than Mrs. Foremost's presence at clubs, teas and reunions can do in a decade.

We must insist that in training her children Mrs. Foremost should accustom them to the type of politeness that is just the same as to deportment and spirit at the breakfast when nobody but Mr. Foremost, herself and her children are present, as at the elaborate breakfast given in honor of the Honorable Mr. This or the distinguished Lord That.

We must also insist that in training her children she make sure that they commit to memory before they are ten years old, and so commit as never to forget, the essential formulas of the Christian faith and choice selections from the holy scriptures and from the hymns of the church; that before they are fifteen years of age her children shall know

"unforgetably" the Ten Commandments, the second chapter of Matthew, the Sermon on the Mount in chapters 5, 6 and 7, and also the twenty-eighth chapter of Matthew, the first and the fourteenth of John, the first and fifth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, at least ten of the Psalms, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and the last chapter of the Revelation.

There is another religious duty which Mrs. Foremost must not omit—the training of her children regularly to attend on Sabbath days both the public service and the Sunday school, that they may grow to revere the church, to honor the Sabbath and to place the highest estimate upon the Holy Scriptures as able to make wise unto salvation.

And the best thing that Mrs. Foremost does in carrying out this *régime* is the impression her personality makes upon her own children, they growing up to understand that she really believes in the Bible, honors the Sabbath, reverences the church, and out of a pure heart worships God; that she accounts it the chief end of her mission to illustrate to her children the possibility of a true and pure life—a life of unselfish service at home and of sympathy for all missionary work the world over.

These are important reflections for our Vesper hour. In the sacred silence of the occasion may we find opportunity for a new covenant with God in the interest of our own children!

The Bower

I know a place—a little place;
All in the spring!
With honeysuckle pink and white,
And every pretty thing
To make a tired heart sing.

Tired hearts I know—so many hearts
That know no song;
Yet can these never reach my bower
Because the way is long—
Ah, could I right the wrong!

—Emily Niles Huyck.

Cornish Wind

There is a wind in Cornwall that I know
From any other wind, because it smells
Of the warm honey breath of heather-bells
And of the sea's salt; and these meet and flow
With such sweet savor in such sharpness met
That the astonished sense in ecstasy
Tastes the ripe earth and the unvintaged sea.
Wind out of Cornwall, wind, if I forget:
Not in the tunnelled streets where scarce men breathe
The air they live by, but wherever seas
Blossom in foam, wherever merchant bees
Volubly traffic upon any heath:
If I forget, shame me! or if I find
A wind in England like my Cornish wind.

—Arthur Symonds, *The Saturday Review*.



Clovelly

Most villages, like their human occupants, have their best side. But at least one exception is to be found in the fascinating little Devonshire hamlet of Clovelly. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose facile touch makes the whole seem live before us, describes in her "Romance of Clovelly" the impressions of a party of travelers who undertook to enter the village from its landward side.

"We did not approach Clovelly through the beautiful Hobby drive, laid out in former years by one of the Hamlyn ladies of Clovelly Court, but by the turnpike road which, however, was not uninteresting. The roadway was prettily bordered with broom, wild honeysuckle, foxglove and single roses, and we passed a charming postoffice called The Fairy Cross in a garden of blooming fuchsias. All at once our driver checked his horses on the brink of a hill apparently leading nowhere in particular. 'What is it?' asked Mrs. A., who is always expecting accidents. 'Clovelly mum.' 'Clovelly?' we repeated automatically, gazing about us on every side for a roof, a chimney, or a sign of habitation. 'You'll find it, mum, as you walk down along.' 'How charming,' cried E., who loves the unexpected. 'Towns are generally so obtrusive; isn't it nice to know that Clovelly is here and that all we have to do is to walk "down along" and find it?' We soon discovered by more questioning that one cannot drive into Clovelly; that although an American president or an English Chancellor might as a great favor be escorted down on a donkey's back, or carried down in a sedan chair, if he chanced to have one about his person, the ordinary mortal must walk to the door of the New Inn, his luggage being dragged 'down along' on sledges and being brought 'up along' on donkeys. In a word, Clovelly is not built like unto other towns; it seems to have been flung up from the sea into a narrow rift between wooded hills and to have clung there these eight hundred years of its existence. It has held fast but it has not expanded, for the very good reason that it completely fills the hollow in the cliffs, the houses clinging like limpets to the rocks on either side. We picked out our way 'down along' until we caught our first glimpse of white-washed cottages covered with creepers, their doors hospitably open, their windows filled with blooming geraniums and fuchsias. All at once we began to descend the winding, rocky pathway, we saw that it pitched headlong into the bluest sea in the world. No wonder the painters have loved it. Shall we ever forget that first vision!"

Many years earlier Dickens also was captivated by the little town and wrote the following description in his "Message by the Sea:"

"And a mighty singular place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life," said Captain Jordan looking up at it. Captain Jordan had to look high to look up at it, for the village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea beach to the cliff top, two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, rose like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or climbed down the village by the staves between, some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp, irregular stones. The old pack saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here, intact. Strings of pack horses and pack donkeys, toiled slowly up the staves of the ladders bearing fish and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended laden, or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys, and come to the surface again far off, high above the others. No two houses in the village are alike in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof-tree, anything. The sides of the ladders were musical with water running clear and bright. The staves were musical with clattering feet of donkeys and the voices of the fishermen's wives and children. The pier was musical with the wash of the sea, the creaking of capstans and windlasses and the airy fluttering of little vanes and sails. The rough sea-bleached boulders of which the pier was made, the white boulders of the shore, were brown with drying nets. The village was so steeped in autumnal foliage, from the houses giving on the pier, to the topmost round of the topmost ladder, that one might have fancied it was out a bird's nesting and was (as indeed it was) a wonderful climber."

The Battle of Sedgemoor

The battle of Sedgemoor fought in 1685 by the Duke of Monmouth's troops and the forces of King James, came very near to resulting in a victory for the pretender. He himself was incompetent and cowardly and some of his officers appear to have been treacherous, but the west-country peasants who constituted the greater part of his troops fought with much bravery and determination.

The victory fell to the government forces rather through good fortune than through generalship. Monmouth's troops made a night attack and were successful in surprising the enemy; but an unexpected obstacle, a deep ditch, prevented the attacking forces from getting to close quarters and following up the early advantage. Even then the battle might have been won by the peasant troops but for the defection of the cavalry upon whose faithful

support the army was dependent. The infantry, unprotected upon the flank and rear were cut to pieces by the king's dragoons, and hopelessly routed. Thereupon ensued a merciless pursuit in which many of the rebels were captured and hanged. Foremost in this cruel work were Kirke's "Lambs," a regiment which had seen service in Tangiers and had become hardened to all the barbarities of warfare.

Not satisfied with this punishment King James sent Judge Jeffreys to the west country, there to conduct the celebrated and heartless "bloody assize." Hundreds of ignorant rustics were hanged or sent to the plantations after a trial which was notoriously unfair.

An interesting account of Monmouth's rebellion is to be found in Conan Doyle's stirring romance, "Micah Clarke," and the battle of Sedgemoor is lightly touched upon in Blackmore's celebrated "Lorna Doone." The following extracts are from the historical documents upon which Conan Doyle based his account, and from Blackmore's description.

"Now besides these two troops, whose officers though they had no great skill yet had courage enough to have done something honorably, had they not for want of a guide met with the afore-said obstruction, there was no one of all the rest of our troops that ever advanced to charge or approached as near to the enemy as to give or receive a wound. Mr. Hacker, one of our captains, came no sooner within view of their camp than he villainously fired a pistol to give them notice of our approach, and then forsook his charge and rode off with all the speed he could, to take the benefit of a proclamation emitted by the king, offering pardon to all such as should return home within such a time. And this he pleaded at his tryal, but was answered by Jeffreys 'that he above all other men deserved to be hanged, and that for his treachery to Monmouth as well as his treason to the king.' And though no other of our officers acted so villainously, yet they were useless and unserviceable, as never once attempting to charge, nor so much as keeping their men in a body. And I dare affirm that if our horse had never fired a pistol, but only stood in a posture to have given jealousy and apprehension to the enemy, our foot alone would have carried the day and been triumphant. But our horse standing scattered and disunited, and flying upon every approach of a squadron of theirs, commanded by Oglethorpe, gave that body of their cavalry an advantage, after they had hovered up and down in the field without thinking it necessary to attack those whom their own fears had dispersed, to fall in at last in the rear of our battalions, and to wrest that victory out of their hands which they were grasping at, and stood almost possessed of. Nor was that party of their horse above three hundred at most, whereas we had more than enough had they had any courage, and been commanded by a gallant man, to have attacked them with ease both in front and flank. These things I can declare with more certainty, because I was a doleful spectator of them; for having contrary to my custom left attending upon the duke, who advanced with the foot, I betook myself to the horse because the first of that morning's action was expected from them, which was to break in and disorder the enemy's camp. Against the time that our battalions should come up, I endeavored whatsoever I was capable of performing,

for I not only struck at several troopers who had forsaken their station, but upbraided divers of the captains for being wanting in their duty. But I spoke with great warmth to my Lord Grey, and conjured him to charge, and not suffer the victory, which our foot had in a manner taken hold of, to be ravished from us. But instead of harkening, he not only as an unworthy man and cowardly poltroon deserted that part of the field and forsook his command, but rode with the utmost speed to the duke, telling him that all was lost, and it was more than time to shift for himself. Whereby, as an addition to all the mischief he had been the occasion of before, he drew the easy and unfortunate gentleman to leave the battalions while they were courageously disputing on which side the victory should fall. And this fell most unhappily out, while a certain person was endeavoring to find out the duke to have begged of him to come and charge at the head of his own troops. However, this I dare affirm, that if the duke had been but master of two hundred horse, well mounted, completely armed, personally valiant, and commanded by experienced officers, they would have been victorious. This is acknowledged by our enemies, who have often confessed that they were ready to fly through the impressions made upon them by our foot, and must have been beaten had our horse done their part, and not tamely looked on till their cavalry retrieved the day by falling into the rear of our battalions. Nor was the fault in the private men, who had courage to have followed their leaders, but it was in those who led them, particularly my Lord Gray, in whom, if cowardice may be called treachery, we may safely charge with betraying our cause."

Extract from MS. of Dr. Ferguson, quoted in "Ferguson the Plotter," an interesting work by his immediate descendant, an advocate of Edinburgh.

* * * *

The following letter, written by Monmouth to the queen from the Tower, is indicative of his abject state of mind:

"Madam—I would not take the boldness of writing to your majesty till I had shown the king how I do abhor the thing that I have done, and how much I desire to live to serve him. I hope, madam, by what I have said to the king today will satisfy how sincere I am, and how much I detest all those people who have brought me to this. Having done this, madam, I thought I was in a fit condition to beg your intercession, which I am sure you never refuse to the distressed, and I am sure, madam, that I am an object of your pity, having been couzened and cheated into this horrid business. Did I wish, madam, to live for living sake, I would never give you this trouble, but it is to have life to serve the king, which I am able to do, and will do beyond what I can express. Therefore, madam, upon such an account as that I may take the boldness to press you and beg of you to intersaid for me, for I am sure, madam, the king will hearken to you. Your prairs can never be refused expecially when it is begging for a life only to serve the king. I hope, madam, by the king's generosity and goodness, and your intercession, I may hope for my life, which if I have shall be ever employed in showing to your majesty all the sense immadginable of gratitude, and in serving of the king like a true subject. And ever be your majesty's most dutiful and obedient servant.

Monmouth."

From "Lorna Doone"

We followed him very carefully; and he led us to a little hamlet, called (as I found afterward) West Zuyland or Zealand, so named perhaps from its situation amid this inland sea.

Here the king's troops had been quite lately, and their fires were still burning; but the men themselves had been summoned away by the night attack of the rebels. Hence I procured for my guide a young man who knew the district thoroughly, and who led me by many intricate ways to the rear of the rebel army. We came upon a broad open moor, striped with sullen water courses, shagged with sedge and yellow iris, and in the drier part with bilberries. For by this time it was four o'clock, and the summer sun, arising wanly, showed us all the ghastly scene.

Would that I had never been there! Often in the lonely hours, even now it haunts me; would, far more, that the piteous thing had never been done in England! Flying men flung back from dreams of victory and honor, only glad to have the luck of life and limbs to fly with, mud-bedraggled, foul with slime, reeking both with sweat and blood, which they could not stop to wipe, cursing, with their pumped-out lungs, every stick that hindered them, or gory puddle that slipped the step, scarcely able to leap over the corpses that had dragged to die. And to see how the corpses lay; some as fair as death in sleep, with the smile of placid valor and of noble manhood hovering yet on silent lips. These had bloodless hands put upward, white as wax, and firm as death, clasped (as on a monument) in prayer for dear ones left behind, or in high thanksgiving. And of these men there was nothing in their broad blue eyes to fear. But others were of different sort; simple fellows unused to pain, accustomed to the bill-hook perhaps, or rasp of the knuckles in a quick-set hedge, or making some todo at breakfast over a thumb cut in sharpening a scythe, and expecting their wives to make them more todo. Yet there lay these poor chaps, dead, dead, and after a deal of pain, with little mind to bear it, and a soul they had never thought of, gone, their God alone knows whither; but to mercy we may trust. Upon these things I cannot dwell, and none I trow would ask me; only if a plain man saw what I saw that morning, he (if God had blessed him with a heart that is in most of us) must have sickened of all desire to be great among mankind.

"Arl oop wi Moonmo," shouted one big fellow, a miner of the Mendip hills, whose weapon was a pickax; "na oose to vaight na moor. Wend thee hame, yoong mon, agin."

Upon this I stopped my horse, desiring not to be shot for nothing; and eager to aid some poor sick people who tried to lift their arms to me. And this I did to the best of my power, though void of skill in the business, and more inclined to weep with them than to check their weeping. I was giving a drop of cordial from my flask to one poor fellow, who sat up, while his life was ebbing, and with slow insistence urged me, when his broken voice would come, to tell his wife, whose name I knew not, something about an apple-tree, and a golden guinea stored in it, to divide among the six children.

* * * *

Of the noble countrymen, armed with scythe or pickax, blacksmith's hammer or fold-pitcher, who had stood their ground

for hours against blazing musketry, from men whom they could not get at by reason of the water-dike, and then against the deadly cannon, dragged by the bishop's horses to slaughter his own sheep; of these sturdy Englishmen, noble in their want of sense, scarce one out of four remained for the cowards to shoot down. "Cross the rhaine," they shouted out, "cross the rhaine, and coom within rache;" but the other mongrel Britons, with a mongrel at their head, found it pleasanter to shoot in answer, than to meet the chance of mischief from strong arms and stronger hearts.

The last scene of this piteous play was acting just as I rode up. Broad daylight, and upstanding sun, winnowing fog from the eastern hills, and spreading the moors with freshness; all along the dikes they shone, glistened on the willow trunks, and touched the banks with a hoary gray. But, alas! those banks were touched more deeply with a gory red, and strewn with fallen trunks more woful than the wreck of trees; while howling, cursing, yelling, and the loathesome reek of carnage, drowned the scent of new mown hay, and the carol of the lark.

Then the cavalry of the king, their horses at full speed, dashed from either side upon the helpless mob of countrymen. A few pikes feebly leveled met them; but they shot the pikemen, drew swords and helter-skelter leaped into the scattered and scattering mass. Right and left they hacked and hewed. I could hear the snapping of scythes beneath them, and see the flash of their sweeping swords. How it must end was plain enough, even to one like myself, who had never beheld such a battle before.

The Scilly Isles—From "Armored of Lyonesse"

Everywhere in Scilly there are the same features: here a hill strewn with boulders; here a little down with fern and gorse and heath; here a bay in which water, on such days as it can be approached, peacefully laps a smooth white beach; here dark caves and holes in which the water always, even in the calmest day of summer, grumbles and groans, and, when the least sea rises, begins to roar and bellow; in time of storm it shrieks and howls. Those who sail round these rumbling water-dungeons begin to think of sea monsters. Hidden in these recesses the awful calamary lies watching, waiting, his tentacles, forty feet long, stretching out in the green water, floating innocently till they touch their prey, then seizing and hauling it within sight of the baleful, gleaming eyes, and within reach of the devouring mouth.

In these holes, too, lie the great conger-eels; they fear nothing that swims except calamary; and in these recesses walk about the huge crabs which devour the dead bodies of ship-wrecked sailors. On the sunlit rocks one looks to see a mermaid, with glittering scales, combing out her long, fair tresses; perhaps one may unfortunately miss this beautiful sight, which is rare even in Scilly; but one cannot miss the seals flopping in the water, and swimming out to sea seeming intent to cross the broad ocean. And in windy weather porpoises blow in the shallow waters of the sounds. All round the rocks at low tide hangs the long sea-weed, undisturbed since the days when they manufactured kelp, like the rank growth of a tropical creeper; at high tide it stands up erect, rocking to

and fro in the wash and sway of the water like the treetops of the forest in the breeze. Everywhere, except in the rare places where men come and go, the wild sea-birds make their nests; the shags stand on the ledges of the highest rocks in silent rows, gazing upon the water below; the sea-gulls fly, shrieking in sea-gullic rapture—there is surely no life quite so joyous as a sea-gull's; the curlews call; the herons sail across the sky; and, in spring, millions of puffins swim, and dive, and fly about the rocks, and lay their eggs in the hollow places of these wild and lonely islands.

How "The Ancient Mariner" Was Written

In the autumn of 1797, records Wordsworth in the MS. notes which he left behind him, "Mr. Coleridge, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much of the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterward delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's 'Voyages,' a day or two before, that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to revenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular—

'And listened like a three years' child
The Mariner had his will."

"These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. . . . The 'Ancient Mariner' grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects."



The National Memorial to William E. Gladstone: St. Deniol's Library, Hawarden

in silver 75 cents. Orders may be sent to the Class Secretary, Miss Rannie Webster, 309 East 2nd street, Oil City, Pa.

A member of the Class from Washington, Pennsylvania, acknowledges a letter from the Secretary and says, "Coming from a Chautauquan it was as good news from a far country. How kind of Mr. and Mrs. Smith to present us a banner. Truly our class has been favored and we owe them many sincere thanks."



Another writes from Cleveland, Ohio, "As requested in the February CHAUTAUQUAN I am glad to notify you that I shall wish to secure one of your class pins (gold) when they are ready. Although reading alone, I cherish a great love for our Class and everything concerning it, having eagerly scanned the C. L. S. C. Round Table for class news all through the course. . . . Striving against almost insuperable difficulties and with still some back work to make up, I purpose to faithfully finish all the work and to be at Chautauqua (for the first time) Recognition Day to share in the joys as I have in the labors of the Class of 1907."

THE AUTHOR OF "RATIONAL LIVING."



President Henry
C. King

Henry Churchill King, author of "Rational Living," has been president of Oberlin since 1902, but his connection with the college has been long and varied. He graduated there in 1879 and at the theological seminary in 1882; after taking his Master's degree at Harvard, he became associate professor of mathematics at Oberlin and then in succession held chairs of philosophy and theology, becoming Dean of Oberlin in 1901. During this time he spent a year in post-graduate work in Berlin, and also served as a member of the Committee of Ten of the N. E. A. on Secondary School Studies. He is the author of "The Appeal of the Child," "Theology and the Social Consciousness," "Personal and Ideal Elements in Education," and other works.



Pine Tree of the C. L. S. C.
Class of 1900

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THE CLASS OF 1907.

Every member of the class should receive by the first of June a copy of the "Report Blank and Final Address to the Graduating Class" which will be mailed to all members. Those who fail to receive it by the date mentioned should notify the C. L. S. C. Office at Chautauqua, New York. This circular contains a list of all Chautauquas holding Recognition Days this summer, with full instructions about sending in final reports. It also gives detailed information regarding seals and other matter of interest to all graduates.



Graduation in the C. L. S. C. is an event of deep significance to a great many people. It is not merely that one has determined to read certain books and successfully carried out his purpose. The Chautauqua Circle is an Institution and its members are inspired by ideals—a broader outlook for the individual—better social service in home and community and a patriotism large enough to discern the brotherhood of mankind.



The C. L. S. C. diploma is an unpretentious piece of parchment. It confers no degrees; but behind its simple statement that the required four years' course of reading has been completed, many a graduate reads for himself another record—a sense of strength from the struggle against adverse conditions and a cheering consciousness of new power to get the most out of life. One of the members of 1907 who is a graduate this summer sums up his four years' experience as follows:

Oregon, Oct. 21, 1906.

Three years ago I was teaching a small rural school fifteen miles from the nearest postoffice. I had succeeded in obtaining a second grade teacher's certificate and I was contented. I had read but very few books. I had practically no ambition to go to college. I had not yet known the C. L. S. C. About that time I sent for a copy of the C. L. S. C. booklet. I had no idea of enrolling as a student. I sent for it through curiosity. I received it, and read it through carefully. Finally I decided to enroll. During the year 1903-'04 I became enthusiastic over the C. L. S. C. work. I made the acquaintance of the masterpieces of American literature.

The only time which I had to put on the work was in the evening and on holidays. Yet I finished the required work very easily.

The next year I became interested in the works of French and German authors. I was interested especially in Victor Hugo. I secured a copy of "Les Misérables" and read it. I can say that I consider it one of the best books which I have ever read. I doubt very much whether I should have read it at all if it had not been for the C. L. S. C. course.

During the year 1905-'06 I became interested in the masterpieces of Italian artists. I secured about 150 of their works. I consider them one of my treasures. I still look back with pleasure to the time which I took in studying Italy and Greece.

And now this year's course is not at all inferior to the preceding ones. I have also derived much pleasure from special courses. From reading a special course, I became interested in the works of Dickens, and I cannot measure the pleasure and entertainment which I get from his peerless works.

This winter I am attending a University. I find very little time for reading, but I have already done quite a little work in the year's course. Is it any wonder that I value the C. L. S. C. so highly?



COLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

Doubtless many of us who have journeyed with Miss Bates this year through England's Western Counties, have registered a vow to become more familiar with the great English poets. For those who are thus minded, two collections may be especially commended.

The first of these, Ward's English Poets (Macmillan & Company. Ninety cents per volume) has long since won its way into hundreds of libraries. The four volumes which make up this collection cover the entire range of English poetry from Chaucer to the present time. Each poet is introduced by a brief statement of the chief events of his life followed by a short critical essay upon his most important works and his place in the history of English literature. Numerous illustrative selections make the volumes what they purport to be, not merely critical comments upon English poetry but a collection of the poetry itself, invaluable for reading and for reference.

There are certain poet lovers who are never quite content without the companionship of their favorite bards. To such we may commend without hesitation the Oxford Book of English Verse edited by Mr. Quiller-Couch and published by the Oxford University Press. This little volume is an alluring piece of book-making, especially the edition in limp leather on India paper (\$3.75) but in its less expensive form (\$1.75) it is still a thing of joy. Within its nine hundred pages are the little masterpieces, lyrics and ballads and sonnets, of a noble array of English poets. One can scarcely open the volume without making the acquaintance of some new bit of verse hitherto unknown or but dimly appreciated. This constant possibility of new discoveries is one of the charms of this collection.

CLASS OF 1900.

The snap shot of 1900's pine tree at Chautauqua was taken last summer by the Secretary, Miss Ricker. It shows the progress made by this hopeful class emblem, since it was planted in St Paul's Grove at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the C. L. S. C. in 1903. The 1900's, as the last class to graduate in the Nineteenth Century, have always felt a peculiar responsibility for closing up the century's record in the most creditable fashion and it is fitting that their sturdy little pine should have lived up to what was expected of it.



A NEW BROWNING COURSE.

Mr. Percy H. Boynton of the University of Chicago has prepared for Chautauqua students a study pamphlet of ten lessons on the poetry of Robert Browning. The scheme of study includes Dramatic Romances, Pippa Passes, In a Balcony, Saul, Men and Women, Dramatic Personæ, Dramatic Idyls, Strafford, and Colombe's Birthday. Many readers who have made their first acquaintance with Browning this year may enjoy taking up this special course during the summer months enlarging their knowledge of the poet and incidentally adding seals to their diplomas. The fee for the pamphlet is \$1.00 which covers also the review questions and seal. It may be secured from the C. L. S. C. office at Chautauqua.



A MODERN ATLAS.

A thoroughly modern atlas with clear and reliable maps is an important part of the equipment of every good library. In the September CHAUTAUQUAN we recommended as a serviceable publication the Globe Hand Atlas by J. G. Bartholomew, costing one dollar. This it seems is no longer available in this country, and after careful inspection of many publications the International Students' Atlas, also edited by Mr. Bartholomew (\$2.00, Charles Scribners' Sons), is recommended for the following reasons:

1. It is essentially a modern atlas containing 106 physical, political and statistical maps showing distribution of races, religions, density of population, characteristics of vegetation, etc., compiled from British and foreign surveys and the latest results of international research.

2. Each country with the exception of the United States is treated very fully. The color scheme and the quality of the printing are superior, making the maps admirably clear and effective. The limited space given to the United States is not a serious defect since cheap maps of this country are easily available.

3. The quarto form insures good sized maps while the publishers have succeeded in making a volume much more compact and convenient to handle than the ordinary quarto publication.



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS FOR MAY.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.



C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JUNE.

FIRST WEEK.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: English Men of Fame: Gladstone. A Reading Journey in English Counties: Somerset, Devon and Cornwall.



SUGGESTIONS FOR CLOSING PROGRAM FOR THE YEAR.

Some of the circles may feel impelled to try presenting a play as their closing literary effort for the year. Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" lends itself particularly well to dramatization and will help to familiarize people with the scenes of this famous classic. An excellent arrangement of the story in three acts can be secured from Walter H. Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., for twenty-five cents.

The Southwestern Counties of England have been very fruitful in types which have appealed to the novelist. A program of studies of such types could be made very attractive. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" presents contrasting types of lawless adventurers and the sturdy honest citizens of North Devon. Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" sketches in bold strokes the Devonshire sailors who were the country's bulwark in the days of the Armada. Eden Phillpott's "Children of the Mist" portrays the hard struggle of the peasantry on the rough Dartmoor plateau. Walter Besant's "Armored of Lyonesse" lets one into the isolated, lonely life of the Scilly Islands. Thomas Hardy's "The Trumpet Major" gives a picture of life on the South Coast of England during the times of the dreaded Napoleonic Invasion. To make such a program effective the story should be presented only in the briefest outline and then the skill of each writer or speaker be devoted to making the typical characters selected stand out vividly in relation to their environment.

THE TRAVEL CLUB.

TWENTY-SEVENTH PROGRAM.

Map Review of Somerset.

Paper: Beau Nash and Bath (see Goldsmith's Life of Beau Nash).

Roll Call: Incidents in the lives of Wordsworth and Coleridge associated with Somerset.

Book Review: Lorna Doone with reading of selections.

Oral Reports: On article in *New England Magazine* for July, 1904, entitled "In the Country of Lorna Doone," W. H. Rideing; The Battle of Sedgemoor (see Lorna Doone, also Micah Clarke by Conan Doyle).

Readings: Selections from "An Arthurian Journey," *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1890, referring to Glastonbury, also from Tennyson's Passing of Arthur.

Discussion: Wells Cathedral—its history and architectural peculiarities (see *The Century Magazine*, 18:724, article by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rennselaer).

TWENTY-EIGHTH PROGRAM.

Map Review of Devonshire and Cornwall.

Roll Call: Quotations from Charles Kingsley's Westward Ho descriptive of the men of Devon.

Book Review: Children of the Mist. Eden Phillpotts (Dartmoor).

Discussion: Exeter Cathedral (see Baedeker, Bell's Cathedral Series and Exeter by E. A. Freeman, also THE CHAULTAUQUAN, 28:115, Nov., 1898).

Paper: Wesley and the Cornish Miners (see lives of Wesley and numerous magazine articles).

Oral Reports: On article entitled "Deep Mines of Cornwall," *McClure's Magazine*, 13:184 (June, 1899); "An Arthurian Journey" (see above), selections relating to Tintagel.

Book Review: Armored of Lyonesse. Walter Besant (see Library Shelf).

Reading: "A Romance of Clovelly," Kate Douglas Wiggin (see The Library Shelf and *The Cosmopolitan* for July, 1895), also The Delectable Duchy by A. T. Quiller-Couch.



ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON MAY READINGS.

1. An English Clergyman at the time of the Civil War, later became Chaplain to Charles II. He wrote a history of the University of Cambridge and also one entitled "Worthies of England."
2. His most famous book was "Holy Living and Holy Dying."
3. Age of Pope—early 18th century.
4. A noted English non-conformist, Chaplain in Cromwell's Army, and later Chaplain to Charles II, but withdrew from the Church of England on the passage of the Act of Uniformity. He was fined for non-payment and was imprisoned for libelling the established church. Wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest."
5. Digest of a census of England in Norman French made by William the Conqueror in 1086. There were also local Domesday Books.
6. A British King whose capital was Camulodunum (Colchester). Resisted the Romans for about nine years, and was sent captive to Rome. Claudius granted life to him and his family.
7. Tennyson and Cowper have both made her the subject of poems, and a tragedy, "Bonduca," was written on her by Fletcher.
8. One of the Knights who figure in the Faery Queen.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES.

"You are all aware," said Pendragon, as he referred to a file of correspondence on the table, "that letters have been sent out to the circles which you represent, and to others also whose delegates are not here today in order to get the benefit of their experience with the course of reading, and their suggestions for future plans. You've no idea what an interesting collection of opinions your responses make! Every mail brings a few and it often happens that at least two of the letters in a given mail present exactly opposite points of view. Our Circles show distinct individualities and this budget of opinions revealing in most cases intelligent thought as well as frank expression is most welcome."

"Our difficulty in answering the questions," remarked the delegate from Freeport, New York, "was really to unite on a series of opinions. I suspect it is because our circle is made up of such positive characters. They give great zest to our meetings. We have for instance, one persistent and undismayed advocate of a Baconian Shakespeare; then there is our practical minded member who is always reminded of what he saw in today's *Sun* and so gives a delightfully modern twist to our discussions. Professor Sherman's views on Shakespeare have been submitted to searching criticism by at least one of the feminine portion of our Circle and you would certainly have enjoyed the intensity of our discussion of Darwin—'monkeys, bah,' etc. We enjoy ourselves hugely and shall carry out your suggestion concerning our guide through Oxford. We want to express here our appreciation and enjoyment of the excellent course."



"It's hard to tell," said the next speaker, who represented the circle at Fostoria, Ohio, "whether we most enjoy the historical or the literary side of the course. One of our most amusing meetings was held in November when we impersonated the British Cabinet. We got a copy of the *Review of Reviews* for January, 1906, as suggested in THE CHAUTAUQUAN programs. The astute gentlemen there portrayed may have suffered a slight loss of their manly attributes in our presentation, for we are all of the feminine persuasion, but they made an impression I assure you and we find ourselves following their fortunes now with quite a different feeling toward them. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman stood staunchly for his views on the French Alliance; Sir Edward Grey revealed in the midst of a grave discussion his latent British love of sport; Mr. Richard B. Haldane set forth his war policy in no uncertain terms; Mr. James Bryce very happily blended a sort of native Scotch flavor with his official Irish interests and Mr. David-Lloyd George quite

brought down the house with his ideas on how the Board of Trade should be conducted. I mustn't take too much time but just mention that we had a memorable evening on Browning with readings of Abt Bogler, Andrea del Sarto, and Saul. We worked enthusiastically over Wordsworth, reading many of his poems and finding especial pleasure in the trip to the Lake District."

"Without giving an extended report," said the delegate from Upper Sandusky, Ohio, "I should like to say that we have kept up our readings promptly and greatly appreciated the poet's calendars in the Round Table. We have read all the poems of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning which were suggested, so you see we have tested the writings of these poets for ourselves and though we necessarily forget much, each one of us I think has felt richer for new points of view gained in this way."



"What you say of the great poets reminds me," said Pendragon, "of a new book of essays which has fallen in my way and which I find very ensnaring. The author, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, is Fellow of Magdalene College at Cambridge and a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The book is called 'From a College Window' and it is one of those delightfully suggestive volumes that one never picks up without finding in it some bit of philosophy which it is good to reflect upon. Let me quote a few sentences from his chapter on 'Books:'

"'As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world, a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. . . . In this mood reading becomes less and less a searching for instructive and impressive facts, and more and more a quest after wisdom and truth and emotion. More and more I feel the impenetrability of the mystery that surrounds us; the phenomena of nature, the discoveries of science, instead of raising the veil, seem only to make the problem more complex . . . but there still remains, inside, so to speak of these astonishing facts, a whole range of intimate personal phenomena of emotion, of relationship of mental or spiritual conceptions. . . . One desires to know what pure and wise and high hearted natures have made of the problem. . . . Those who read in such a spirit will tend to resort more and more to large and wise and beautiful books, to press the sweetness out of the old familiar thoughts, to look more for warmth and loftiness of feeling than for elaborate and artful expression. . . . They realize that it is through wisdom and force and nobility that books retain their hold upon the hearts of men, and not by briskness and color and epigram.'"

"I fancy," Pendragon continued, "that this mellow point of view will be especially appreciated by the next Circle which we are to hear from—the 'Columbia' of Santa Clara, California." "I rather like your characterization of 'mellow,'" laughed the delegate from

California. "I am reminded of the story some one tells of an ancient Dean of one of the English colleges who said that 'one of the reasons for studying Greek was that it gave you a proper contempt for those who are ignorant of it!' I think that you will agree that we are mellow enough to have passed that stage, if indeed we ever went through it, when I say that our Circle dates from 1888, and one member of the first class is still with us. Our graduates have stayed by so enthusiastically that we keep our ranks very full, forty-two members at present. We add new members all the time and will have eight to graduate this year. We are already laying plans for that occasion. We meet once a week on Monday in the afternoon and have our program prepared a month in advance. We have a critic who is appointed each week and on the last Thursday of every month we have a review day with a special program of music and papers related to the month's work and a social time afterward. Perhaps in this sympathetic assemblage I may venture to give you our 'yell' which we are in the habit of using when there are no philistines within hearing:

Chau-Chau-Chau-

Chau-tau-qua

Co-lum-bia

Santa Clara

Cal-i-for-ni-a!"

"It's quite worth noting," said Pendragon as he glanced over a letter, "to find amid all this enthusiasm for the English year, a letter from a Circle at Almira, Washington, which looks back upon the Classical year as upon the whole the best. That mysterious force of personality which chooses for itself quite independently of others is one of the things we have to be grateful for. These Almira Chautauquans belong to the Class of 1909 but they are hoping for additions to their number though their town is a small one." "Our Circle of three," commented the member from Barker, Texas, "is not even in a town but out in the country with perhaps a hundred people all told in our neighborhood. It has been a great boon to us. 'The Stage for which Shakespeare Wrote' we all enjoyed as a side-light on our reading and we hope to have a larger class next year." "The Circle of Carlisle, Kentucky," said Pendragon, taking up another report, "seem to take kindly to responsibility as you will notice from this communication: 'Since finishing Shakespeare we have been reading *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Circle after the other work is finished. We follow the suggestive programs as far as possible, finding them helpful and interesting. Our Circle is delighted with the year's work. Each member is ready to do her share, but always glad when her turn

comes to lead. We've enjoyed all the studies so far. 'Rational Living' is a little hard, but interesting."

"I think we also have rather a liking for subjects that are not too easy," said the delegate from North Dixon, Illinois. "Our meetings are most informal but we try to go into things quite exhaustively. There are twelve of us—all good friends and we discuss the various subjects that come up with considerable ardor. Two of our members having taken a tour through England, have given us many vivid impressions of the country from their own experiences."



Very brief reports were then made by a dozen or more Circles. The Woman's Study Club at Davenport, Washington, having tested the C. L. S. C. for the first time seem ready to commit themselves for another year. At Alliance, Ohio, a Circle of thirteen, six of whom belong to the Tennyson Class of 1908, meet twice a month under the direction of a program committee of two who serve for two months. This year's work will be especially timely for the 1908's as it will emphasize the work of their class poet. The Linnville, Iowa, Circle has been reinforced by a member who has read alone for five years in the country. She found a cordial welcome from these Chautauquans, all of whom attend the summer Assembly at Allerton, Iowa, and so help to bring Chautauqua to the attention of a wide territory. At Ridgewood, New Jersey, the Circle which is made up largely of young people, has found great enjoyment in the historical side of the course but had to "wrestle" with Browning while Tennyson's "Morte D'Arthur" brought them under the spell of that dominating personality of the Round Table. At Salina, Kansas, the Chautauquans are very wisely enlisting the coöperation of the librarian to secure them reference books. They have a practical plan of work and hew closely to it. At Troy, New York, the circle has profited by the friendly coöperation of the clergymen of the town. One of them, an Englishman, gave them a talk on the English Government from the standpoint of a native of that country and another is to preview for them President King's "Rational Living."



"For eight years the Brockville, Ontario, Chautauquans have been working together," said Peñdragon, as he glanced over a letter, "and they report that many of the first members still answer to the roll call. These Canadian Chautauquans naturally take a lively interest in present day problems in England and have recently been determining the fate of the House of Lords, in a debate which will be memorable in their history. An epic poem commemorates

the struggle which evidently was not unworthy of classic times. Concerning the debate this minstrel sings,

"The question which our learned minds debated let me say,
Was whether it was fair and right that in this modern day
A body like the House of Lords should be allowed to stay."

"It seems that the affirmative side, which included both the president and secretary,

" . . . Urged the plea and right
That that most august body should off the earth be wiped.
But three of our dear members, I muchly grieve to say,
Had quite made up their minds the House of Lords should stay.

* * * * *

And now began the fun! Upon the floor did rise
Our stately president, the blood flashed in her eyes
And then in accents pure and true, she gave her little speech
For quite ten minutes by the clock (she really is a peach!).
She made her points quite clearly as we all can testify
And doubtless if the Peers had heard, forth from the House they'd
fly,
Disdaining in that useless place a seat to occupy."

"The negatives evidently 'put up a good fight,' if I may be allowed the expression," said Pendragon "which would account for the doughty appearance of the next speaker"

" . . . our secretary timid
She read her hard earned facts at the rate of three a minute:
Her cheeks was flushed, her hand it shook, her lips were parched and
dry;
The lust of battle filled her soul. 'Abolish,' was her cry.

"From this point on the action of the poem moves with great rapidity and we get glimpses of different stages of the combat in such significant phrases as 'The looks she casts cause bruises,' 'My kingdom for a drink,' etc.

"At length the tumult ceases in a measure and the speaker Proceeds to marshal forth her facts, she hopes to make us weaker."

"The outcome was what might have been expected. The judges, bewildered by the oratorical display,

" . . . they were Members Allen, Smart, and Storey,
Would give no real decision—so each side was in its glory."

"The best that could be hoped for seemed to be 'Abolish the House of Lords but leave an Upper Chamber.' "

The delegate from Holcomb, Illinois, next brought greetings from her fellow readers. "We have a fine circle of twelve members," she said, "nine of whom completed the course last year and keep right on with the work with as much interest as ever. We meet regularly every Wednesday at the homes of the members. We are well up with the work, having finished the Shakespeare studies

which we found so interesting that we were sorry to get to the end. 'What is Shakespeare' was a key that opened a great treasure house for us. We have no public library in this small town so we have to make the most out of the material we find in home books and papers as helps to our lessons and we have all added many volumes of good books to our own libraries which fact alone shows the good influence of Chautauqua in our homes. The Chautauqua Circle is most truly an ever widening circle of all that is highest and best in life." "One almost hesitates," said Pendragon, "to urge this enterprising circle to begin working for a town library for it does mean a great deal to every home to have its own well selected and frequently used private library. Nevertheless, I think our experience is that the two things can flourish side by side and that the Circle's service to the community can often be best rendered by putting books within the reach of those who don't know how to find them for themselves."



"And now before we close I think I must give you one more delectable reflection of my new-found author of 'From a College Window.' I fancy most of us can make use of it in our circle experiences. He says:

"The other day, I was conducting an argument with an irascible man. His temper suddenly boiled over and he said several personal things to me of which I did not at once recognize the truth; but I have since considered the criticisms, and have decided that they are mainly true, heightened perhaps by a little tinge of temper. . . . I will not here say in detail what my friend accused me of, but it amounted to a charge of egotism; and as egotism is a common fault. . . I will make no excuse for propounding a few considerations on the point and how it may perhaps be cured, or, if not cured, at least modified.'

"Then follows a very illuminating little essay. But my reason for quoting the above is merely for its pleasant suggestion that large minded men and women can take and profit by criticism, even when rather fiercely administered, since time may be counted on to bring about the necessary cooling off process. But we may also be our own most severe critics and the Circle meetings which are excellent tilting grounds for the exercise of our powers can teach us the graces of expression as well as the wisdom of self-restraint."

News Summary

DOMESTIC.

- March 1.—The Senate passes the Denatured Alcohol bill.
- 2.—The California Legislature votes in favor of the removal of the State capital from Sacramento to Berkeley.
- 3.—United States Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, sends to Governor Davidson his resignation, to take effect May 1.

4.—The Fifty-ninth Congress comes to an end. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw and Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock retire from the cabinet, the former being succeeded by Postmaster-General Cortelyou and the latter by Commissioner of Corporations Garfield, while George von L. Meyer becomes Postmaster-General to succeed Mr. Cortelyou. Proclamations issued by President Roosevelt add 17,000,000 acres to the national forest reserves.

5.—President Roosevelt appoints Regis H. Post to succeed Beekman Winthrop as Governor of Porto Rico when the latter becomes Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

7.—The 2-cent passenger fare bill passed by the Nebraska Legislature becomes a law; the railroads in Nebraska issue circulars abolishing all classes of reduced fares.

12.—President Roosevelt modifies his recent order withdrawing coal lands from entry, ordering the opening of about 28,000,000 acres on which the Geological Survey had reported. Mrs. Russell Sage announces the creation of a fund of \$10,000,000, to be known as the Sage Foundation, for philanthropic work.

FOREIGN.

March 2.—The city of London votes against municipal ownership; the "reformers" obtain a majority in the election of the County Council.

8.—The Female Suffrage bill is talked to death in the British House of Commons.

14.—Lord Curzon is elected chancellor of Oxford University, defeating Lord Roseberry by a vote of 1,111 to 430.

16.—Cambridge defeats Oxford by four and a half lengths in the annual boat race on the Thames.

17.—The White Star liner *Suevic* runs ashore on the Lizard; all the passengers are safely landed.

20.—Thirty "suffragettes" are arrested in London for attempting to storm the entrance to the House of Commons.

21.—Egypt decides to raise the Assuan Dam twenty feet, irrigating 1,000,000 additional acres and increasing cotton crops in value by probably \$20,000,000 a year. The Transvaal Colony's first parliament meets in Pretoria.

22.—The agrarian rebellion in Rumania gains great headway. Towns are sacked and burned and many peasants are killed by the troops sent to restore order. The House of Commons, by 150 to 118 votes, rejects the bill to introduce the metric system into Great Britain.

28.—Artillery is used against the Rumanian rebels, resulting in terrible loss of life.

OBITUARY.

March 3.—Miss Ada Lydia Howard, first president of Wellesley College, 78.

12.—Jean Paul Casimir-Perier, once President of France, 60.

18.—Pierre Eugene Marcelin Berthelot, the French chemist and statesman, 80.

19.—Count Vladimir Nicolaievich Lamsdorff, former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, 62. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the American author, 70.

23.—Constantine Pobiedonostzeff, ex-Procurator of the Russian Holy Synod, dies in St. Petersburg.

May

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THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

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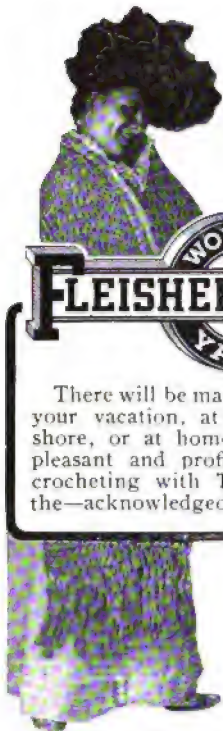
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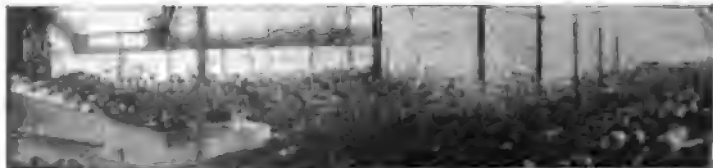
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- July 6—Hon William Jennings Bryan, editor of *The Commoner*, Lincoln, Neb., lecture. Mr. Bryan's world-wide reputation emphasizes the importance of his appearance at Chautauqua and his lecture on "The Old World and the New" will prove to be one of the great features of a season in which American subjects are especially prominent.
- July 8-12—Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, reader, New York City, reading hours.
- July 15-19—Pres. G. Stanley Hall, who has frequently appeared at Chautauqua, is deeply interested in the Chautauqua Movement for Popular Education. He is known as a leading authority on psychology, having taught at Harvard, Williams and Johns Hopkins. He also edits psychological journals.
- July 20-26—Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," lectures, etc. Dr. Watson's visit to the United States is of especial interest to hosts of American readers. His presence at Chautauqua for a week for sermon, lecture series and devotional hours constitutes a notable program feature. He has been Minister of Sefton Park Memorial Church, Liverpool, England, since 1880, and has written numerous well-known books under his familiar *nom de plume* as well as under his own name.
- June 29-Aug. 2—Mr. John Graham Brooks. Mr. Brooks, a Harvard graduate and instructor, has been a successful university extension lecturer, rendered expert service to the U. S. Department of Labor, is the author of "The Social Unrest," and a series of studies of American Progress entitled "As Others See Us."
- Aug. 3, 5, 7—Mr. Leland Powers, reader, Boston, Mass. Recitals. In his field of impersonation, interpretation and monologue Mr. Powers is unrivalled.
- Aug. 5-9—Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota. Dr. Burton, author of C. L. S. C. book, "Literary Leaders of America," has been a Chautauqua favorite for several seasons.
- Aug. 6—Old First Night exercises. Dedication of the new Memorial Organ.
- Aug. 12-16—Pres. E. H. Hughes. Mr. Hughes was born in West Virginia, graduated from Ohio Wesleyan and Boston University, and was pastor in Newton Center and Malden, Mass., before becoming president of De Pauw in 1903. Dr. Buckley is an editor and speaker of international reputation and has been engaged for Chautauqua platform work season after season from the beginning of Chautauqua.
- Aug. 13—Feast of Lanterns.
- Aug. 14—Recognition Day.

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SPECIAL WEEKS

- July 8-13—Special topic for the week: "The Juvenile Problem"—Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, Col., Judge Willis Brown, of Salt Lake City, Mr. W. R. George, of the George Junior Republic, and Rev. W. Byron Forbush, of Detroit. Judge Lindsey is popularly known as the "kid judge," the acknowledged leader in the establishment and administration of the Juvenile Court. His work made him a candidate for governor of Colorado and he has been written up in many popular magazines. Judge Brown, another Juvenile Court Judge, is the author of the Juvenile Court Law of Salt Lake City; his Settlement House and Boys' Band have attracted considerable attention. Many Chautauquans heard Mr. George with great interest last season. He has recently established another Boys' Republic in California. He will come to Chautauqua this year just after the Anniversary Birthday Celebration of his George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. Dr. Forbush is an enthusiastic Chautauquan who returns for another season. He is the author of a standard book on "The Boy Problem."
- July 20-Aug. 2—Special topic for the week: "The Social Unrest." Mr. John Graham Brooks, President National Consumers' League; Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York; Col. S. H. Church, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Mr. Melville E. Stone, General Manager Associated Press; and others. Mr. Brooks' work is mentioned on the opposite page. Bishop Potter is, of course, known as a leader in New York in religious and philanthropic activities. Col. Church is in touch with the great industrial and financial interests centering in Pittsburg, which has been the family residence since 1822; was superintendent of transportation and then secretary of the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg. He is also the author of books and magazine articles. Mr. Stone is a leading figure in the newspaper world, rising from reporter to editor of several Chicago dailies, originally established the Chicago *Daily News* and the paper which became the *Record*. Later he engaged in financial enterprises and became manager of the Associated Press in 1893. His achievement in opening Russian sources of news for this great news-gathering agency during the Russo-Japanese war was especially noteworthy.
- Aug. 11-17—"Recognition Week."
- Aug. 11—Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor and one of the Founders of Chautauqua Institution, Baccalaureate Sermon, C. L. S. C. class of 1907.
- Aug. 12-16—President Edwin H. Hughes, of De Pauw University; Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, New York City; Bishop H. W. Warren, of Denver, and Rabbi Moses Gries, of Cleveland, lectures; Mrs. Bertha Kunz-Baker, reader, reading hours. The Recognition Day address on the morning of Wednesday, August 14, will be delivered by President Hughes.

Write for the Program Quarterly due May 15.

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- II Modern Languages—Faculty: M. Benedict Papot and Dr. G. E. Papot of Chicago, Senor R. H. Bonilla of Chicago, Dr. Otto Manthey-Zorn of Amherst College, Mr. W. S. Blakeslee of New York. — French and German courses in beginning, intermediate and advanced. Reading and Conversation. Beginning courses in Spanish and Italian.
- III. Classical Languages—Faculty: Professors George D. Kellogg and Oliver S. Tonks of Princeton University. — Courses in beginning, intermediate and advanced Latin and Greek.
- IV Mathematics and Science—Faculty: Dr. Louis C. Karpinski of the University of Michigan, Prof. L. L. Campbell of Simmons College, Dr. J. F. Taylor of Sherman, N. Y., Miss Alice G. McCloskey and Mr. Vaughan McCaughey of Cornell University, Prof. A. E. Morrill of Hamilton College. — Five Courses in Mathematics, four in Physics, four in Chemistry, seven in Nature Study, School Gardening and Biology.
- V Psychology and Pedagogy— Summer School Convocation Series by Prof. Geo. E. Vincent, Pres. G. Stanley Hall, Dr. Earl Barnes, Dr. W. H. Hickman, U. S. Commissioner of Education E. E. Brown and Dr. Richard Burton. Two courses in Psychology by Prof. Charles G. Shaw of New York University; four courses in Elementary Education under charge of Miss Ada Van Stone Harris of Rochester; Kindergarten Work under charge of Miss Francis E. Newton of Savannah; Lectures on The School Library, Miss Louise Connally of Camden, N. J.; courses in Economics, Mr. L. D. H. Weld of the University of Illinois; Blackboard Sketching, Miss E. J. Rice of Detroit.
- VI Religious Teaching—Faculty: Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick of Knox College, Toronto, Rev. Alfred E. Lavell of Niagara Falls, Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut of Bloomfield, N. J. — Courses in Bible work, in Sunday School subject matter and in Sunday School Pedagogy.

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- IX Music—Piano, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood and Miss Georgia Kober of the Sherwood Music School, Chicago, and Mrs. E. T. Tobey, Woman's Building, Memphis, Tenn.; Voice, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose and Mr. Frank Croxton, New York City; Violin, Mr. Sol. Marcossion, Cleveland; Organ, Mr. H. B. Vincent, Erie, Pa.; Public School Course under charge of Mr. Alfred Hallam, Director of Music for Chautauqua Institution. How to Listen to Music, Mr. Carroll Brent Chilton of New York.
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- XIII Practical Arts—Business Training. Mr. W. H. Covert of Syracuse and Mr. Charles R. Wells of Clifton Springs. Short-hand and Typewriting, Mr. W. D. Bridge of New York City. Parliamentary Law, Mrs. J. F. Lewis of Buffalo.

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